

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



129 234

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



















DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA





THE VISIONARY GENTLEMAN  
DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA

BY  
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY  
ROBINSON SMITH  
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA



THIRD EDITION COMPLETE  
WITH A LIFE OF CERVANTES, NOTES AND APPENDICES

PART I

PRINTED BY ORDER OF  
THE TRUSTEES  
NEW YORK  
1932



A

LA COMPAÑERA ETERNA MIA EN TODOS MIS CAMINOS Y CARRERAS



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	xi
INTRODUCTION: Life of Cervantes.—Childhood and youth 1547-1568.—Early manhood 1569-1580.—His prime 1581-1602.—The first part of <i>Don Quijote</i> .—The interval 1605-1613.—The second part of <i>Don Quijote</i> 1614-1616.—Notes . . . . .	xv
AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE . . . . .	3
I THE CHARACTER AND CALLING OF THAT FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA . . . . .	12
II THIS VISIONARY GENTLEMAN'S FIRST SALLY FROM HIS NATIVE LAND . . . . .	22
III THE DELIGHTFUL WAY OUR FRIEND CHOSE FOR BEING KNIGHTED . . . . .	31
IV OUR KNIGHT'S EXPERIENCES AFTER QUITTING THE INN . . . . .	40
V A CONTINUANCE OF THE NARRATIVE OF OUR KNIGHT'S HUMILIATION . . . . .	48
VI THE HIGH AND MIGHTY INQUISITION HELD BY PRIEST AND BARBER ON THE LIBRARY OF OUR VISIONARY GENTLEMAN . . . . .	55
VII THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA . . . . .	64
VIII THE GALLANT KNIGHT'S GOOD FORTUNE IN THE ALARMING AND UNPRECEDENTED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, TOGETHER WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTHY OF KINDLY REMEMBRANCE . . . . .	70
IX THE CONCLUSION OF THE STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE GALLANT BISCAYAN AND THE PUISSANT MANCHEGAN . . . . .	80
X THE PLEASANT COLLOQUY THAT PASSED 'TWINX DON QUIJOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA . . . . .	87
XI DON QUIJOTE WITH THE GOATHERDS . . . . .	94
XII WHAT ONE OF THE GOATHERDS RELATED TO DON QUIJOTE AND THE OTHERS . . . . .	100
XIII A CONTINUATION OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELA STORY AND OTHER OCCURRENCES . . . . .	107

XIV	UNEXPECTED OCCURRENCES FOLLOWING ON THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE DEAD SHEPHERD . . .	118
XV	THE CALAMITY THAT OVERTOOK OUR KNIGHT IN CONNECTION WITH CERTAIN HEARTLESS YANGUESANS . . .	124
XVI	OF ALL THAT BEFELL OUR VISIONARY GENTLEMAN IN THE INN SUPPOSED TO BE A CASTLE . . .	132
XVII	A SUCCESSION OF THE COUNTLESS TROUBLES THAT BRAVE KNIGHT AND TRUSTY SQUIRE EXPERIENCED IN THE INN THAT TO HIS SORROW THE FORMER TOOK FOR A CASTLE . . .	140
XVIII	THE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHE PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIJOTE, TOGETHER WITH A FEW ADVENTURES WORTH RECORDING . . .	150
XIX	THE SAVOURY CONVERSE SANCHE HAD WITH HIS MASTER, THE ADVENTURE OF THE CORPSE AND OTHER NOTEWORTHY INCIDENTS . . .	162
XX	THE NEVER-SEEN AND UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE THAT DON QUIJOTE BROUGHT TO AN END WITH LESS DANGER TO HIMSELF THAN EVER DID FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD . . .	171
XXI	THE NOBLE VENTURE AND RICH REWARD OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, ALONG WITH OTHER THINGS THAT BEFELL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT . . .	187
XXII	THE LIBERTY GIVEN A NUMBER OF LUCKLESS LOUDES THAT AGAINST THEIR WILLS WERE BEING TAKEN WHERE THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO . . .	201
XXIII	DON QUIJOTE'S SOJOURN IN THE SIERRA MORENA, AFFORDING ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES OF THIS TRUTHFUL HISTORY . . .	214
XXIV	THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIERRA MORENA . . .	226
XXV	THE STRANGE THINGS THAT BEFELL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA MORENA AND THE PENANCE HE THERE PERFORMED IN IMITATION OF BELTENEBS . . .	237
XXVI	FURTHER ANTICS OF THE KNIGHT, PLAYING THE LOVER IN THE SIERRA MORENA . . .	258
XXVII	THE SUCCESS THE PRIEST AND BARBER MET WITH IN THEIR PLAN, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE SET DOWN IN THIS GREAT HISTORY . . .	266

XXVIII	THE STRANGE AND DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN THE SAME SIERRA	285
XXIX	THE HAPPY METHOD HIT UPON FOR RELEASING OUR ENAMOURED KNIGHT FROM HIS HARSH THOUGH SELF-IMPOSED PENANCE . . . . .	302
XXX	DOROTHEA'S ADROITNESS AND OTHER THINGS CAPABLE OF AFFORDING PLEASURABLE DIVERSION . . . . .	315
XXXI	THE DELIGHTFUL CONVERSATION 'TWIXT DON QUIJOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCIO PANZA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER EPISODES . . . . .	326
XXXII	DON QUIJOTE AND HIS COMPANY AT THE INN . . . . .	336
XXXIII	THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT PAUL PRY . . . . .	344
XXXIV	THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT PAUL PRY CONTINUED . . . . .	367
XXXV	THE WILD AND WONDERFUL BATTLE 'TWIXT DON QUIJOTE AND SOME SACKS OF RED WINE . . . . .	390
XXXVI	OTHER RARE ADVENTURES AT THE INN . . . . .	400
XXXVII	THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS INFANTA MICOMICONA CONTINUED, TOGETHER WITH OTHER PLEASANT INCIDENTS . . . . .	411
XXXVIII	DON QUIJOTE'S SUBTLE DISCOURSE CONCERNING ARMS AND LETTERS . . . . .	423
XXXIX	THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES . . . . .	428
XI.	THE STORY OF THE CAPTIVE CONTINUED . . . . .	438
XI.I	THE CAPTIVE CONTINUES HIS ADVENTURES . . . . .	453
XI.II	FURTHER INCIDENTS AT THE INN AND SEVERAL OTHER THINGS WORTH KNOWING . . . . .	477
XI.III	THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE MULETEER, TOGETHER WITH OTHER STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN . . . . .	486
XI.IV	A CONTINUATION OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES AT THE INN . . . . .	498
XI.V	THE DOUBTFUL QUESTION OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND OF THE PACK-SADDLE IS FINALLY SETTLED, TOGETHER WITH OTHER ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED IN VERY TRUTH . . . . .	508
XI.VI	THE END OF THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD . . . . .	518



XLVII	THE AMAZING METHOD OF THE KNIGHT'S ENCHANTMENT, TOGETHER WITH OTHER NOTABLE EVENTS . . . . .	528
XLVIII	THE CANON PURSUES THE SUBJECT OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HIS WIT . . . . .	540
XLIX	THE LITTLE PARLEY 'TWINX SANCHO PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIJOTE . . . . .	549
L	SHARP ALTERCATION 'TWINX THE CANON AND DON QUIJOTE, TOGETHER WITH CERTAIN OTHER INCIDENTS . . . . .	558
LI	THE TALE OF THE GOATHERD . . . . .	566
LII	THE QUARREL BETWEEN DON QUIJOTE AND THE GOATHERD, TOGETHER WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE PENITENTS, BROUGHT TO A HAPPY ISSUE BY DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA THOUGH AT THE EXPENDITURE OF SOME SWEAT . . . . .	573

## PREFACE

IN the course of the Introduction to this third edition of my translation of *Don Quijote*, I endeavour to establish the following new facts regarding the book and its author: 1. Before all, in the introduction and in the notes, I try to make clear that Cervantes travestied not only books of chivalry, but all romantic poetry, picaresque tales, histories, lives of saints, the classics, dictionaries, statutes, government reports—in short all the books of his period as well as of the past. His reading was much wider, and his indebtedness to other works for the composition of *Don Quijote* much greater, than we have hitherto supposed. In the notes that appear with the translation, I have gathered everything of importance previously discovered in this matter of appropriation and have been able to add a considerable number of new allusions and borrowings. 2. A contemporary book was scarcely in print before Cervantes had it in his hands, devoured it, and stole some of its thunder. We thus are able to date with accuracy the writing of the two parts. 3. The first part was written at Valladolid in 1603, since its early chapters, as well as its later, use and ridicule books not published until the end of 1602 or the beginning of 1603; and the first part was printing in the spring of 1604. 4. In it Cervantes was inspired by the second as well as the first part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* by Mateo Alemán, and to Alemán therefore, rather than to Cervantes, belongs the credit of having laid the foundation of the modern novel. 5. The loss and finding of Dapple, omitted from the first edition of the first part, but supplied in the second edition, are from the pen of Cervantes. Thus, other changes

in the second edition *may* be his. 6. The three assaults given to Sancho by his master out of the five he had at home mock the three out of five princes of Savoy, who came to visit Philip the Third at the time Cervantes was writing. 7. Cervantes did not write a word of the true second part of *Don Quijote* until there appeared the false second part early in the year 1614. This is contrary to the accepted view that Cervantes did not know of the false second part until he came to his fifty-ninth chapter. 8. New facts tend to show that the false part was written by Luis de Aliaga, Philip the Third's confessor. Cervantes plays upon his name and the pseudonym Avellaneda in passages prompted by this sequel. 9. Not only was Cervantes stung into writing by it, but he made use of its plot, incidents, and expressions. The true second part was finished nearly, if not quite, by the end of the year 1614, at Madrid. 10. Thus, each part of the *Don Quijote* was written at high speed, frequently two chapters a week—remarkable if we consider the advanced age of the author and the excellence of the book's content and construction, but more easily understood if we see that Cervantes wrote out of a rich life, a warm heart, and a mind strongly imaginative and sustained by all manner of reading.

In the appendices I discuss some of the more important cruxes of the text. Of the approximate eleven hundred notes, about one-third come directly or indirectly from Bowle (1781) or from Clemencín (1833-39); about one-fourth were first noted by Pellicer (1797-99), or Lockhart (1822), or Bastús y Carrera (1834), or Viardot (1836), or Ormsby (1885 and 1901), or Watts (1888 and 1895), or Cortejón (1905-13), or Marín (1911-12). To the first English translator, Thomas Shelton, I am indebted for five phrases; to my immediate predecessors,

Ormsby and Watts, my debt is more real than is apparent, inasmuch as the translation has passed through a dozen revisions since I consulted them. I am especially indebted to them in the short stories now added to make the translation complete.

Nice, November 1931.



## INTRODUCTION

THE life of Cervantes presents the extraordinary case of a man that did not find himself until fifty-five. At that age he penned the opening sentence of *Don Quijote*, and at once the inner meaning of his life found its adequate outward expression. His mind mounted, the nobility of his nature asserted itself, his heart laughed and sang. This was in the year 1603. Then, with the first part of his great work finished, his being lapsed for another ten years. The first part of *Don Quijote* appeared in 1605, and though Cervantes suddenly found himself famous, he still found himself very poor, and what with petty affairs, with family troubles, with much reading, with writing a dozen short stories, the years went quickly by. Then, in 1614, he was driven, as by an accident, to write the second part of his immortal story. The old fire burned, his being was renewed, his pen ran swiftly, and within a year the book was finished. He was now approaching seventy, and in little more than a twelve-month all of him that could die was dead. Omit the years 1603 and 1614 from Cervantes' life and there is left but a clever writer of short stories; include those years and we have the most imaginative prose-writer of all time.

The phenomenon would be less if the earlier years of his life had been years of preparation: if he had been consciously perfecting himself in his art in order that the masterpiece might in the end evolve. During his early manhood and prime he had written but occasional verses, a few forgotten plays, and a dull pastoral, the *Galatea*. Therein, indeed, he showed himself the master of a measured style, but there is almost no trace of that wealth of fancy, that power

of characterization, that irrepressible high spirit, which so distinguish the *Don Quijote*. Nor was it as if during those early years he had been reading toward an end, hoarding his riches for these two years of his bountiful giving, these two years of splendid achievement. He read far and wide and remembered tenaciously, and all that he read, as well as all that he thought and loved and did and hoped and suffered, became a part of his book; yet his reading had been without intention<sup>(1)</sup>. But when the time of restitution came, the sweet time of refreshment came at last, he had read so sympathetically, he had lived so richly and patiently, so mature and just was his wisdom, that, once the great idea of the book possessed him, it was merely a question of a clear head, a clean heart, and the rigour of the game.

In emphasizing this fact, that 'the best novel in the world, beyond all comparison'<sup>(2)</sup> was written by a man past middle age with almost no literary career behind him, one does not thereby suggest that Cervantes was unliterary by nature. He was intensely literary: he loved to read even the torn scraps of paper he picked up in the street<sup>(3)</sup>, he took an astonishing interest in the poetry and drama of his time and was fond of discussing them, the good and the bad. His interest in letters extended to all that had just been done in Italy, while the Bible and the classics were his intellectual body-guard. But his own output had been slight and uncertain; the false dawn gave no promise of the glorious day. The way to produce a masterpiece, in Cervantes' case at least, was not to exhaust himself by constant writing, but, mingling in the world wherever duty and necessity urged, so to grow by continual choice of the better and the braver, that when the time for great expression came, with his philosophy of life shaped and tried by all

manner of experience and adventure, with his mind enriched and enlarged by the mind of the past, he found the victory won almost before the battle was begun. The first chapter of the *Quijote* is as elevated and sustained as any later chapter, and though the second part as a whole is finer than the first, the advantage was the result, not so much of style by practice perfecting, as of wisdom by trials maturing. The shield of his long-suffering had grown more ample and strong.

It is significant that this most imaginative of prose narratives should be in so large part a transcription of actuality—as if truth in any form must first be tried before it can be transfigured; as if, in other words, the novelist must feel his situations before he can body them forth, that he may be sure they are true to life and wear the raiment of reality. Fortunately, Cervantes was endowed with both qualities supremely—with keen sensibility he saw and felt things as they were, and at the same time he could idealize them and make them move in an imaginative world of things as they might be. When his narrative soars too high, he brings it to earth by some suggestion of sober fact; when, on the other hand, it clings too closely to prosaic action, he sublimates it by light from above. The *Don Quijote* is as far removed from the unrelieved realism of the modern novel as it is from the empty vacuities of the books of chivalry which its object was to deride. And through all and perhaps above all is present the undefinable charm of Cervantes' own personality: a presence so elusive that it is no sooner caught than it has fled, and yet so persistent that here in the *Don Quijote*, where it has a chance to reveal itself, it reveals itself in nearly every line.

Exception will always be taken to the view that Cervantes' aim in writing *Don Quijote* was to



ridicule the books of chivalry, in spite of the author's own statement at the beginning that his book was one long invective against these romances and at the end that his sole desire had been to expose their balderdash and vapidness to the abomination of mankind. The book is so large and living that one dislikes to find its origin in a specific purpose. And it is of course clear that the story outgrew its first and narrow intent: Cervantes looked for one thing and found another. At the same time, the most cursory glance at the notes to my translation will show how successful the work was in holding up to derision the books of chivalry. Chapter after chapter of the *Don Quijote* is modelled closely or loosely upon adventure or incident in the lives of its ancestors, and their pretentiousness of phrase and sentiment are reflected by Cervantes with marvellous consistency. In the adventure of the fulling-mills Sancho hobbles the forefeet of Rocinante, not only in order that his master may not close with that dread peril in the darkness of the night, but because this scene is imitative of a situation in *Florando of England* where the hero cannot move on to danger because his steed is enchanted and will not budge. In the same chapter in *Florando*<sup>(4)</sup> the squire is carried through the air by phantoms, dropped from high rocks, and his flesh torn by burning pincers. He calls to his master for help; Florando knows the voice and forces back his steed toward the place. But he does not deliver his squire, being persuaded that it is a vision. That is why in the blanketing of Sancho, his master, though hearing and recognizing the cries of the squire and returning to his aid, finding that he can neither climb the yard-wall nor dismount from Rocinante, believes that the castle or inn is enchanted and that those who make sport of Sancho so outrageously are but phan-

toms and inhabitants of another world. Second only to our interest in the finished structure is our admiration of the amazing skill wherewith Cervantes built it out of the rubblestone of others.

But it was not the books of chivalry alone that suffered this abstraction. Ballads and Italian romantic poetry are drawn upon almost as heavily; indeed, it would seem as if every work Cervantes read<sup>(5)</sup>, whether printed or in manuscript, was bound to contribute something to the *Quijote*. No book, therefore, gains so much by illustrative comment as this—a thousand of the allusions would be missed if we did not see what the author had in mind. The marvel is how he supposed we were to understand them, for hundreds must have been hidden even from his contemporaries, and there are, no doubt, scores of hits that still remain to be noted<sup>(6)</sup>. Equally strange will it seem that he should have troubled to build in this way rather than rely on his own creative faculty. But in this he was, perhaps, holding to that safest of guides, his own ideal, and wrote for his own more perfect delight. That he gave many a slap to his forehead as the chances of banter kept coming one after another was enough to assure him that the reader would slap his forehead and feel equivalent joy. Occasionally, the matter that he borrows is not homogeneous with what is more strictly his own; but in general he transcended all that he included, and it must be confessed that the results justify his method. The events throughout the book have a certain classic quality, a certain relationship between their outwardness and their inwardness, a certain concrete reality, that show an existence before they passed through the crucible of the author's transmuting power, for their previous existence in literature was as vivid to him as if it had been in life. All things that were in themselves

significant, especially things a bit curious and diverting, whether they were to be found in literature or in life, in his own mind or another's, had a place in the sun of that man's genius.

## CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH 1547-1568

THE biography of Cervantes resolves itself into a series of questions, many of which the reader must answer for himself. No biographer can do it for him, so often and so nicely must the evidence be weighed. The first problem that arises is: When was our Cervantes born? He was baptized on October 9th, 1547, and it used to be held, quite naturally, that he was born ten days previous, on Saint Michael's Day, September twenty-ninth, since he was baptized, after that saint, Miguel. Yet this position, like so many good positions in the field of scholarship, is being abandoned, in favour of no particular day, simply because we have no birth certificate. There are, however, enough cases where children were named after the saint on whose day they were born to make one think it a custom among God-fearing Castilians at that time. Lope de Vega, for example, was born on Saint Lope's Day, November twenty-fifth. But what just tips the scales in favour of Michaelmas as the birthday of Cervantes (tips them in my mind, at least) is the fact that his brother Andrés was baptized twelve days after Saint Andrew's Day. It may also be worth noting that the only two of Cervantes' thousand characters, whose birthday he states, have that birthday 'come Michaelmas'<sup>(7)</sup>.

With this momentous matter disposed of, we are at once confronted with another: Was Cervantes' father desperately poor or only comparatively so?—rich he certainly was not. The fact that he had seven children, of whom our Miguel was the fourth, does not help us. Equally unilluminating, as regards our present enquiry, are the facts that he was a physician and the son of a lawyer, Juan de Cervantes, who

(1545-46) administered the estates of the Duke of Osuna at Osuna and who later practised at Cordova (1555). Cervantes' father, Rodrigo, was probably in restless circumstances, since he shifted his abode from Alcalá de Henares, where his first five children were born, to Valladolid 1555-61<sup>(h)</sup>, to Madrid 1561-64<sup>(9)</sup>, to Seville 1564-65<sup>(10)</sup>, and back again to Madrid 1566-85. Moreover, the father was deaf, so deaf in 1578 that he could not hear papers read aloud in court, was obliged to read them over to himself and say that he understood and accepted them. Perhaps this real deafness was less damaging to his practice as a physician, less irritating to his patients, than had he heard, but not heeded, all they had to say. That he actually practised and had patients is shown by an interesting deed of the year 1568, which states that his daughter Andrea, then twenty-five, nursed one Juan Locadelo, who, 'absent from home' and 'temporarily residing in this city of Madrid and at the court of His Majesty,' was 'made comfortable by her and cured of some infirmities I have had, as well she as her father, and did for me and on my behalf many other things wherefor I am bound to remunerate and reward them'; and so he does by this deed bestow on Doña Andrea three hundred gold crowns, together with many pieces of furniture, articles of clothing, and jewels of value, which the girl receives, acknowledges, and kisses his hand for. The giver asked that these, his donations, should serve as part of her dowry, and a little later she married, but part of Andrea's dowry, that of her sister Magdalena<sup>(11)</sup>, and apparently all the realizable assets of the family were more than exhausted by payments toward the ransom of their sons and brothers from the hands of the Moors. In 1564 the father owned some house-property in Seville; in 1576, before the ransoming of his two

sons, he is called a poor man <sup>(12)</sup>; after the ransoming of the second son in 1580, no member of the family ever regained his or her feet—they were all poor relations now.

Probably, then, Cervantes belonged to that great class, the class from which nearly all great men have sprung, which, having sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, must yet make its own living and so keep determination in the blood. The children of these families are not shut off from the essentials of education by dire poverty, nor are they made selfish on the other hand by having everything they want. Their souls are not stunted in a miasmatic atmosphere of their own superiority, and they early learn to be natural and human toward all men. They also learn to lend a helping hand; for often, as in Cervantes' case, these are the families over whom, through fault of their own or no, an evil star persistently shines. Perhaps because they are not sufficiently worldly, hard luck becomes a kind of habit with them, and yet, helped by the other members, some one of the family pulls magnificently through.

We left the child Miguel in swaddling-clothes at Alcalá <sup>(13)</sup> in order to indicate the worldly estate and spiritual substance of the family into which he was born. At Alcalá he attained the age of three, and perhaps soon after that event the family moved to Madrid, though there is no certain record of him until his sister Magdalena was born at Valladolid about 1555. At Valladolid the family may have remained until 1561, and probably here <sup>(14)</sup> it was as a boy under fourteen that Cervantes first saw and loved the drama, also then in its youth. In those days, he tells us <sup>(15)</sup>, 'the whole paraphernalia of a manager of plays was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheepskin dresses trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs, and crooks, more or less. . . The stage

consisted of four benches arranged in a square with five or six planks on top of them raised but four hand-breadths from the ground.' The only decoration of the theatre was 'an old blanket drawn aside by two ropes, which made what they call the greenroom, behind which were the musicians singing some old ballad without a guitar... The performances were wont to take place in a public square, as now with strollers at a country fair, and were given twice a day, in the forenoon and in the afternoon.' Cervantes especially remembered having seen the noted dramatist-manager-actor Lope de Rueda and at the end of his life could recall some of the lines heard as a boy<sup>(16)</sup>.

"From my tender years I loved the sweet art of agreeable poesy," says Cervantes in another place<sup>(17)</sup>, and Blas Nasarre<sup>(18)</sup>, who was the first to tell us of Cervantes' schooling at Madrid, says, 'Cervantes from early childhood applied himself to the reading of these and other ancient books.' We do not know what authority he had for this statement, but we do know him right when he continues: 'And he composed some verses. . . to be read in *The True History, Illness, Most Blessed Passing, and Sumptuous Obsequies of the Most Serene Queen of Spain, Doña Isabel de Valois*,' Philip the Second's third wife, who died October 3rd, 1568. This book was compiled by Juan López de Hoyos, who refers to Cervantes as 'my dear and beloved pupil.' As Cervantes in October 1568 was twenty-one, it may have been at an earlier period, say in 1561-64, that our hero sat at the feet of the humanist Hoyos. Perhaps he may have received some schooling at Seville at the age of sixteen or seventeen, since his father was there (1564-65), and we have that description in *The Dogs' Colloquy*<sup>(19)</sup> of the 'two sons, one of twelve years and the other nearly fourteen, who

were studying grammar in the school of the Company of Jesus.' Cervantes always<sup>(20)</sup>, apparently, thought himself two or three years younger than he was and presumably would underestimate the age of his younger brother. 'It was winter-time,' the dog continues, 'when manchets and buttered cakes are the vogue in Seville, with which I was so well supplied that more than two Antonios were pawned or sold for my breakfast.' By Antonio, the dog means either the Latin grammar or the Latin dictionary of Antonio de Lebrixa, so perhaps here again we get a glimpse at the foundation of his studies. It appears to have been a model school: 'I straightway derived pleasure from seeing the affection, the settled behaviour, the anxiety, and industry with which those blessed fathers and masters taught those children, strengthening the tender shoots of their youth so that they might not bend nor take an evil direction in the path of virtue, which conjointly with letters they kept pointing out to them. I began to consider how they rebuked their pupils with sweetness, chastised them mercifully, animated them with examples, stimulated them by rewards, and overlooked their shortcomings with judgment; and finally, how they described to them the ugliness and horror of vice, and sketched for them the loveliness of virtue, in order that loathing the one and loving the other they might attain the end for which they were educated.'

The references in his writings to Salamanca and the intimate knowledge revealed in *The Feigned Aunt*<sup>(21)</sup> of the student life there have led many to believe that Cervantes studied at the great university, perhaps in the years (1566-68) following upon his schooling at Seville. A hundred years ago<sup>(22)</sup> a professor of rhetoric at Salamanca was sure he had seen Cervantes' name registered as a student of philos-



ophy for two years, and more by token he lived in the Calle de Moros; but there is no such record now. The reader must again decide for himself, after reading Don Diego's account of his poetic son's devotion to the humanities at Salamanca, as told in *Don Quijote*; secondly, *The Feigned Aunt*, and finally the opening page of *The Licentiate of Glass*. To my own mind it is this last episode that is especially autobiographical—in other words, I think that Cervantes studied at Salamanca for two or three years<sup>(23)</sup> as a student-page, a term that he uses in the second chapter of *Don Quijote*. 'In a few weeks Tomás showed signs of possessing rare intelligence, serving his masters with such fidelity, punctuality, and diligence that although he did not fail in any degree in his studies, it appeared that he was wholly occupied in waiting on them; and as the good service of the servant creates a willingness in his master to treat him well, presently Tomás Rodaja was not the servant of his masters, but their companion... He most distinguished himself in the humanities, and had such a happy memory that it was a thing to wonder at.'

Incline then as one may or may not to the schooling at Madrid and Seville and the residence at the university of Salamanca (and perhaps the most one can say is that there is much to urge in favour of these periods and nothing against), one may at least be sure that in his youth Cervantes was devoted to reading, especially to poetry; secondly, that he loved the play and remembered the lines that he heard and the scene that he saw; and lastly, that at the age of twenty-one he himself could write verses, including an elegy one hundred and ninety-nine lines long on the illness and death of a queen. If the boy was father of the man<sup>(24)</sup>, in appearance the youthful Cervantes was of medium height, of auburn hair, of a com-

plexion rather light than brown, the nose arched though well-proportioned, the eyes merry, the mouth small and stuttering. There is reason to believe that he excelled in out-of-doors sports<sup>(25)</sup>; and he was lovable—unlike many master spirits he had that greatest of virtues, unfailing courtesy, and in his kindliness he won, not repelled, the affections of men. As yet, he betrayed no sign of the genius for which the world now reveres him. The next thirty years of his life were to be spent, five years in military service, five as captive among the Moors, fifteen in affairs. In the five years between these last periods, when he had more or less leisure, were written a pastoral and a few plays, in neither of which is he at his richest or best. But his travels and all manner of experiences by land and sea, his intercourse with all manner of persons in every walk of life, made him sharp witted, his eyes continued their noting, his mind and memory their reading and recording, so that when, at fifty-five, the great year of the *Don Quijote* came, he was indeed a full man. And fortunately, the imagination, which in so many has at that age begun to be less dominant, was with Cervantes only now coming into its own, and all that he had seen and suffered was transmuted for the purposes of his story into something rich and strange.

## EARLY MANHOOD 1569-1580

Page      Soldier      Captive

THE problems concerning the childhood and youth of Cervantes are but cakes and cookies, as Sancho would say, to the one that confronts us now he is of age: namely, why and how did he go to Italy? We have seen him at Madrid a budding poet just turned twenty-one, and a year later, December 22nd, 1569, the father testifies that Miguel is at Rome. Where was he and what was he doing in the meantime? We have no definite record, but if the reader will give his fancy ever so little rein, I think we can arrive at certain approximations, both as to the reason for his leaving Spain and the route he followed in getting to Italy. I say we have no positive record, but there exists a warrant<sup>(20)</sup>, issued from Madrid and dated September 15th, 1569, for the arrest of a Miguel de Cervantes, charged with having given certain wounds to Antonio de Sigura of this court and condemned to have his left hand cut off and to be exiled from the capital for ten years. Remembering that Cervantes is often autobiographical in his writings, let us turn to his short story *The Little Gipsy*, and we hear a young poet-page of Madrid, escaping from justice, say for himself, 'I was at Madrid, in the house of a man of title to whom I was servant, not as to a master, but as a relation. He had an only son and heir, who, both on account of the relationship and because we were of the same age and in the same circumstances, treated me with familiarity and great friendship. It chanced that this gentleman fell in love with a lady of quality, whom he would, with the utmost willingness, have chosen for his wife, if his wishes

had not been, as is the duty of a good son, subservient to that of his parents, who hoped to make a more exalted match for him. Yet in spite of all this, he paid her court out of sight of the eyes of all those whose tongues could publish his inclinations. My eyes alone were witnesses of his intentions. One night . . . passing by the door and street of this lady, we saw close to it two men, apparently of good presence. My relative wished to reconnoitre them, but scarcely had he stepped towards them when with much agility they laid hands on their swords and their bucklers and advanced to us. We did the same, and with equal weapons we engaged. The fight lasted only a short time, for the lives of our two opponents lasted not long, since they lost them by two thrusts which the jealousy of my relation directed and the defence I made for him—a strange chance, and seldom witnessed.’ At the end of the story this something between a page and a cavalier, as he is termed, embarks ‘in one of the Genoese galleys lying in the harbour of Cartagena.’ As if to tell us in so many words the reason of his going to Italy, in one of his plays<sup>(27)</sup> Cervantes relates of a character Saavedra, Cervantes’ second name, that ‘he left a gentleman very badly wounded, fled, and went to Italy.’

We now turn again to *The Licentiate of Glass*, and since it is certainly autobiographical in spirit if not in letter, we will quote at length. Tomás Rodaja, whom we saw serving two gentlemen at Salamanca as page-companion, now about nineteen, while on the road falls in with a captain in His Majesty’s service. ‘He extolled the life of the army and depicted in very lively colours the beauty of the city of Naples, the pleasures of Palermo, the wealth of Milan, the festivals of Lombardy, and the splendid fare at the inns. He

sketched pleasantly and exactly the 'set the table, host; come here, you varlet; bring the mackerel, the fat fowls, and the macaroni.' He lauded to the skies the freedom of the soldier's life, the liberty of Italy; but he said nothing of the cold endured by the sentries, the peril of the assaults, the terror of the battles, the hunger entailed by sieges, the devastation caused by the mines, and other things of this description which some take and consider as supplements to the burden of a military career whereas they form the chief constituents of it.' So Tomás joins the captain as his ensign, and in a few days they reach the place where the company of soldiers was already made up. It commenced its march in the direction of Cartagena, it and four others, lodging at the places where they arrived on their route.

'Discarding the costume of a student, Tomás had dressed himself in bright colours and affected the attire of a man of spirit. The many books he possessed he cut down to a volume of *Hours of Our Lady*, and a Garcilaso without notes, which he carried in two pockets. They arrived at Cartagena more quickly than they cared, because the life in billets is easy and varied, and every day new and pleasurable things turn up, and they embarked in four Neapolitan galleys there. Tomás Rodaja observed the strange existence on these sea-going houses, where for the most of the time the insects ill-treat, the convicts rob, the sailors disgust, the rats destroy, and the motion of the sea fatigues. The great gales and tempests alarmed him, especially in the Gulf of Lyons, where they experienced two. The first drove them to Corsica, and the second blew them back to Toulon, in France. Finally, weary with night watches, drenched, and with blue circles under their eyelids, they arrived at the lovely and very beautiful city of Genoa, and

disembarked at its secure harbour... Tomás also admired the fair tresses of the Genoese women, the gentility and gallant disposition of the men, and the admirable beauty of the city, which seems to have its houses set in those rocks like diamonds in gold. Two days afterwards Tomás took leave of the captain, and in five he arrived at Florence, having first seen Lucca, a small city, yet excellently built, in which Spaniards are better regarded and indeed received better than in other parts of Italy. Florence pleased him extremely, both for its agreeable situation and for its cleanliness, sumptuous edifices, fresh stream, and quiet streets.

‘He stayed four days there and then set out for Rome, queen of cities and mistress of the world. He visited her churches, adored her relics, and admired her greatness, and as by the claws of the lion his size and ferocity are known, so he inferred that of Rome, from her fragments of marbles, her broken and entire statues, her shattered arches and ruined baths, her magnificent porticoes and great amphitheatres, from her famous and sacred river, which always fills its banks with water and blesses them with the numerous relics of bodies of martyrs who found burial on them, from her bridges, which appear to be gazing one at the other, and her streets that by their names alone assume authority over those of any other city in the world, the Via Appia, Via Flaminia, Via Julia, and others of the same kind. Then the division of the hills within the city excited in him no less admiration, the Cælian, Quirinal, Vatican, and the other four whose names indicate the greatness and the dignity of Rome. He also remarked the authority of the College of Cardinals, the majesty of the Chief Pontiff, the concourse and variety of races and nations. All this he admired and observed and arranged in its proper place. And having visited the stations of the

Seven Churches, confessed to a penitentiary, and kissed the foot of His Holiness, laden with images of the agnus dei and beads, he determined to go to Naples, and from its being a change of season, unhealthy and noxious to all who enter into or leave Rome by the land route, he proceeded thither by sea. To the admiration that he derived from having seen Rome he added that which the sight of Naples caused, a city in his opinion and in that of all who have beheld it, the finest in Europe, and indeed in the whole world. Thence he went to Sicily and saw Palermo and subsequently Messina. 'The situation and beauty of Palermo pleased him greatly, and so did the harbour of Messina, and the fertility of the whole island, on account of which it is rightly and truly styled the granary of Italy. He then returned to Naples and Rome.'

In these paragraphs we get, I think, as true a picture of Cervantes' journey to Rome as we ever can get, or indeed could wish for, and the essentials of the picture are emphasized for us at several other points in his writings. In chapter twenty-four of the second part of *Don Quijote* for instance we have the page 'with a merry countenance' and of about nineteen years of age bound, as he supposes, for Cartagena, where he is to embark and serve the king in his wars. In the first part, chapter twenty-nine, the priest of Argamasilla says, 'We shall pass through my village, from which your highness will find a road leading to Cartagena'; and in her letter from Argamasilla, part two, chapter fifty-two, Teresa speaks of a company of mischief-making soldiers passing through the village. Again, in *The Dogs' Colloquy*, we meet with a company of soldiers bound for Cartagena. 'The company was full of bullies and deserters who were guilty of some acts of insolence in the places we passed.' And finally in book three, chapter twelve of

*Persiles and Sigismunda* a girl, Agustina, disguised as a page, speaking of two companies of soldiers on their way to Cartagena to embark there, says, 'They got mixed up in a cruel wrangle with the people of a village of La Mancha, over the matter of lodgings, with the result that a gentleman of the place, whom they called Count, of I know not what state, was killed.'

Was it some such incident as this, with the subsequent imprisonment of the malefactors, that led Cervantes to pen the opening sentence of *Don Quijote*: 'In a village of La Mancha, whose name I do not care to recall. . .' ? Perhaps it was at this period of his career, and not later as is commonly supposed, that Cervantes gained his knowledge of La Mancha and in particular of Argamasilla<sup>(28)</sup>. Certain we may be that this passage through that district of soldiers bound for Cartagena, for embarkation to Italy, made a tenfold impression upon him, and since he obviously speaks as an eyewitness and since such a journey fits into no later portion of his life, the evidence seems to me overwhelming that he was one of that company, and arrived at Genoa after a stormy voyage<sup>(29)</sup> and then via Lucca and Florence at Rome.

There, his father says, he was in December 1569, and since Cervantes himself says<sup>(30)</sup> that he served Cardinal Acquaviva there as his valet and since Giulio Acquaviva was not made cardinal until the following May, Cervantes' service with him covered perhaps a few months before and a few months after that event. It could not have lasted much longer, for before the end of 1570 there is evidence<sup>(31)</sup> that Cervantes had enlisted as a private in the company commanded by Captain Diego de Urbina, forming part of Miguel de Moncada's famous regiment, there being many Spanish soldiers at this time in southern Italy, which was under the rule of their king. Acquaviva, but a year



or two older than Cervantes, was a youth 'very virtuous and of many letters,' and fond of gathering about him men of wit and 'treating with them on various questions of politics, science, learning and literature'<sup>(32)</sup>. And the reference to him in the preface of the *Galatea* would lead one to think that in his household Cervantes, though serving in an humble capacity, for this short, and perhaps the only, period of his life mingled with his peers. From now until within a few years of the end he was exposed either to the hardships and sufferings of war and the privations of a long captivity or to the anxieties and humiliations of a poverty that at times became desperate. What must have been the constitution that could withstand so many shocks, what must have been the sweetness and nobility of nature that could survive them!

When Cervantes came into Italy, all Christendom lived in terror of the Turk. Cyprus had fallen into his hands, and anything might now be feared. The commercial republic of Venice chiefly suffered, and at her instance and prayers, after a fruitless naval expedition for the relief of Cyprus in the summer of 1570 (on which Cervantes probably served), a league was formed with the Holy See and Spain, May 20th, 1571, in order that this spreading plague might at least be checked if not exterminated. Under the command of Philip the Second's natural brother, Don John of Austria, the combined fleets sailed from Messina on the sixteenth of September, and on board the *Marquesa* was our hero. The Turkish fleet was sighted on the morning of October seventh in the gulf of Lepanto, and shortly after noon the attack began all along the line. Cervantes had been lying ill with fever, and his captain and his comrades bade him remain below, but Cervantes replied, 'Señores, on all the occasions in His Majesty's wars that till

now have offered themselves, I have served well, like a good soldier. So now I shall not do less, though weak and with fever. Better it is that I fight in the service of God and the king and die for them, than keep under cover'<sup>(33)</sup>. He then asked to be placed in the position of greatest peril, and was posted to command twelve men in a long boat at or near the *Marquesa's* side<sup>(34)</sup>. The *Marquesa* herself was in the hottest of the action, on the left wing, attacking the flag-ship of the admiral of Alexandria. Cervantes in the *Don Quijote*<sup>(35)</sup> describes what happens at such times: 'lashed and locked together they leave but two feet of beakhead for the soldier to stand upon, but, though finding as many ministers of death confronting him as there are cannon not a lance-length off on the opposing ship, and though conscious that a slight misstep will land him in Neptune's bottomless gulf, none the less, impelled by the thought of glory, he bravely attempts to force a passage, making himself target to all that artillery the while. But what is chiefly to be admired is that scarce has one fallen whence he cannot be raised till the end of time, when another takes his place, and should this second likewise drop into the jaws of death that await him, another succeeds and another, without pause between—spirit and daring unrivalled in all the exigencies of war.'

The fighting continued all the afternoon, but with the setting sun Christendom triumphed and the power of the infidel was broken. Fifteen thousand Christian slaves, serving the Ottoman oar, were set free. The *Marquesa* had vanquished the Egyptian galley, killed more than five hundred of the Turks on board her together with her commander, and seized the royal standard of Egypt. But Miguel de Cervantes, 'fighting very valiantly like a good soldier,' was wounded: two gunshot wounds in the chest and

one that mutilated his left hand. On the thirtieth of October the armada returned to Messina with the wounded, and there and in Calabria the disabled men in Urbina's company passed that winter. Succeeding efforts of the League proved abortive, and the Turk again molested Christendom, but the moral effect of the battle of Lepanto made it an ever memorable occasion, since it was the first time the pagan power had been beaten at sea. Cervantes never referred to the battle without a kind of exaltation: 'More blest the Christians that died there than those that lived and triumphed'<sup>(36)</sup>. And of himself he writes, 'He lost in the naval battle of Lepanto his left hand from a shot of an arquebus: a wound which, although it appears ugly, he holds for lovely, because he received it on the most memorable and lofty occasion that past centuries have beheld, nor do those to come hope to see the like'<sup>(37)</sup>. 'If my scars shine not in strangers' eyes, at least they are respected by those knowing their origin; for better looks the soldier dead in battle than alive in flight. So firmly do I hold this, that if here and now they offered me such an impossibility, rather would I be found in that mighty action than not and free of wounds. The scars a soldier wears on his face and breast are stars rather, leading others to a heaven of honour and the hope of deserved praise'<sup>(38)</sup>.

When the spring came, Cervantes was well enough to enter the ranks again, this time in Captain Manuel Ponce de León's company in the regiment of Lope de Figueroa. During his convalescence he had received grants-in-aid amounting to eighty-two ducats, and now that he was again entering service he received a three-ducats-per-month increase of pay for his gallantry at Lepanto. He sailed with part of the fleet under Marco Antonio Colona for the Archipelago June 6th, 1572. Don John of Austria followed

on August ninth and, the forces uniting, a month later half the Turkish fleet was found locked in the harbour of Navarino and could have been captured, but the pilots forgot to turn or missed count on the hour-glass, and the Christians arrived too late. Yet on this expedition, so fruitless in other respects, a Turkish galley, the *Presa*, was seized by the Neapolitan flagship, the *Loba*. The *Presa* was commanded by the grandson of a famous corsair Barba Roja who 'was so cruel and treated so harshly his Christian slaves at the oar that when they saw that the *Loba*, bearing down upon them, was sure to capture them, to a man they dropped their oars, and seizing their captain, who was upon the stantrel shouting to them to speed up, they tossed him from bench to bench, from stem to stern, and bit him so savagely that before he passed the mast his soul had passed to the lower world—such was, as I have said, the cruelty wherewith he treated them and the hatred he inspired'<sup>(39)</sup>. The reader of Sancho's wingless flight from the stantrel on the galley in Barcelona harbour<sup>(40)</sup> will see that it was drawn from life.

This attempt to deliver Greece having failed and the League now being definitely dissolved, the Spanish fleet on September twenty-first of the following year, 1573, sailed from Palermo for the fortress of Goleta, already belonging to Philip the Third, and thence two thousand five hundred veterans, including four companies of Figueroa's regiment and our Cervantes, marched upon Tunis. They made the earth tremble with their muskets, says Vanderhammen; but this was not necessary, as the place had been abandoned by the Turks, and the population had fled. The fleet returned to Palermo, leaving small garrisons at both forts, which fell into the hands of the Turks in August and September of the following year, 1574, before Don John and his fleet, with Cer-

vantes on board, could come to the garrison's relief.

In the summer of '75 Don John gave Cervantes leave to return to Spain, addressing a letter to the king, speaking of the soldier's distinguished merits and services and asking that he be put in command of one of the companies then forming in Spain for Italy. Like Don Quijote, Cervantes deemed himself born under the influence of the planet Mars and his career to be that of a soldier. He set sail from Naples on board the galley, *Sol*, bound for Spain, but on September twenty-sixth this galley and two others, separated from the rest of the flotilla, were attacked by three corsair-galleys off Marseilles, and in a fight which lasted sixteen hours, if a description in the *Galatea*<sup>(41)</sup> reproduces it at all faithfully, in which, in any case, Cervantes fought with his natural bravery, the *Sol* was overpowered, the captain and many others were killed, and Cervantes, his brother, and other Spaniards were taken from the *Sol* and carried off to Algiers to serve as slaves at the oar or to be held for ransom. Cervantes was among the latter, since the letter from Don John and another of the same character from the viceroy of Naples gave promise of a large sum.

Algiers in those days was a polite name for hell. Twenty-five thousand slaves toiled under merciless masters who withheld from them sufficient food. The streets of the city were choked with the bodies of those that had perished of starvation or terrible disease. One of the captives records, 'Great are the miseries, labours, tortures, and martyrdom suffered these days by captive Christians in the power of Turks and Moors, chiefly in Algiers'<sup>(42)</sup>. And Cervantes himself records how, herded together in so-called baths, these slaves lived out their wretched existence. 'But though hunger and nakedness tormented us at times, nothing pained us so much as to

hear and see each day the never-seen and unheard-of cruelties that my master used toward our brother Christians. Every day he hanged one of his captives, impaled this one, cropped the ears of another, and this with so little occasion and so frequently without it that the Turks knew that he did it solely for the sake of doing it and through being by nature the murderer of the entire human race'<sup>(43)</sup>. This is said of the viceroy or king of Algiers, Hassan Pasha.

Of this sweet society, then, Cervantes became a member in the autumn of 1575. His first master was Dalí Mamí, nicknamed Limpy, the Albanian renegade that had captured him on the *SoI*. He was mean and cruel and having power of life and death over his captives treated them accordingly. 'The lot of the captive,' says Cervantes, 'is alone enough to sadden the merriest heart on earth'<sup>(44)</sup>, and when that lot fell, as it did with him, amid all the miseries that then obtained in Algiers, where the sun in summer and the sand-laden sirocco are in themselves terrible things, it is no wonder that his sole thought was of escape. 'Never forsook me the hope of regaining my freedom, and when the issue of what I planned, thought out, and attempted did not correspond with the intention, straightway without despairing I sought out and found another hope to sustain me, faint and feeble though it was,' he says through the mouth of the Captive. His first attempt at escape was overland to Orán, then belonging to Spain, in the company of other Christian captives. The Moor whom Cervantes had engaged to guide them deserted them on the second day, and they were obliged to return to Algiers. Cervantes was confined more closely and his chains were doubled. This was in 1576.

In the spring of '77, Cervantes began operations again. He approached a Spaniard named El Dorador,

or the Gilder, who carried messages for Limpy to a friend living three miles out of Algiers on the sea-coast. In this friend's garden Cervantes got the Gilder and Juan, the slave-gardener, to dig a cave, and into this cave, dark as a wolf's mouth, Cervantes began stowing away Christian captives, probably borrowing from Christian merchants the money wherewith he bought food to send them by the Gilder. Fourteen were thus stowed away, and some had been there five months when in August Cervantes' brother Rodrigo was ransomed with three hundred gold crowns, sent by his family for the ransom of Cervantes himself, but which, not being sufficient, was, at his instance, devoted to ransoming the brother. With Rodrigo he arranged that a barque should be sent from Spain to carry off the dwellers in the cave. Cervantes himself escaped to the cave eight days before the barque arrived on September twenty-eighth at midnight. The rescuers were about to land, when some Moors, observing them, raised an alarm, and they were obliged to put to sea. The Gilder, two days later, turned traitor and revealed the plot to the king of Algiers. The cave was surrounded with armed men, but Cervantes called to them, 'None of these Christians here is to blame, since I alone am the author of this affair and induced them to escape.' Juan the gardener was strung up by one foot, and Cervantes, when led before the king, was threatened with torture if he did not inculcate others in the plot. But he persisted that he alone was responsible, and Hassan, deferring punishment, bought the conspirator of Limpy for five hundred gold crowns and put him in chains. 'So long as I have the maimed Spaniard in my possession, my Christians, ships, aye, the city itself, are safe,' the tyrant is said to have remarked.

Cervantes did indeed, like Don Quijote<sup>(45)</sup> after him, contemplate an uprising among the twenty-five thousand slaves then in Algiers, that, with help from Spain, this plague-and-torment spot might be redeemed; nor was this plan thought quixotic at the time, but through the perfidy of others it failed, as well as two other plans for escape, one in March 1578, another in September 1579. For the plot of '78 Cervantes was condemned to two thousand blows; for that of '79 he was kept in chains for five months. In addition to this confinement of five months and the previous one of at least as long a period, four times during his five years of captivity was Cervantes on the point of death, either by being impaled, or hooked, or burned alive<sup>(46)</sup>; yet all this he escaped and the two thousand blows. So cruel was Hassan the murderer that if a captive attempted to escape, or harboured or helped another, he was hanged or lost his ears and nose. A like fate his friends feared for Cervantes; yet the king remitted all—such power had this slave over his owner, such was 'his peculiar grace in all things,' as another at Algiers testified<sup>(47)</sup>, 'because he is so prudent and thoughtful.' 'His noble, Christian, honest, and virtuous character made him rightly envied of the other captives,' said another; his conduct 'gained him renown, honour, and crown among the Christians'; and of his captivity and deeds, says the Archbishop Haedo, a particular history might be made.

'None did more good among the captives than Cervantes, nor showed more honour among them'; some, renegades, he tried to restore to the true faith; to others, poor captives, he gave to eat and tried to stay the ill-treatment of their masters<sup>(48)</sup>; to others he sent verses which he had composed 'in praise of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, the Most Holy Sacrament, and other holy things worthy of our devotion'.



For himself the great lesson of these five years was, as he says<sup>(49)</sup>, the lesson of patience in adversity. But all losses were to be restored, all sorrows have their end: in September 1580, he was ransomed when already in chains and irons to be shipped to Constantinople, as Hassan the murderer had been relieved of his post and was taking his slaves with him. The amount paid was five hundred crowns, half of which had been raised by the family, and most of the remainder was contributed by Spanish merchants in Algiers. Before leaving for Spain Cervantes asked Father Juan Gil, who had arranged for his ransom, that an enquiry should be held into his conduct while in captivity, since a Dominican by the name of Blanco de Paz, who had divulged one of his plots for escape, had maligned him, and Cervantes wished to leave with a clean record. The enquiry was held, twelve persons answered the twenty-five questions put to them, and Cervantes not only came off clear, but record was left, against all calumniators, of his exceeding worth as a man. On October twenty-fourth he sailed for home, and landing at Denia, near Valencia, he and his comrades, if a passage in one of his stories<sup>(50)</sup> be reminiscent, 'leaped on shore, which with tears of joy they kissed again and again.'

## HIS PRIME 1581-1602

King's Messenger    Playwright    The *Galatea*  
Marriage    Commissary for the Armada  
Tax-Collector    Notary

**L**IBERTY, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts given of the skies to men; with it no treasure that the sea covers or the earth confines may be compared. For liberty as for honour a man can and should stake his life, since the direst of evils is captivity'<sup>(51)</sup>. Yet, for Cervantes it could not have been an unmixed evil, since the patience that he learned in his adversity must often have stayed him in the next five and twenty years, through every form of discouragement and despair; the years that for most men are the years of their prime, but which for Cervantes were strewn with barren failures. Yet these were the years that gave him his Spain which he was destined to perpetuate in his writings for all men for ever.

Cervantes seldom refers to this period himself, and we shall but chronicle the succession of events as they are recorded in the state and civic documents of the time. He returned, then, in the latter part of 1580 a one-handed soldier of thirty-three years, of medium height, and bearded like the pard. He was 'in the garb of those that come back ransomed from captivity, with a mark of the Trinity on their breast, in token that they have been liberated by the charity of their redeemers, the *Padres Redentores*'<sup>(52)</sup>. 'Joy was stirred in their hearts, and their spirits were stirred with the satisfaction which is one of the greatest there can be in this life, to arrive safe and sound in one's own country'<sup>(53)</sup>. They repaired to Valencia

and there formed in procession and walked to the cathedral to give thanks<sup>(54)</sup>. Miguel soon set out for Madrid, where his family, who had beggared themselves for his ransom, were still giving information in court with regard to money still owing therefor. Eleven years before, September 1569, a warrant had been issued condemning a Miguel de Cervantes to have his left hand cut off and to be exiled from the capital for ten years. At this capital after an absence of eleven years there now arrives her son, Miguel de Cervantes, his left hand gone 'for the greater glory of his right'<sup>(55)</sup>, not cut off by the king's justice, but lost heroically in battle in the service of the king.

We next hear of him at Thomar in Portugal, where on May 21st, 1581 he was paid fifty ducats toward the expenses of a journey to Orán, whither he went in the king's service, bearing messages from the alcaide of Mostaganem. On June twenty-sixth he is back again and at Cartagena receives the second fifty ducats due for the expenses of his journey. Nothing is heard of him in 1582; by the autumn of 1583 he is at Madrid and before the end of the year has finished his pastoral in mixed prose and verse, the *Galatea*; in February 1584 he receives the license to print it, and in June sells the copyright for 1,336 reals. It is poor and a pastoral. On December twelfth he marries Catalina de Salazar y Palacios at Esquivias, a village a little to the north of Toledo, on the road to Madrid. Cervantes is thirty-seven years of age, Catalina nineteen. Her dowry reads like an auction-list and comprized five small newly-planted vineyards, situated in various parts of Esquivias, eighty-three lots of household furniture, and an orchard, together with four beehives, forty-five hens and chickens, a cock, a crucible, et cetera, et cetera.

If she was poor, Cervantes was poorer, and the death of his father six months later left him little, if any, better off. No children resulted from this marriage, and the pair never, even after a patron appeared, were in easy circumstances, yet after twenty-five years the wife wrote of 'the great love and good fellowship we have had together'<sup>(56)</sup>. She survived her husband by more than ten years.

During these years of the middle eighties Cervantes wrote for the stage at Madrid, and two of his plays of this period, *Los Tratos de Argel* and *La Numancia*, have come down to us. The latter is redeemed by a few imaginative touches. His triumph was short-lived, and the need of earning his bread drove him south to Andalusia, where from 1587 he collected bread, wheat, barley, oil, and other stores for the Armada, both before and after its defeat in 1588. He made Seville his centre, making little tours through the country villages and towns, armed with commissary papers, which called upon the local officials to give him due and necessary aid. Documents of the various commissions still exist, together with Cervantes' vouchers for his daily collections. Indispensable to the future author of *Don Quijote* was this movement from town to village, from village to town, with its accompanying roadside scenes and adventures<sup>(57)</sup>; but the work itself was late in being paid, and the natural kindness of the man must at times have been sorely tried by the reception with which he met. His first *faux pas* was to seize at Ecija some bread, wheat and barley belonging to the Cathedral of Seville, for which excessive zeal he was excommunicated. Yet excommunication was perhaps more easily borne than the temperature of Ecija, which often rises to 120° Fahrenheit; but there, on

'the frying-pan of Spain,' Cervantes kept at it during the summer of 1588, and altogether, off and on, for six years he continued this store-collecting in Andalusia. His pay was at first twelve reals a day, and then, after the defeat of the Armada, ten reals, or about half a crown a day, but the purchasing power of money was greater then. 'These last years at Segovia,' says a contemporary manuscript<sup>(58)</sup>, 'a pair of shoes with two soles cost three reals.' Sancho worked as a farm hand for Tomé Carrasco at less than a real a day and food. One could be buried, though very simply, for twelve reals<sup>(59)</sup>.

His salary was constantly in arrears; in November 1590 when he borrowed money to buy a suit of clothes, part of his salary had been owing over two years. On the other hand, his vouchers, as examined by accountants, showed from time to time a deficit. On one occasion the amount was paid by his sureties; on another it was allowed to hang fire. Still, his appointment was renewed; he was apparently much thought of by his superiors, and when in 1594 he was appointed collector of royal tithes and taxes in arrears in the kingdom of Granada, his salary was raised to sixteen reals a day. His task could not have been an easy one, least so in a state rotting as rapidly as Spain was at that time. The people could have felt little pleasure or patriotism in beggaring themselves that a self-indulgent court might wage fruitless wars. But Cervantes may have made his task the harder by overzeal on the one hand—he was imprisoned at Castro del Río in September 1592 for fault found with his methods, and one of his commissions urges him to 'go slowly'—and on the other hand he was probably too careless of details. Careful of the large, he had a godlike disregard for little things, in his work as well as in his writings.

And he trusted too much to others. In 1591 one of his deputies forced open the doors of the state granaries at Teba. This made more trouble, but Cervantes assumed the responsibility for the action. At the end of 1594, having finished his tax-collecting in Granada, he entrusted 7,400 reals to a Sevillian banker, Simón Freire de Lima, who gave him a bill for the same payable on Madrid. This banker went bankrupt and absconded, and Cervantes was held responsible for the amount. This he could not pay himself, or find others to pay for him, until January 1597. In September of this year he was ordered to find sureties that he would present himself at Madrid within twenty days and there submit to the exchequer vouchers for all official monies collected by him in Granada and elsewhere. In default of sureties he was committed to Seville jail but was released on the first of December on his plea that he could, and on condition that he did, find sureties within thirty days, since the exchequer took into consideration that his accounts were short only 79,804 *maravedís*. He now tried to get his papers together, some of them being with his agent at Málaga, but there is no indication that he went to Madrid either then or in 1599 when he was again summoned, nor do we hear of any more commissions after 1594.

These last eight of his fifteen years in Seville he probably lived from hand to mouth<sup>(60)</sup>, sometimes borrowing, sometimes loaning, perhaps taking up again the small business of a notary, which he had practised for a time in 1585 at Seville, before his commissions, and which he later engaged in at Valladolid, making ends meet as best he could. Account was again taken of his indebtedness in September 1601, and he was therefor put in prison at Seville the following year, for what length of time we do not know. Orders for his release were sent from Valladolid,

whither the new king, Philip the Third, had removed his court. There in February 1603 Cervantes appears. Whether or no he was able to explain away his indebtedness we cannot say. In any case he was unmolested, since this is the year of the composition of the first part of *Don Quijote*.

## THE FIRST PART OF DON QUIJOTE

Date of Composition    Prototypes    Guzmán de  
Alfarache    The Loss of Dapple    The Text  
The Intercalated Short Stories    Cervantes  
and Lope de Vega    Reception of the  
First Part

**B**LESSED be mighty Allah!' exclaimed Hamet Benengeli at the opening of the eighth chapter of the second part; 'Blessed be Allah!' he exclaimed three times, since Don Quijote and his squire were at last on the road. So might he here exclaim if he were writing this biography, for now we have Cervantes at Valladolid at the beginning of the year 1603, with table clear for the opening chapter of *Don Quijote*, a work in comparison wherewith, at least in comparison with its value to the world, all Cervantes' past labours, his bravery in battle, his vigilance in captivity, his tribulations in earning a livelihood, sink into insignificance, even as they probably did in his mind. Great and memorable as his past was, the world would not long have remembered it had it not been for what was to come.

I say the table was clear, but perhaps only a corner of it, since tradition, so often correct in the spirit if not in the letter, covers the rest of it with the sewing-materials of the women of the household. As a matter of fact we know that the Valladolid apartment was small, that Cervantes was poor and in debt, and that on the eighth of February of this year he signed a receipt for the amount due his sister Andrea for underclothing she had made for the Marquis of Villafranca. There at any rate



in Calle del Rastro on the first floor, in the year 1603, and at the rate of a chapter or two a week, with but the stump of a left hand to hold down the leaves of his notebook, this middle-aged, silver-bearded, weather-beaten soldier and provision-collector wrote the first part of *Don Quijote* and made himself immortal. I say the first part was surely written in the year 1603, but though I hinted at this date many years ago in the *Athenæum*<sup>(81)</sup>, no other editor or biographer has so worked it out, so this must be another nut for the reader to crack. If he find the proof inconclusive at any one point, he will, I feel confident, be moved by it as a whole, since it concerns itself not with one fact only but with a half dozen events that took place little if any before 1603 and with all of which Cervantes in his first part shows himself acquainted; and the first part was printing in early 1604. The proof in detail is as follows:

1. In the first chapter of the first part of *Don Quijote* we read, 'On even better terms was he with Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles choked the enchanted Roland, after the manner of Hercules with Terra's son Antæus'. This, I maintain, is an echo of a passage in the second act of Lope de Vega's play *El Casamiento en la Muerte*, where Bernardo del Carpio, when choking Roland, cries, 'Thou shalt die (though, Count, thou art enchanted), like Terra's son in the arms of Hercules the Theban'. Though the earliest extant edition of this play of Lope's is in the 1604 edition of part one of his *Comedies*, there is reason to suppose that there was an edition of his *Comedies*, part one, published in 1603 at Saragossa. 2. In chapters eight and nine Cervantes raises the question of all Biscayans being gentlemen, calls a Biscayan, Don Sancho, makes him trip in his speech, and gives him the

surname of his village—all with reference to the false second part of *Guzmán de Alfarache*, a book published in 1602<sup>(62)</sup>. 3. In the *Athenæum* article above referred to, I argued that the first part of *Don Quijote* was written later than 1599, for the reason that in this year appeared the first part of the true *Guzmán de Alfarache*, who was blanketed like a dog at Shrovetide until his blanketers were weary, precisely as Cervantes makes Sancho blanketed. Some have thought this might be a coincidence, but no, not so; for Cervantes makes Sancho drink a little wine afterwards for refreshment even as Guzmán did, and still more makes him doubt that the blanketers were phantoms, mimicking Guzmán who says, 'I wondered were they phantoms... it seemed to me they could not be'<sup>(63)</sup>. It is, however, in the character of Ginés de Pasamonte that Cervantes chiefly travesties Guzmán. Both characters are galley-slaves, both wrote their lives in the galleys where, they say, there is leisure, and both promise a continuation of their biographies. Throughout his first part, Cervantes shows a familiarity with the first part of *Guzmán* (1599), but he also clearly betrays that he had read the second part of Alemán's work, which was printed in the year following, May 6th, 1603, and which must have been written as late as 1602, since it refers often and directly to the false second part of *Guzmán de Alfarache*, published in 1602.

How, it may be asked, does Cervantes, in his first part, show familiarity with the true second part of *Guzmán*? I will cite three<sup>(64)</sup> instances, the citations from the *Don Quijote* being from the twenty-second chapter. Says Sancho, 'Here comes a chain of prisoners on their way to the galleys by force of the king's orders.' And Don Quijote remarks, 'By force, do you say? Is it possible that the king em-

plays force against any man?' To which the squire returns, 'I didn't say just that, but that this gang as penalty for their crimes are bound to serve the king in his galleys perforce.' Now all this is rather pointless unless we see that it is at the expense of Guzmán, who<sup>(65)</sup> says, 'And it had to be by force, since we (galley-slaves) were not able, though we wished, to arbitrate and choose'. Again, in the first part of *Don Quijote*, one of the galley-slaves says that he stole a washerwoman's basket of linen, and that though he ran and dropped it, he was caught in the act and was punished with lashes. But this very thing happens to Sayavedra in the true second part of *Guzmán*<sup>(66)</sup>. Finally, Ginés, objecting to being called Ginesillo, even as Guzmán is called Guzmanillo, says to the taunting guard of the chain-gang, 'If you think not, by the life of me! But stay—for some day the stains you got at the inn yonder will show in the suds'. There has been no mention of any inn or stain in the *Don Quijote*; Cervantes' reference is, of course, to the true second part of *Guzmán*, where<sup>(67)</sup> the galley-slaves steal some pigs from a small boy on the road. 'When we arrived at the inn for the siesta, the guard asked that we divide the stolen goods with him; as he had been an assessor, so was his share the same as each aggressor's.'

If all this<sup>(68)</sup> were not enough to convince us that the first part of *Don Quijote* was written as late as 1603, there is the fact that Blas de Aytoma published at Cuenca in 1603 various couplets and among them a delightful song on the saboyana or Savoy petticoat, beginning, 'Buy me a Savoy petticoat, husband, so may God keep you', which mandate is the inspiration of Teresa Panza's greeting to Sancho in the last chapter of the first part, 'Friend ... what Savoy petticoat do you bring me?' It is

interesting to see how very soon after their publication Cervantes read the books of his day, and how immediately little points that struck him in reading them passed naturally into the composition of the *Don Quijote*. The second part of *Guzmán* was in his hands even before its publication, even before its license to be printed; such was the delay which books, though already in print, were subjected to in Spain at this time<sup>(69)</sup>. The first part of *Don Quijote* was a printed book before May 26th, 1604, showing that it had left Cervantes' hands in manuscript by the end of the year 1603 or very early in 1604; yet it did not receive its license to be printed until September twenty-sixth of the later year.

This fastening upon 1603 as the date of composition of the first part may seem one of those results that, according to Don Quijote, 'even when known and proven are not worth a chip either to the understanding or to the memory'<sup>(70)</sup>. But, as so often with the minutiae of scholarship, this particular fact bears on a larger aspect of the book. Knowing that Cervantes was writing in 1603, we now can give assent to the theory of Rawdon Browne<sup>(71)</sup> that in the three ass-colts out of five which were to recompense Sancho for the loss of Dapple, Cervantes is mocking the three out of five very young princes of Savoy, who in the summer of 1603 came on a visit to their uncle Philip the Third at Valladolid where Cervantes was writing, coming as a pledge of the loyalty of their father, Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. Cabrera<sup>(72)</sup>, the court chronicler, writing under date August 9th, 1603, says, 'The sons of the Duke of Savoy are expected to arrive next week'. Cervantes dates his bill-of-exchange for the ass-colts 'August twenty-second of the present year'.

The fact that Philip the Third does duty as Don Quijote in this episode raises the question as to

what extent prominent persons of the day served as prototypes to the characters in Cervantes' masterpiece. And to this the answer should be that they served as prototypes only so long as they served our author's purpose. He had no one person long in mind, whether he were drawing from life or from characters in other books. The notes<sup>(73)</sup> to the first chapters of my translation will indicate how at first he frequently had in mind Saint Ignatius, by some thought to be mad, and to whom a monument was erected in 1603 at Manresa. But soon Cervantes draws on Roland, then Don Quijote believes himself Carloto and Abindarráez; then and often Amadis is the pattern, but never continuously and seldom consistently, for Don Quijote and Sancho may alternately stand for the same character in the fiction their creator was deriding. The characters in the books of chivalry are so colourless that their inane acts and words easily lent themselves to any situation that Cervantes, in mockery of them, was depicting. And what is true of the first part of *Don Quijote* in this regard, is equally true of the second, where, for example, Ginés de Pasamonte, no longer the galley-slave Guzmán or the thief Brunelo, as puppet-showman echoes the dramatic standards of Lope de Vega<sup>(74)</sup>. Standards, ideas, attitudes, incidents, customs revealed to some extent in the life of his time but chiefly as he found them expressed, whether absurdly or no, in the books he had been reading, were the warp and woof of Cervantes' narrative. His own wit could draw the characters, but it would seem as if when drawn they could not speak or act unless they were playfully reproducing the words or deeds of others. A monograph might be written on the marvellous skill with which Cervantes handles this extraneous material, weaving so deftly that were it not that the reader's attention

is called thereto by the notes, he would never suspect how continuously the appropriation was going on. Cervantes' power of adaptation follows close on the heels of his power of creation and constitutes his second glory. We referred to it at the beginning of this study; we shall refer to it again when we treat of the use he made of the false second part of *Don Quijote*. At present other problems are pressing, and the one we shall now present, the most baffling of all, asks for the reader's strictest attention and clearest morning hour.

The first edition of the first part of *Don Quijote* was printed at Madrid before May 20th, 1604. Another edition was printed there before February 9th, 1605. In the first there is no description of the loss of Sancho's ass and yet it is clearly to be seen that he was lost, and Sancho in his embassy to Dulcinea is obliged to ride Rocinante; nor is there in this first edition any account of the recovery of Dapple, yet, after an interval, he reappears in the narrative, and Sancho comes home mounted upon him. Some one had blundered, presumably the author, since the printer would not through carelessness have happened to omit both passages, each about a page long. He might have overlooked one passage, but not two passages several chapters apart dealing with the same subject. If both passages were in the copy before him, he was certain not to omit both. If only the second, the recovery of Dapple, was there, he might have taken it upon himself to omit it, since there had been no description of Dapple's loss. I think we may safely say that either one or both passages was lacking when the manuscript came into his hands. How then could Cervantes have been so careless as to omit either or both of these incidents, each necessary to the understanding of the narrative? In the books

of chivalry many things are taken for granted, but it seems unlikely that Cervantes merely for the sake of imitating them would have so imposed upon his readers. A more plausible explanation is that the losing of Dapple was an afterthought, and that intending to supply it he wrote on as if it had taken place and then forgot his omission. He may not have intended that Dapple should be lost until the happy thought struck him of turning the princes of Savoy into ass-colts, the sending for which ass-colts made the loss of Dapple necessary. The printer then, finding only the description of the recovery, might very naturally have omitted it, since there had been no description of the loss, as we indicated above. This general theory is a little strengthened by the fact that the loss of Dapple, as we now have it, was almost surely not part of the original manuscript<sup>(75)</sup>. Cervantes himself, be it said, would never tell how the mistake happened, sometimes blaming himself, sometimes the printer, and again both together. In making a joke of the whole matter and throwing dust into other persons' eyes, he blinded his own<sup>(76)</sup>.

Whatever attitude we take toward this first half of the problem does not prejudice our attitude to the second and more momentous half. No sooner was the first edition in circulation than the blunder was noticed<sup>(77)</sup> and in the second edition, printed within a year of the first, the omissions were supplied. Were these supplied by Cervantes? A few, who swear by the text of the first edition as the only one to guide us, naturally assume that they were not, though there is not the slightest reason for this supposition, and there is every reason for supposing the contrary. The passages themselves<sup>(78)</sup> are in Cervantes' happiest manner. Who else could have written, 'Ginés ventured to steal

Sancho Panza's ass, considering Rocinante equally worthless for pawn or sale'? But what makes the position of the first-editioners untenable is that even as the stealing of the ass and of Don Quijote's sword by Ginés de Pasamonte is modelled on the theft of Sacripante's horse and Marfisa's sword by Brunelo<sup>(79)</sup>, so Sancho's welcome to Dapple is equally reminiscent of *Orlando Innamorato*. Sancho says, 'How hast thou fared, my darling, thou Dapple of mine eye, my comrade?' and the ass 'did not answer a word.' So Orlando, on the recovery of his mount, says<sup>(80)</sup>, 'But tell me, good steed, where is Rinaldo? Where is thy master? do not speak falsely'. Thus spake Orlando, 'but the steed could not give reply to the knight'. Trust Cervantes and him alone for an imitative stroke of that kind.

It does not of course follow that, because Cervantes supplied the loss and recovery of Dapple, he is therefore responsible for all the changes in the second edition over the first; but those that are in themselves reasonable at least *may* be his, and indeed where they commend themselves they should be accepted. This also applies to the third Madrid edition, 1608, which is also at times truly corrective. The Spanish Academy's last edition, 1819, which counts the loss and recovery of Dapple as coming from the author, leaves, as regards text, only little to be desired, and my translation and the notes will show the few places where I have departed from it. Always the desideratum in Cervantesque scholarship is not a new text reproducing the negligible variants of editions of no authority, but closer reading in all the literature to which Cervantes had access in order that the hundred allusions which still escape us may be reduced to a score.



Cervantes had proceeded a few chapters beyond the loss of Dapple when his invention failed him and remembering how in *Guzmán de Alfarache* irrelevant tales were introduced, he resorted to the same device and introduced a few short stories. It was the one fatal mistake of his life. The longest of these stories is especially poor and gives an unpleasant flavour to the whole book, while the tale told by the Captive injects just that element of realism from which we seek relief in works of the imagination. Moreover, to make the story less vital the Captive meets his long-lost brother, and Don Quijote either is forgotten or the narrative becomes as helpless as those romantic ones that Cervantes so greatly deplored. No sooner was the first part of *Don Quijote* published than the public cried out<sup>(81)</sup> against this wilful mutilation of a work of art otherwise so rare, and in his second part<sup>(82)</sup> Cervantes not only acknowledges the justice of the criticism but is careful not to repeat the mistake.

Cervantes next<sup>(83)</sup> turned to a criticism of the drama of his day and thus was bound to say what he thought of that prodigy of nature, Lope de Vega, who wrote a million lines but not one mighty one. Cervantes is never at his best in constructive criticism and often praises where no praise is deserved; but in destructive criticism, as in his excoriation of the books of chivalry, he is usually to be trusted, and his strictures on the art of the greatest dramatist are just and measured. Lope had in 1602 published *New Way of Writing Comedies*, in which he apologized for writing to the gallery<sup>(84)</sup>; giving its argument Cervantes shows to what degradation of the theatre its practice had already led. He does it in good faith and humour and with none of the malice which might be presupposed in one who had failed where Lope so conspicuously succeeded.

Lope's pamphlet, we have said, appeared in 1602<sup>(85)</sup> and is another proof if any were needed that Cervantes was writing later than that year. The first part of *Don Quijote* was finished near the end of 1603, the rights were sold to Robles, a Madrid bookseller, and the book, cheaply set up and frightfully punctuated and as yet without the necessary royal license to print, was received (two copies) by the Brotherhood of Printers before May 26th, 1604<sup>(86)</sup>, such copies of books being contributed by the printers for the increase of the funds of the Brotherhood, and being frequently made up of the proof-sheets of the book proper, blank pages being left for the preliminaries. Another copy soon found its way into the hands of Lope de Vega, perhaps coming from Cervantes himself, one of the score or more which authors were in the habit of receiving. Lope and Cervantes had been friends, the latter having contributed a most graceful sonnet in praise of the author of *La Dragontea*<sup>(87)</sup>. But this friendship was to receive a set-back, for Lope winced under the criticism of his dramatic art. From Toledo on August 14th, 1604 he wrote to a physician-friend, 'Of the poets I do not speak. . . but there is none so bad as Cervantes and no one so witless as to praise *Don Quijote*. . . To satire I am coming step by step: a thing more hateful to me than my little books to Alimendares and my comedies to Cervantes'<sup>(88)</sup>. There is reason<sup>(89)</sup> to suppose that Cervantes saw this letter and that he replied with his Prologue, in which the snobbery and false pedantry of Lope are held up to ridicule. The first part then was being read during the summer of 1604 at Toledo and elsewhere. It is also mentioned in one of the verses preliminary to *La Pícaro Justina*, whose copyright is dated August of this year<sup>(90)</sup>. The *Don Quijote* copyright followed on

September twenty-sixth, and the final royal *tassa* on December twentieth. This first part, both first and second Madrid editions, bears the date 1605 and was sold from the shop of Francisco de Robles, bookseller to the king.

Its reception was immediate. Two piratical editions at once appeared at Lisbon, two the same year at Valencia, and so on. In 1605 an obscure Portuguese<sup>(91)</sup>, writing a diary of events at Valladolid from Holy Week to the end of July, says, 'A Don Quijote, clad in green, tall, thin, languid, while walking out espied some women beneath a poplar. The Don Quijote was at once on his knees as if making love to and wooing them. . . More than two hundred persons gathered around, such and so many being the gibes and jests at the expense of the gentleman and his attitude that they could not be more. But he was silent as Sancho and continued in his fervid devotion.'

And not only were Don Quijote and Sancho recognized types within six months of the book's formal publication, but their names served as sobriquets to persons of Philip the Third's court. Thus some lines attributed to Góngora, describing the extravagant reception accorded the English legate in May-June 1605, upon the occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne, at the end say, 'Don Quijote, Sancho Panza, and his ass were ordered to write up these deeds.'<sup>(92)</sup> And in the 1605 register of books sent to the New World, noted by Marín from the Archives of the Indies, it is said that readers of the book think its title should be changed to *Don Quijote y Sancho Panza* and that Sancho 'is worth as much as his master, and delights and solaces us even more.' Such were the beginnings of the book's hold upon the world.

## THE INTERVAL 1605-1613

Isabel de Saavedra    Cervantes at home    Removal  
to Madrid    The *Exemplary Novels*

ISABEL de Saavedra first comes into view on August 9th, 1599 at Madrid, where and when she and her sister Ana Franca apply for a guardian, since, as they explain, their father Alonso Rodríguez and their mother Ana Franca are dead, leaving the two girls 'over twelve years but under twenty-five.' Two days later, August eleventh, her newly-appointed guardian puts Isabel out at service to Cervantes' sister Magdalena, for a period of two years. There is no indication that our hero, Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, came from Seville to be present at these undertakings. The next we hear of Isabel is in June 1605 at Valladolid, where she is living with Cervantes, his wife, his two sisters, and his niece. There and then one sister refers to Isabel as Cervantes' daughter, another as his natural daughter, and the niece refers to her as her cousin. Isabel on this occasion swore that she was twenty years of age and could not write her own name. Three years later, November 17th, 1608, she can do so.

On August 28th, 1608 she appears as the widow of Diego Sanz and in her last will dated September 19th, 1652 she refers to 'Diego Sanz del Aguila my first husband.' On the previous date, August 28th, 1608, she signs a marriage contract with three others: her prospective husband Luis de Molina on one side, and Juan de Urbina and Cervantes on the other, these last agreeing to settle two thousand ducats as her dowry, to be paid within the next three years, and Urbina mortgaged property as se-

curity. They also allow Molina and Isabel the use of a certain house as their home in Madrid so long as the Sanz child, a girl eight or nine months old, remain unmarried, et cetera. This Juan de Urbina was secretary to the princes of Savoy, a married man and well on in years, old enough to be Isabel's father. He says that he gives the dowry 'for certain reasons that move him thereto.' Cervantes, the reputed father of Isabel, is apparently acting with him merely as his agent. The house is his own, Cervantes declares, bought with his money, and is to revert to him, Cervantes, according to the contract, which plainly states that in case both Isabel and the Sanz child predecease him, 'Miguel de Cervantes may bequeath the said house to whom he pleases.' Clearly Cervantes was receiving a reward of some kind as well as the two others, for the house, according to a previous statement of his, not produced until six years after his death, had originally belonged to Urbina. Urbina provided a handsome trousseau for the bride, and it was he, not Cervantes, who paid the dowry at the end of the specified three years. In a will dated June 4th, 1631 Isabel declares herself the daughter of Miguel de Cervantes and Ana de Rojas, not Ana Franca as she first said.

From all this some infer that Isabel de Saavedra was in reality the natural child of Cervantes and (combining the names of the two Anas) Ana Franca de Rojas; and since on July 1st, 1605 Isabel testified that she was twenty, these biographers put her birth down as in the year 1585, 'the year following Cervantes' marriage,' letting it be inferred that Cervantes had been unfaithful to his marriage vow. But even if Isabel knew her age and stated it correctly, she must have been born at least as early as the first half of 1585, whereas Cervantes was married in December 1584. But is there any reason to sup-

pose that Isabel in 1605 stated her age correctly? She did not in 1639 when she said she was forty, which would have made her aged one when she went into service to Cervantes' sister. In those days people became dizzy the moment they were asked their age, and always dizzy in one direction: they habitually understated it. We have seen that Cervantes did; his sister Andrea testified that she was fifty, when she had already seen sixty; Magdalena also apparently was never born in the same year twice. Nor was this merely a family failing: it was a national naïveté. Cases of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely from contemporary Spanish documents. When Lincoln was told before the election that he was likely to lose Maryland, he said that his feeling toward Maryland was much like that of the witness who, when asked his age, replied forty-nine. 'But,' the judge rebuked him, 'we have papers here showing you to be fifty-one.' 'O', said the witness, 'that includes two years I spent in eastern Maryland. That was lost time; those years don't count.'

There may well have been years in Isabel's life, therefore, that did not count, or at least that she did not count, when on July 1st, 1605 she said she was twenty. She may have meant that she was *süss und zwanzig* as the Germans express it—and a few more. Other biographers, however, going by that date find in the book of the parish church at Esquivias, where Cervantes married Catalina December 12th, 1584, the baptismal certificate<sup>(93)</sup> dated March 30th, 1585 of a child named Isabel of unknown parents, and they maintain on both feet that she was our Isabel de Saavedra, either the child of Cervantes and Catalina<sup>(94)</sup> born too soon or a child whom they afterwards adopted. In support of this last supposition there is the fact that there was at Esquivias an

Ana Rodríguez, whose daughter María afterwards served as maid to the Saavedras. This Ana Rodríguez may be the Ana Franca, wife of Alonso Rodríguez, whose daughter the maid Isabel said she was. This combining of Anas is a game that any one can play at.

But, for ourselves, we have no theory about Isabel. If we speak at length about her, it is because certain dismal and ill-minded enchanters, who can make things appear as they list, never give Cervantes or his family the benefit of a doubt in matters of this kind. One in particular persecutes him beyond all bearing, gratuitously suggesting, for example, that the reason why Cervantes went to Italy was because his sister Andrea had nursed one of her father's patients and was rewarded therefor. Likewise here he takes pleasure in speaking of Ana whoever-she-was as Cervantes' 'mistress'. Isabel de Saavedra lived at most four years under Cervantes' roof, as he was approaching sixty, and nowhere in his writings does he suggest that she or her troubles in any way affected or interested him; yet we are told that these things help to explain his 'bland forbearance'; and in some biographies thirty pages are given to Isabel, four to *Don Quijote*. But, as we have said, we have had enough of Isabel.

We came to call not on her but on Cervantes, and on this particular night, June 27th, 1605, one is sure, from records of subsequent events, of finding him at home. The Calle del Rastro is in a poor quarter of Valladolid and the house, though new, is not large and already has half a dozen families as tenants: the chronicler Garibay's widow and her two sons, Juana Gaitán, a poet's widow, and so on—reputable persons most of them, but one never answers for one's neighbours, especially in a lodging-house. Cervantes, his wife, his two sisters, his niece, the Saavedra girl, and

a maid occupy an apartment, or quarter, on the first floor. Señora de Cervantes is not at home, says the girl-maid, but she leads you to the master. His appearance is disconcerting: he is nearly sixty, hair chestnut, beard silver, few teeth, which loss a large drooping mustache partially conceals but in no wise redeems. He has been reading, and a pair of cheap spectacles, which Lope de Vega compared to badly poached eggs<sup>(95)</sup>, rests on his aquiline nose. Moreover, the aging man stutters; and he looks the vicissitudes that his life has been. Yet this person is one of the great ones of the earth; and soon his power comes over you. With the spectacles off, the luminous eyes show what a world he has made his own. His mind's state is kingly and a thousand imaginations at its bidding speed<sup>(96)</sup>. And behind all that he says you feel something 'sad, high, and working.'

He is surrounded by his fame and is obviously pleased<sup>(97)</sup>. It is the first worldly triumph of his life. The only recognition or reward he had ever previously received were those letters from Don John of Austria and the viceroy of Naples telling of his gallantry at Lepanto and his faithfulness as a soldier, and these letters only served to prolong his captivity. But now his name is on every one's lips; *Don Quijote* is in the hands of every one who can read. He asks which adventure you set most store by. You think the series of adventures at the inn, ending with Sancho's blanketing, perhaps the most finely conceived, though there are one or two touches you regret. These, he replies, are reminiscent of the books of chivalry—it was their filth as well as their fecklessness that he wished to expose. The same with the *Guzmán*—when Don Quijote calls Ginés 'Ginesillo, you son of a bad woman!' he is branding the opening chapters that blot that very remarkable book. Those opening chapters were un-



called for and the moralizings and intercalated stories are of course dreadful, but he could never repay what he owed to *Guzmán*.

You ask if he refers to the true second part of *Guzmán* as well as to the first. He thought he had made that clear, not only by the reference to the stains got by the commissary at the inn, but by putting the phrase 'Man proposes but God disposes'<sup>(98)</sup> into Ginés's mouth. But how, you ask, could he expect people to tell which way the debt lay if both his own book and the second part of *Guzmán* were published the same year? On the surface, he replies, these things are not always apparent, though he should be sorry indeed if even a duenna did not see that in the character of Ginés he was travestying *Guzmán*. To one who reads at all closely the derivation ought to be clear enough. His own style was flowing, yet when he came to speak of the punishments meted out to the galley-slaves, he changed his style to make it suit the remarkably terse manner in which *Guzmán* tells of the sentence passed upon him<sup>(99)</sup>. Then again, immediately before the stains got at the inn *Guzmán* says, 'If this is suffered here, if such torture this chain, if so I feel this travail, if this passes in the green wood, what will be in the dry'<sup>(100)</sup>, meaning what will our torments hereafter be. He, Cervantes, was struck with the use of the Christian phrase, and though he could not work it into his own galley-slave incident, it lingered in his mind till a few chapters<sup>(101)</sup> later when he came to write of Dulcinea, making Don Quijote change the figure slightly and say, 'The thing is to go mad of myself, making my lady wonder, if so I act when dry, what shall I do when drenched.'

He could never repay, as he had said, the debt he owed to *Guzmán*, the first true novel in the world.

The power of its idioms, its proverbs, its rapid succession of incident, its very spirit of adventure made *Don Quijote* possible. His own book was to have been a short story, but when he saw how the *Guzmán* was selling, edition after edition, he broke his own tale into chapters and set out to make it what it was. As a result of this change, some of the opening chapters, the sixth for example, end weakly,—the sixth ran right on into what is now the too abrupt beginning of the seventh, which also ends feebly. He wrote with no division into paragraphs, but in sense, in feeling, the paragraphs are there none the less. Every one was calling attention to his blunders, both in the matter of the ass and in the numberless false references to antiquity. There were too many it is true, but it must be remembered that to all intents and purposes his only university had been his own reading, that profane books were few enough in Spain<sup>(102)</sup>, that the translations of the classics, on which he depended, were often at fault, and that though he supposed he knew the books of chivalry better than any other man before or since, he could not stop, when the fit was on him, to see if a character's name was Madásima or Grasinda.

He had written at white heat, and his eye was ever on the movement of the story. How much worse would it have been had he forgotten, in the adventure of the winesacks, to wind 'about Don Quijote that bed-blanket, so utterly loathed, for reasons best known to himself, by Sancho Panza.' How much more just the criticism if, in the same incident, he had failed to leave Don Quijote's shirt tail a hand short behind by reason of the rosary. But the rosary had to be changed—the Inquisition had said so<sup>(103)</sup>. It was for this he ridiculed<sup>(104)</sup> the Holy Office, not so much its mandate to 'turn or burn,' but its fussiness about little things. Ridicule

was his weapon in all things: to shame people by showing what fools they made of themselves with their petty prides and pompous, swollen-headed ways.

As you come out into the Valladolid street that warm June evening more than three hundred years ago, there enters Simón Méndez, a Portuguese come to see Cervantes on business, matters dealing with taxes or rents in the kingdom of Toledo, since Cervantes, as at Seville, turns an honest penny as a notary, if anything comes his way. Méndez leaves and by eleven the great man is in bed in the street-room. Suddenly from the street come cries of '*Cuchilladas, cuchilladas!*' and the Garibay boys, rushing to their window, see a man at the door of the lodging house calling for help. They descend with candle and find the man with drawn rapier covered with blood. They call to Cervantes, who rises, recognizes the man as Gaspar de Ezpeleta, and helps the Garibays carry him upstairs to their apartment, where a bed is made for him on the floor. The ever ready Isabel calls out of the window to two men who were passing, 'Will they not summon justice, for here's a man murdered!' One of the four *alcaldes* is summoned, and to him Ezpeleta merely says that he has been accosted by a stranger, with whom words passed, swords crossed; he received two wounds and the stranger took to his heels.

Ezpeleta died the second morning. His page had given the proper clue, saying that his master had intrigued with the wife of a notary named Galván; but gossips upstairs slandered nearly every one in the neighbourhood, with the result that on the day of Ezpeleta's death Cervantes, his sister Andrea, his niece, the Saavedra girl, and seven other persons were put in the lockup. Nothing came of it all, justice had barked up the wrong tree, and the prisoners

were released on July first; but the evidence taken before and during the trial throws interesting light on our hero. Particularly precious is the phrase with which Andrea sums up her brother: 'He writes, transacts business, and being very clever he has friends (*escribe y trata negocios é por su buena habilidad tiene amigos*).' The eighteen-year-old maid, however, knows nothing of these friends and men of affairs who come to see him. Her testimony was that she had not seen any one enter by night or day, that she had never accompanied her master and mistress to mass or elsewhere, that sometimes they go out all together, sometimes by twos and threes, but they never take her, for she is left to guard the house, since they have no other servant than this witness.

Either because the dying man gave Cervantes' sister Magdalena a silk gown in return for her nursing him the two nights and a day, to replace the coarse cloth one she was wearing, or else, and this is the more likely, because the court moved to Madrid in 1606, Cervantes moved to Madrid also. There he is by, and perhaps a year or two before, the summer of 1608, and there he passed the last eight years of his life, with perhaps occasional little trips to his wife's home at Esquivias. But his worldly lot does not appear to have bettered itself. Before November 23rd, 1607 he had borrowed four hundred and fifty reals from his publisher. At Madrid they kept moving from street to street, almost once a year. His sister Andrea died in 1609; she, her sister, Cervantes and his wife had become members of religious confraternities<sup>(105)</sup>. When Magdalena died in 1611, the burial entry reads, 'She was so poor that she was buried by the Franciscans at a cost of twelve reals.' In September 1613 Cervantes sold his rights in the *Exemplary Novels* for

1,600 reals, but probably some of this he had received years before. Even after he came under the patronage of Lemos, he is, through his illness, quite without money (*muy sin dineros*), he says<sup>(106)</sup>; and at this same time, the beginning of 1615, the official licenser of the second part of *Don Quijote* could only tell of Cervantes that he was 'old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor.'

Yet the privations of his poverty, such as they were (they still had a maid), must have been lightened by occasional attendance at the theatre, since he tells us of the plays of Lope de Vega, 'I have seen all of them given or at least have heard that they have been given'<sup>(107)</sup>. And we may be sure that here at Madrid as at Valladolid he wrote, and being very clever he had friends. Before July 2nd, 1612 he had finished the *Exemplary Novels*<sup>(108)</sup>, though the dedication and publication were delayed a year. These short stories, twelve in number, were the first short stories in Spain, if we except a few sporadic attempts, and some of them, notably *The Dogs' Colloquy*, were the first short stories in the world to subordinate the action of the narrative to the development and portrayal of character. *The Dogs' Colloquy* is as incomparably the world's finest short story as the *Don Quijote* is its finest novel. *Rinconete and Cortadillo* and *The Licentiate of Glass* are the next best of the *Exemplary Novels* and the others lag a little or a long way behind. Some are mere tales of love and adventure, not wholly exemplary, at least to our own manners, but perhaps to those of the time. Cervantes was no doubt sincere when he wrote, 'If by any chance it come to pass that the reading of these novels could tempt anyone, who should peruse them, to any evil desire or thought, rather would I cut off the hand wherewith I wrote them, than bring them out in public.' The

ending of one of the stories he changed in order to make it exemplary, and another, *The Feigned Aunt*<sup>(109)</sup>, he suppressed altogether. In theory at least, Cervantes believed himself on the side of the angels in these matters, as he certainly was far ahead of his times. The first part of *Don Quijote* did not contain, in his opinion, 'the suggestion of an obscene word or a thought less than catholic'<sup>(110)</sup>. And of the consistently indecent false second part he wrote, 'The thoughts must be kept from things filthy and obscene, how much more the eyes'<sup>(111)</sup>.

In the Prologue to the *Novels* Cervantes speaks of his *Journey to Parnassus* as if completed (end of 1613), but it did not see the light until the end of 1614. It is a battle of the books of his day, written in verse and ridiculing or flattering without much discrimination. It is modelled on the *Viaggio in Parnaso* 1582 of the Italian poet Cesare Caporali and in no way adds to Cervantes' reputation. Neither do his *Eight Comedies and Eight New Interludes* (1615), nor his *Persiles and Sigismunda*, a long and rambling affair published by his wife in 1617, the year after Cervantes' death. The marvel is, not that this man, approaching seventy, should have written so assiduously, but that with the *Novelas* just finished and with books like the *Journey* and the *Persiles* still on hand, he should have found energy and health and spirits to write a book so much superior to them, namely the second part of *Don Quijote de la Mancha*.

## THE SECOND PART OF DON QUIJOTE 1614-1616

The False Second Part Luis de Aliaga the probable author The true part written in 1614 Its dependence upon the false Books privately circulated before formally published The end.

**A**FTER finishing the first part of *Don Quijote* Cervantes waited ten years before beginning the second part. And it is more than likely that the sequel would never have been written, had not a spurious continuation appeared. This came into Cervantes' hands toward the end of the year 1613, and he at once announced that his own true second part would shortly be ready<sup>(112)</sup>. As yet he had not written a word of it, and for a man already bending with age and the dropsy, shuffling in his gait, it was not a little to promise. But, he adds, who can put a curb on his ambitions? He could not let his true knight, with his heroic visions and resolves, be forever coupled and confused in the world's thought with the chicken-hearted counterfeit. Cervantes kept his promise; within a year the true second part was done, and though Sancho had warned him it would all be hurry, hurry, hurry, like the tailor on Easter Eve, this second part was done better than the first. It was a great achievement, for which we must thank not alone Cervantes but also the author of the apocryphal sequel—out of so grave an injury as he tried to work Cervantes has so great a blessing come.

And we must be grateful to Avellaneda, as he styled himself, not only because he was the means of stirring Cervantes into action, but because his book, coarse and clumsy though it was, contributed phrase and incident and even plot to the true second part. It

was inevitable: any book that Cervantes read as intently as we may be sure he did this spurious *Don Quijote*, was bound to be reproduced in the true one. In this case it was but a return of the same compliment—Avellaneda pillaged right and left from the first part; Cervantes pillaged right and left from Avellaneda. At times as he does so he gives a passing dig; at other times he merely corrects him; now he will compliment him by accepting something the other has written; again he will pour out upon him his utter scorn. There was no attitude that Cervantes did not assume toward the wretched Avellaneda, and no manner of ridicule that he forgot to heap upon his book. But not for this did he cease letting his own narrative model itself upon it, in little things chiefly but also in the big. And yet this true second part of *Don Quijote* is not a warped narrative, nor was Cervantes' judgment warped nor his nature soured by feeling and speaking as he did. It was all characteristic of the man—to be able to banter, deride, scorn, and still have himself left over. And in the matter of the appropriations he worked so skilfully, and yet with no intention to deceive, that for three hundred years most of them have escaped notice. It is the general belief that Cervantes did not see the false second part until he was writing his own fifty-ninth chapter, where he alludes to it by name. Yet from the first chapter the process had been going on.

What happened appears to be this. When in 1605 the first part of *Don Quijote* appeared, the reader will remember that Don Quijote and Sancho were fastened as nicknames upon certain persons of Philip the Third's court. Some have supposed that in *Don Quijote* Cervantes chiefly typified the Prime Minister, the Duke of Lerma; and the sobriquet Sancho Panza was immediately given to the Duke's favourite, Luis de Aliaga, who was then con-



fessor to the king. I say immediately, because Luis de Aliaga certainly was known as Sancho Panza sixteen years after, and I think we may assume that two persons of the court were not likely to be known popularly by the same epithet. Moreover, in 1613 Avellaneda in his preface to the false second part of *Don Quijote* wrote, 'I have endeavoured to provide the present comedy with the simplicities of Sancho Panza as interludes, though avoiding the offending of anyone and making a show of nicknames (*sinónomos voluntarios*).' This much at least is clear: that in 1605 some person of the court was called Sancho Panza, that in 1613 Sancho Panza is generally recognized as the nickname of some one and that person is offended, and that in 1621 or thereabouts Luis de Aliaga bears that name. The last reference is to some lines of the Count of Villamediana beginning, 'Sancho Panza the confessor of the now dead monarch,' and ending 'the inquisitor inquisitioned and the confessor confessed'<sup>(113)</sup>. Aliaga, born at Saragossa, of humble origin, had risen as a Dominican friar to be the king's confessor, by 1609 had supplanted the Duke of Lerma in the king's confidence, and after several years' direction of the worldly destinies of Spain became, after Cervantes' death, Inquisitor General, and directed her spiritual welfare until the death of Philip the Third in 1621, when all of his ministers fell.

But this Aliaga is linked to *Don Quijote* in another way: he is supposed by many to be the pseudonymous Avellaneda, the author of the false second part. More strictly one should say he was supposed to be, forty years ago; for of late this conjecture has been abandoned by scholars who, however, are not able to agree on any other person; nor is the evidence in favour of any other nearly so strong as it is in favour of Aliaga: 1. The author of the false second

part shows himself almost certainly to have been a Dominican<sup>(114)</sup>; Aliaga was a Dominican. 2. Cervantes at once knew him to be an Aragonese, from certain tricks of style, and others have confirmed this<sup>(115)</sup>; Aliaga was an Aragonese. 3. Avellaneda in his preface complains that Cervantes had injured him; to be obliged to bear the name of Sancho Panza, whether given by Cervantes or voluntarily and perhaps falsely foisted upon one by the public, would make one feel injured. 4. Avellaneda knows his Saragossa; Aliaga was almost surely born at Saragossa in the parish of San Gil<sup>(116)</sup>, and Cervantes in his second part will not let Don Quijote set foot therein, though this had been his intention before the false part appeared<sup>(117)</sup>. 5. Aliaga, of low origin, ruled in the household of the king; Cervantes, in his second part, creates a character, the duke's ecclesiastic, of whom he says, 'One of those grave ecclesiastics that rule the houses of princes—one of those who, not being princes themselves, make sorry work of teaching behaviour to those that are; who would measure the greatness of the great by the pettiness of their own souls'<sup>(118)</sup>. If, as seems likely, Cervantes in this person had Aliaga clearly in mind, thoroughly Cervantesque is the touch when a few pages later the cleric says, 'Are you him they call Sancho Panza?'

6. It has been noted that when the true Don Quijote and Sancho arrive at Barcelona, 'two small boys mischievously worked their way in among the crowd, and one raising Rocinante's tail and the other Dapple's, stuck bunches of furze (*aliagas*) under each'<sup>(119)</sup>. There were two Aliagas, our Luis and his brother, the Archbishop of Valencia. Moreover, and this has not been noted, this entry of the true knight and squire into Barcelona is modelled on the entry of the false ones of Avellaneda into Toledo, where 'an

incredible number of children followed' them<sup>(120)</sup> Moreover, and this is again new evidence, Cervantes, just as he here plays on the, as we assume, true name of the author of the false second part, so he plays on the assumed name, in a passage also derived from Avellaneda. The false Sancho tells that his wife will shortly be fifty-three and adds that her face is a little dark from going in the sun. Cervantes takes his first opportunity to correct him as to Teresa's age, saying, 'She was not old, a trifle over forty perhaps,' but accepts the fact that she is nut-brown, sun-dried, because it permits him to employ a word of that signification, *avellanada*<sup>(121)</sup>.

The first four arguments go to show that Aliaga was the author of the false second part; the last three show even more conclusively that Cervantes thought or knew him to be. None of them is absolutely conclusive and yet any two of them more than outweigh all the arguments brought forward to show that he was not or that some one else was. If we do not like finally to commit ourselves, I think we can at least back Aliaga against the present field and hope for some further evidence that will bring him home.

The second half of our thesis, namely, that Cervantes had the false second part in his hands before he had written a line of the true second part, is much more easy of demonstration: his own first chapter is built upon the first chapter of Avellaneda. The general situation of Don Quijote returning to his right mind is the same in each book, in each case the priest gives instruction as to his eating, in each case the food is nourishing, and both writers in their first chapters use the phrase, 'neither king nor Roque.' Extraordinary coincidence would it be if they hit upon the phrase independently; equally marvellous if they each independently hurried Sancho home to a meal. The words of the above parallels are not pre-

cisely the same—Cervantes usually goes his model at least one better. Where, for example, the false Sancho merely says his wife is keeping supper for him, the true one says, 'At present I am not going into tales or explanations, for a spasm in the stomach has overtaken me and unless I doctor it with two quaffs of old musty, 'twill pin me on Saint Lucy's thorn. This same musty I have at home, mine old woman awaits me; dinner ended, I'll be back and answer any question you or anyone else may ask'<sup>(122)</sup>. Cervantes' art and method was to expand a thing almost to the breaking point; he never dropped an idea until he had exhausted it.

Under Avellaneda, in the list of Sources at the end of my translation, I have indicated the apparent places where Cervantes uses or abuses his rival, and it will be clearly seen therefrom that the dependence of the true narrative upon the false one obtains not only in the first chapter as we have remarked, not only after the fifty-ninth chapter as has been commonly supposed, but throughout the whole book. We cannot stop to develop the parallels here—the notes to the translation do that for us; but in the notes only the apparent allusions are pointed out. There are many subtle ones in the early part of the book which show the author silently annoyed. 'Historians that make matter out of lies should be burned at the stake with counterfeiters.' 'Had he told things unbecoming the old Christian I am, the deaf would hear of it,' says Sancho, referring openly to the first part, but also with an eye on the false second part, where Sancho is made a glutton and a boor. 'There's no book so bad but that it contains some good,' is said here in chapter three, but in chapter fifty-nine it is also said of the false part. Indeed, personally, I am convinced that Cervantes knew of the false second part without its preface when he wrote as fol-

lows at the opening of the preface to his *Exemplary Novels*: 'I should like if it were possible, most loving reader, to excuse myself from writing this preface, because it was not so well for me with that I prefixed to my *Don Quijote* that I should be anxious to repeat the experience with this.' And at the end of the preface he writes 'May God guard thee, and to me give the patience to bear the ill that many subtle and sprucely-draped men have to say of me.'

It is not necessary that the reader should assure himself as to this last argument—it is well that he should be convinced that the striking parallels all through the two *Quijotes* are not mere coincidences; otherwise he will not know what Cervantes is talking about. For example, in chapter nine of the true second part Sancho says of the ballad-singing peasant met with in El Toboso, 'What has the chase of Roncesvalles to do with our affairs? He could chant the ballad of Calainos and 'twould make no difference, so far as we're concerned'. What, we may ask, has the ballad of Calainos to do with the given situation? Why does Sancho mention that ballad rather than another? There is nothing in the ballad itself to justify it. Sancho mentions it because in the seventh chapter of Avellaneda he saw written, 'Sancho was saddling and bridling . . . stringing together a thousand beginnings of old ballads without order or connection. And on mounting he said with gravity, '*Ya cabalga Calainos, Calainos el infante.*' At times Cervantes puts in a phrase to show the reader that he is alluding to the other part, as the phrase 'by token' when the puppet-showman, interpreting the ape, says of Teresa Panza, 'More by token she has by her left side a lipless pitcher containing a quantum of wine, and 'tis with this she cheers herself.' The pitcher is lipless, because Avellaneda<sup>(128)</sup> says the lip had been worn off by Teresa's much drinking.

It was necessary to establish this dependence of the early, as well as the later, chapters of the true second part upon the false second part, and the appropriations include whole scenes, plot and counterplot <sup>(124)</sup>, before speaking of a matter which this dependence presupposes, a matter also presupposed by the dependence of Cervantes' first part upon the second part of *Guzmán*. And this is that books in Spain at this time were allowed to be printed before they received the license to print, and were privately circulated months, and perhaps a year or more, before they were formally published with publisher's date, *privilegio* or copyright, *tassa*, and last of all the author's dedication and preface. This made it possible for Cervantes to see the second part of *Guzmán*, a finished printed book, in 1603, and travesty it, although the *Guzmán* did not receive its license to print until September 1604. This made it possible for Cervantes to see Avellaneda's sequel at the end of 1613 or early 1614, although that book was not licensed until July 1614. This made it possible for Cervantes' own first part to be received, two copies, the first sixteen pages left blank for the preliminaries <sup>(125)</sup>, by the Brotherhood of Printers before May 26th, 1604, with copies circulating privately at Toledo and elsewhere that summer, although the copyright was not given and printed as one of the preliminaries until September twenty-sixth. This fact is again proved by the explicit dating of the final royal license to print the true second part November 5th, 1615, although the printed book had been sworn to as to errors on October twenty-first <sup>(126)</sup>. This circulation of printed copies of books before they were formally published is quite distinct from the circulation of a book in manuscript, which

was also much in vogue, as witness Don Quijote's remark in part two, chapter three.

This true second part went through six different hands for its licenses, copyright, attestation as to errors, et cetera; and indeed so many were the formalities that had to be gone through, and so long was the delay books suffered before they were finally published, that Aldrete in his prologue says he was obliged to take the *Origin and Beginning of the Castilian Tongue* (1606) off to Rome and publish it there. Other writers suffered the delay, but, perhaps thereby diminishing it, they first took the precaution of getting the book in print before it passed through so many hands. Then in case the Inquisition objected to a passage, that sheet could be reprinted. This happened with the true second part of *Don Quijote*: the Inquisition ordered to be expurgated the duchess's remark that 'works of charity done coldly and grudgingly possess no merit and avail nothing.' The excision was made, but some of the original copies got abroad and foreign texts were based upon them, although all with the passage were suppressed in Spain and the passage itself was put upon the Index Expurgatorius of 1619<sup>(127)</sup>.

With the second part of *Don Quijote* off his hands Cervantes' worldly task was done<sup>(128)</sup>. Already, at the end of 1613, in the preface to the *Exemplary Novels*, he says he is not very nimble on his feet, and as during 1614 he pressed ahead with the second part of his great work, his disease, the dropsy, pressed ahead too. It seemed to him as if he had been born only to quench an unquenchable thirst<sup>(129)</sup>. 'Death is dropsical,' he makes Sancho say, 'and great thirst drives her to drink the lives of all that live'<sup>(130)</sup>. Yet he composed at the rate of ten chapters in four weeks<sup>(131)</sup>, through a Madrid summer, sometimes rising at four in the morning for his task<sup>(132)</sup>.

This second part was finished before February 25th, 1615, though the dedication in which he speaks of being very poor by reason of his illness was not written till the end of the year<sup>(133)</sup>. Friends, particularly a Pedro de Morales, came to his relief, and he and his wife were harboured in the house of a Franciscan priest, Francisco Martínez. The Archbishop of Toledo also continued his material kindness, and to him on March 26th, 1616 Cervantes wrote, 'My illness is so much worse of late that I believe it will make an end of me, though not of my gratitude'<sup>(134)</sup>. On April second, being too ill to leave the house, he was professed there as a tertiary of Saint Francis. His wife Catalina and the priest he named as his executors, but all we know of his will is that he asked that two masses should be said for the repose of his soul and others as his executors might arrange. On April eighteenth he received the sacrament of extreme unction; on the nineteenth he wrote his farewell dedication of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, addressed to the Count of Lemos, adapting the lines of some old verses that began, 'With one foot in the stirrup and in the anguish of death, lady, I write thee.' In place of 'señora' Cervantes substituted 'gran señor'. Four days later, April 23rd, 1616, new style, he laid his armour down, and on the twenty-fourth his body, clad in Franciscan habit, with the face uncovered, was borne by his religious brothers through the streets of Madrid to its resting place in the chapel, or more probably the new ground, of the convent of the Barefooted Trinitarian nuns. 'The beautifullest soul in all England' had gone eleven days before. Perhaps his prophetic spirit waited for the other's coming, that they might 'fly abreast.' In any case they are all in one country now—our true country, as Plotinus calls it, the place from which we came and where our Father lives.



The precise spot of Cervantes' grave has long since been forgotten. The great shrine is the house at Valladolid, in what is now Calle de Miguel Iscar, where the first part of *Don Quijote* was written. It was some years ago purchased by the king for a museum. The second part of *Don Quijote* was probably written in a house in the Calle de las Huertas at Madrid, and a tablet marks the house in the Calle del León where Cervantes died. No trace exists of the house where he was born at Alcalá de Henares. That place and Esquivias where he was married are but short day-trips from Madrid, the latter on the way to Toledo. Don Quijote's village of Argamasilla lies on the sun-baked, wind-swept table-land of La Mancha, as one journeys south toward Cordova and Seville, and well repays a visit, since in many respects it has not changed in the centuries. Some families still live underground there. The windmills at CRIPTANA, El Toboso with its blind alley down which Sancho pictured the palaces of Dulcinea, the cave of Montesinos above the very lovely lakes of Ruidera, are each within a day's walk or mule-drive of Argamasilla. The general aspect of Don Quijote's penance place in the Sierra Morena may be seen as one continues south. Seville, with its sumptuous cathedral and graceful tower, is of course rich with memories of Cervantes, though figuring little directly in the *Don Quijote*. The spirit of the place as it then was, with its picturesque vagabondage, its hordes going to and from the new world, a place where every street and corner offered its adventure, became an essential part of Cervantes. Everywhere was life, life! Even the prison where Cervantes was twice confined was thrilling with its life, and trading and serenading went on there as in the outer world. A barber was so pleased with his residence that he voluntarily returned and set up

shop there. For variety and excitement it was the place of all places where one would most wish to have been<sup>(135)</sup>.

And as another offset to the hardness of Cervantes' life, one must consider that he was not alone. Great spirits then in Spain were sojourning. Santa Teresa, whose spirit alone among women of modern times prevails among men, had but just, 1582, left her convents and sisterhoods, left them in the hands of God, whereas she found them as she says 'short-cuts to hell.' Her spirit did not pass away, the spirit of 'If there were no Heaven, I should love God no less; and if no hell, no less should I fear Him.' It prevailed in her disciple, that great saint and poet and mystic San Juan de la Cruz, of whom Teresa had said, 'I am not worthy to suffer as he has suffered.' In prison San Juan's body had become a thing hateful to him, but when a year and a half after his death the grave at Ubeda was opened, his body was found uncorrupted and as it was borne secretly at night to Segovia many testify that it emitted a sweet fragrance all the way. That was in the summer of 1593, when Cervantes was collecting stores in the neighbourhood, and this night-removal became the adventure of the corpse. In 1599 Velázquez was born, in 1617 Murillo. But every one was clever in those days and that is the reason why, when Cervantes borrows from his contemporaries, what he borrows often seems as good as his own. And one of the delights in the study of *Don Quijote* is meeting with so much else that is admirable in the Spanish literature of the century before. Of the *Guzmán* we have spoken and that is fairly well known; but many short and almost forgotten pieces like Guevara's *Contempt of Court and Praise of Country Life* are 'a new intoxication to the imagination'.

Yet of course *Don Quijote* is supreme. With a leap from *Lazarillo de Tormes* and a bound from *Guzmán de Alfarache* the novel of character and manners attained in *Don Quijote* a height it has never since attained. Some little tricks and devices we have learned, but we have forgotten how to create a *Don Quijote* or a *Sancho*. There are many qualities of the book that might be discussed: the masterly drawing of each scene, the rounding of the chapters, the dialogue that bears so much of pith and substance on its tide yet still moves on, the idiom and music of the language, the constant play upon words, the use of colloquialisms, the rich and inexhaustible humour, the high-minded though extravagant idealism—the breath and fine spirit of Cervantes forming and informing it all. But these things may be seen and felt by him who runs and reads. If in this study we have emphasized one quality the book possesses, its dependence upon other books, it is not only because it seems so essential to our appreciation of the work and a solution of its problems, so certain a way of getting at the mind of Cervantes, but because it associates itself with this same matter of literary succession in other fields of history and literature. To see how one writer took from another has become man's most perfect instrument in restoring the great past. The Homeric Question hangs upon it; the Baconian Theory of the Shakespeare plays falls to the ground through the want of its support. The Synoptic Problem waited for seventeen centuries in darkness until Lachmann in 1835 showed that Matthew and Luke derived from Mark the matter the three had in common. Of course the world was slow to be convinced, but the evidences of literary succession did not change, and so in the end we were like the Franks 'converted in companies, baptized by battalions.' It was a great step forward.

If Luke in turn used Matthew as a source, as he seems to have done, it is of course not as a plagiarist, but as a writer using historical documents for an historical narrative. Luke acknowledges his sources at the very beginning, 'Forasmuch as many, et cetera.' Indeed in this whole matter of source derivation the term plagiarist scarcely applies. When books were few, they were learned by heart and became common property, and the writer who did not take cognizance of what had already been written in his field would have to answer for it. Fortunately for us they depended upon written words rather than upon tradition and hearsay. With Cervantes too the terms plagiarist, pirate, plunderer, scarcely apply, though for a different reason. He was not writing history but a travesty of all the books of his time.

At the very points where the *Don Quijote* might have been prosaic like the *Exemplary Novels*, at those points it is strong because reënforced by the adopted ideas or language of others. If Henry James is permitted to say that 'all roads lead to Balzac: he sits so supremely for orientation,' so one may say that 'all roads lead to Ariosto: he sits so supremely for sentimentality.' Cervantes' road often led thither and the *Orlando Furioso* is the best introduction to that soft side of chivalry which it was Cervantes' aim to expose. A good example of how the *Don Quijote* was reënforced by the *Orlando* is afforded by the episode of Olympia and Birone in Ariosto's tenth canto. These lovers come in a ship to an island vaguely off Scotland. In the night Birone steals away and Olympia waking and finding him gone climbs a headland and sees or thinks she sees the speck that bears her fugitive lover. In great distress she waves her arms and raiment, hoping that he may see her (the moon was shining) and

return. But in vain, and curses upon her false lover succeed to lamentations of her own unhappy lot. The lamentations help to supply the lamentations of Sancho in the pit, and the curses of Olympia become the curses of Altisidora upon Don Quijote's departure from the castle, but the climax of the episode, Olympia waving her garments, Cervantes could not use until Don Quijote and Sancho arrive at the inn, 'where there served for leather hangings some old painted serges' on one of which was depicted 'the story of Dido and Æneas, she upon a high tower making signal to her fugitive lover with half a bed-sheet.' Was there ever such fooling?

So worked the mind of Cervantes—such was the force he made his own being here. In the world he had tribulation, but what distinguishes him from all other men is that he not only faced his trials with fortitude but his serene and happy spirit was not made sad or dull or bitter by them. He is known and revered all over the world because he forgot himself and because through 'our joyfullest and all but our deepest modern book' he communicated his largeness and laughter to countless others. One detects no mean streak in him, no running fault, no deplorable side to his nature, and of how few can that be said, particularly among men of letters and artists, who in their devotion to their art too often forget life's other consecrations. What was true of Don Quijote, we may be sure was true of Cervantes himself: 'His was ever a gentle nature and lovable way, and he numbered all that knew him as his friends.' Cervantes was a great man, aside from as well as in his work, and one bids him farewell with something of the feeling that moved Keats when he parted from Coleridge on Highgate Hill: 'Allow me the memory, sir, of having kissed this hand.'

on August ninth and, the forces uniting, a month later half the Turkish fleet was found locked in the harbour of Navarino and could have been captured, but the pilots forgot to turn or missed count on the hour-glass, and the Christians arrived too late. Yet on this expedition, so fruitless in other respects, a Turkish galley, the *Presa*, was seized by the Neapolitan flagship, the *Loba*. The *Presa* was commanded by the grandson of a famous corsair Barba Roja who 'was so cruel and treated so harshly his Christian slaves at the oar that when they saw that the *Loba*, bearing down upon them, was sure to capture them, to a man they dropped their oars, and seizing their captain, who was upon the stantrel shouting to them to speed up, they tossed him from bench to bench, from stem to stern, and bit him so savagely that before he passed the mast his soul had passed to the lower world—such was, as I have said, the cruelty wherewith he treated them and the hatred he inspired'<sup>(39)</sup>. The reader of Sancho's wingless flight from the stantrel on the galley in Barcelona harbour<sup>(40)</sup> will see that it was drawn from life.

This attempt to deliver Greece having failed and the League now being definitely dissolved, the Spanish fleet on September twenty-first of the following year, 1573, sailed from Palermo for the fortress of Goleta, already belonging to Philip the Third, and thence two thousand five hundred veterans, including four companies of Figueroa's regiment and our Cervantes, marched upon Tunis. They made the earth tremble with their muskets, says Vanderhammen; but this was not necessary, as the place had been abandoned by the Turks, and the population had fled. The fleet returned to Palermo, leaving small garrisons at both forts, which fell into the hands of the Turks in August and September of the following year, 1574, before Don John and his fleet, with Cer-

vantes on board, could come to the garrison's relief.

In the summer of '75 Don John gave Cervantes leave to return to Spain, addressing a letter to the king, speaking of the soldier's distinguished merits and services and asking that he be put in command of one of the companies then forming in Spain for Italy. Like Don Quijote, Cervantes deemed himself born under the influence of the planet Mars and his career to be that of a soldier. He set sail from Naples on board the galley, *Sol*, bound for Spain, but on September twenty-sixth this galley and two others, separated from the rest of the flotilla, were attacked by three corsair-galleys off Marseilles, and in a fight which lasted sixteen hours, if a description in the *Galatea*<sup>(41)</sup> reproduces it at all faithfully, in which, in any case, Cervantes fought with his natural bravery, the *Sol* was overpowered, the captain and many others were killed, and Cervantes, his brother, and other Spaniards were taken from the *Sol* and carried off to Algiers to serve as slaves at the oar or to be held for ransom. Cervantes was among the latter, since the letter from Don John and another of the same character from the viceroy of Naples gave promise of a large sum.

Algiers in those days was a polite name for hell. Twenty-five thousand slaves toiled under merciless masters who withheld from them sufficient food. The streets of the city were choked with the bodies of those that had perished of starvation or terrible disease. One of the captives records, 'Great are the miseries, labours, tortures, and martyrdom suffered these days by captive Christians in the power of Turks and Moors, chiefly in Algiers'<sup>(42)</sup>. And Cervantes himself records how, herded together in so-called baths, these slaves lived out their wretched existence. 'But though hunger and nakedness tormented us at times, nothing pained us so much as to

hear and see each day the never-seen and unheard-of cruelties that my master used toward our brother Christians. Every day he hanged one of his captives, impaled this one, cropped the ears of another, and this with so little occasion and so frequently without it that the Turks knew that he did it solely for the sake of doing it and through being by nature the murderer of the entire human race'<sup>(43)</sup>. This is said of the viceroy or king of Algiers, Hassan Pasha.

Of this sweet society, then, Cervantes became a member in the autumn of 1575. His first master was Dalí Mamí, nicknamed Limpy, the Albanian renegade that had captured him on the *Sol*. He was mean and cruel and having power of life and death over his captives treated them accordingly. 'The lot of the captive,' says Cervantes, 'is alone enough to sadden the merriest heart on earth'<sup>(44)</sup>, and when that lot fell, as it did with him, amid all the miseries that then obtained in Algiers, where the sun in summer and the sand-laden sirocco are in themselves terrible things, it is no wonder that his sole thought was of escape. 'Never forsook me the hope of regaining my freedom, and when the issue of what I planned, thought out, and attempted did not correspond with the intention, straightway without despairing I sought out and found another hope to sustain me, faint and feeble though it was,' he says through the mouth of the Captive. His first attempt at escape was overland to Orán, then belonging to Spain, in the company of other Christian captives. The Moor whom Cervantes had engaged to guide them deserted them on the second day, and they were obliged to return to Algiers. Cervantes was confined more closely and his chains were doubled. This was in 1576.

In the spring of '77, Cervantes began operations again. He approached a Spaniard named El Dorador,



or the Gilder, who carried messages for Limpy to a friend living three miles out of Algiers on the sea-coast. In this friend's garden Cervantes got the Gilder and Juan, the slave-gardener, to dig a cave, and into this cave, dark as a wolf's mouth, Cervantes began stowing away Christian captives, probably borrowing from Christian merchants the money where-with he bought food to send them by the Gilder. Fourteen were thus stowed away, and some had been there five months when in August Cervantes' brother Rodrigo was ransomed with three hundred gold crowns, sent by his family for the ransom of Cervantes himself, but which, not being sufficient, was, at his instance, devoted to ransoming the brother. With Rodrigo he arranged that a barque should be sent from Spain to carry off the dwellers in the cave. Cervantes himself escaped to the cave eight days before the barque arrived on September twenty-eighth at midnight. The rescuers were about to land, when some Moors, observing them, raised an alarm, and they were obliged to put to sea. The Gilder, two days later, turned traitor and revealed the plot to the king of Algiers. The cave was surrounded with armed men, but Cervantes called to them, 'None of these Christians here is to blame, since I alone am the author of this affair and induced them to escape.' Juan the gardener was strung up by one foot, and Cervantes, when led before the king, was threatened with torture if he did not inculpate others in the plot. But he persisted that he alone was responsible, and Hassan, deferring punishment, bought the conspirator of Limpy for five hundred gold crowns and put him in chains. 'So long as I have the maimed Spaniard in my possession, my Christians, ships, aye, the city itself, are safe,' the tyrant is said to have remarked.

## PART I

Written at Valladolid during 1603; printed early 1604  
and privately circulated that summer;  
formally published 1605.



## AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE

**T**HOU canst take my word without an oath, idle reader, that I would that this book, as child of mine understanding, were the fairest, merriest, and wisest imaginable. But alas! how could I contravene nature's order, whereby like begets like? What could my barren and half-tilled wit produce but the tale of a poor, shrivelled, whimsical son, teeming with all manner of thoughts never entertained by another, even as one engendered in a prison<sup>(1)</sup>, where every discomfort has its seat and every mournful sound its habitation? Leisure, tranquillity, the delight of the country, the serenity of the sky, the murmur of brooks, the spirit's own quietude within are well nigh indispensable if the more barren muses are to conceive and bring forth children to the joy and wonder of the world. If a father have an ill-featured, evil-favoured son, the love he bears him, veiling his eyes, blinds him to his deficiencies of mind and body, which rather he deems gifts and graces, recounting them to his friends as sallies of wit and charms of manner. But I, being after all but Don Quijote's stepfather, do not care, like others, almost in tears to beseech thee, dearest reader, to pardon or disguise the faults thou mayst see in this my child. Thou art neither his kinsman nor friend and hast thy soul in thy body and thine own free will with the best of them. Thou livest in thy house, whereof thou art lord as the king of his taxes, and knowest the saying, Beneath mine own coat I kill the king. All of which exempts thee from every obligation of duty or respect: thou canst say of this story all thou choolest nor needest fear they will abuse thee for the ill or reward thee for the good.

Mine only wish was to offer the tale clear and clean, unadorned with prologue and the countless customary fopperies of sonnets, epigrams, eulogies, that are wont to find place at the beginning of books. For I can tell thee that, though the tale itself cost me some labour, I met with none greater than in composing this preface, now before thine eyes. Many times I took pen in hand and as many laid it down, not knowing what to say. But on one of these occasions, as I sat in suspense, paper before me, quill behind ear, elbow on table, and my cheek resting on my hand, who should enter but a charming, most intelligent friend of mine, who on seeing me thus pensive asked the cause. Making no bones of it I plainly told him I was attempting a prologue to the history of Don Quijote, but it so baffled me that I was on the point not only of bidding it farewell but of suppressing the deeds of the noble knight altogether.

‘For can you expect me not to be apprehensive of what that ancient judge, the public, will say when after the decades I have slept in the silence of oblivion<sup>(2)</sup> it sees me with all my years<sup>(3)</sup> on my back now appearing with a tale dry as sedge, barren of invention, feeble in style, poor in conceits, and devoid of all learning and doctrine, without marginal citation<sup>(4)</sup> or notes at the end, when I see other books, even the fabulous and profane, crammed with quotations from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole pack of philosophers, which set their readers agog and proclaim the authors erudite and eloquent scholars? And then when they cite Scripture! you’d take them for Saint Thomases or other Church doctors, preserving as they do so resourceful a decorum that, though in one line they paint a distracted lover, in the next they are ready with a pious homily that does the heart good to hear or read.

'Of all this my book will be deprived, since I have nothing to quote in the margin and nothing to note at the end. Still less do I know who are my authorities<sup>(5)</sup>, in order that this book like all others might lead off with an alphabetical list<sup>(6)</sup>, from Aristotle to Xenophon, or to Zoilus<sup>(7)</sup> and Zeuxis<sup>(8)</sup>, though the former was a slanderer and the latter wielded the brush. So also must my book be without prefatory sonnets, at least without those whose authors are dukes<sup>(9)</sup>, marquises, counts, bishops, ladies, or renowned poets, though had I asked two or three of my friends in the trade, I am certain they would give me such that the poets of greatest repute in present-day Spain could not match them. In short, dear sir and friend, resolved I am that Señor Don Quijote shall remain in the archives of La Mancha till Heaven provide some one to trick him out in the things he now lacks and which through incapacity and want of learning I cannot supply, being by nature slow and slothful in seeking out others to say what I can as well say myself. Hence that rapt suspense in which you found me; you have heard its sufficient cause.'

Upon this, giving a slap to his forehead and breaking into a hearty laugh, my friend exclaimed, 'Fore God, brother, now am I relieved of an error that's dogged me during the whole long period of our acquaintance. All that while I held you discreet and prudent of action; whereas now I see you as far from that as the heavens from the earth. For how can things of such little concern and easy cure engage and arrest so ripe a wit and one so wont to break through and trample under foot far greater obtrusions? I' faith, 'tis not incapacity stands in your way but sloth and poverty of sense. Would you see the truth of this? Listen and you will find that in the twinkling of an eye I'll rout the problems and

remedy all the faults that frighten you from publishing the story of your famous Quijote, light and mirror of knight-errantry.' And I replied, 'Tell me then how you think to fill the void of my fears and lead unto light the chaos of my confusion.'

To this my friend returned, 'The first thing you balk at—the prefatory sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies by persons of rank and importance—can be remedied if yourself will take the little trouble of their composition and at their baptism christen them with any names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies<sup>(10)</sup> or the Emperor of Trebizond<sup>(11)</sup>, who, I am confident, are reputed famous poets. Even were they not, and pedants and bachelors turned up to dispute it, snapping and snarling behind your back, do not care two *maravedís* for them, who, though they prove the lie, won't cut off the hand that wrote it. The marginal references to books and writers as authorities for your opinions and statements can be managed by the suitable introduction of a few sentences or tags of Latin which you already know by heart or are easily found. When treating of freedom or captivity for example, 'twill be a simple matter to insert:

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro,

naming in the margin Horace or whoever<sup>(12)</sup> it was that said it. Should you dwell on the power of death, make haste with:

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres<sup>(13)</sup>;

if on friendship or the love God bids us bear our enemy, come to the point at once by citing Scripture, which requires the smallest possible research, quoting no less an authority than the Almighty, Ego

autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros<sup>(14)</sup>. If evil thoughts be your text, quick with the Gospel, De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ<sup>(15)</sup>; if the fickleness of friends, here is Cato with the distich:

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;  
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris<sup>(16)</sup>.

With these little Latin tags and the like you will at least be taken for a grammarian, which nowadays is no slight honour and profit.

'In the matter of notes at the end of your books you can safely proceed in this fashion. If you mention some giant or other, manage to make him Goliath, since merely with him, who will cost you nothing, you at once have a grand note reading, the giant Goliath or Goliath: a Philistine slain of the shepherd David by means of a spirited stone-cast in the vale of Terebinth<sup>(17)</sup>, as related in the Book of Kings; and then cite chapter. Again, to show yourself a scholar in polite letters and cosmography, drop an allusion to the river Tagus and you will have ready-made another famous annotation<sup>(18)</sup>: The river Tagus: so called by a certain king of Spain; it has its birth in such-and-such a place and dies in the Oceanus, kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon. Its sands are supposed to be of gold; et cetera, et cetera.

'If thieves be your subject, I'll give you the history of Cacus<sup>(19)</sup>, which I know by heart; if courtesans, enter Bishop of Mondoñedo<sup>(20)</sup>, who will provide you with Lamia, Laida and Flora, which comment will win you great credit; if cruel women, Ovid will contribute Medea; if witches and enchantresses, Homer has Calypso, and Virgil, Circe; if valiant captains, himself in his *Commentaries* will lend you Julius Cæsar, while Plutarch will furnish a thousand Alexanders. If it be love you are depicting, with



your two ounces of Tuscan<sup>(21)</sup> you will meet with Leone the Jew<sup>(22)</sup>, who will satisfy you to your heart's content. Should you not care to wander in foreign lands, in your own house you have Fonseca, *On the Love of God*<sup>(23)</sup>, wherein is condensed all that you or the most fastidious could desire. Indeed do but contrive to mention the above names or refer to their histories in yours and leave to me the quoting and annotation, for by all that's good I pledge to cram your margins and waste four sheets at the end. As to the array of authors such as other books boast but which as yet is lacking in yours, all you must do is find a volume that names them as you say from A to izzard and borrow the list outright. Though from the slight use made thereof its falsity be apparent, what matters it? Some fool may think it helped your simple artless history and such an imposing parade will at once lend weight; and in any case none will trouble to see whether you follow it, since he would have nothing to gain.

'And most of all, your narrative needs none of the things you say it wants, since, if I mistake not, 'tis one long invective against books of chivalry, concerning which Aristotle never reasoned, Saint Basil delivered himself, nor Cicero<sup>(24)</sup> had knowledge. The niceties of truth are in no way concerned with their fabulous nonsense, nor are the calculations of astrology. Neither do geometric dimensions nor the confutations of arguments employed in rhetoric fall within their scope. Nor is there ground for preaching, mixing human and divine in a motley where-with no Christian understanding should be clad. A writer has but to make his chosen medium his own; as he disciplines himself therein, so much the more perfect will his writing be. And since the sole intent of your book is to destroy the favour and position

with the vulgar enjoyed by the books of chivalry<sup>(25)</sup>, your object should be, not to beg opinions from philosophers, precepts from Scripture, fables from poets, orations from rhetoricians, miracles from saints, but to see to it that your phrase and period issue flowing and festive in simple, pregnant, just and well-ordered words. Declare your conceits and underlying purpose without confusion or mystification, and so write that the melancholy shall be moved to smiles, the merry to laughter. Let the simple be not wearied, let the wise admire its invention, the grave not disparage, nor the prudent fail to praise. In fine, keep your attention fixed on your aim, that of demolishing the ill-founded fabric of these knightly books, loathed by many yet lauded by more. If you achieve this, your success will not be slight.'

In profound silence I listened to my friend and was so impressed by his argument that I accepted it then and there and adopted it for this prologue. Whereby, gentle reader, thou dost see not only his sense and my good fortune in this time of need but thine own advantage in securing without twists and turnings the history of the famous Don Quijote de la Mancha, who by all the dwellers of the district of the plain of Montiel is deemed the purest lover and most puissant knight seen in those parts this many a day. I would not exaggerate my services in introducing thee to so worthy and notable a champion, but I should appreciate thy thanks for the knowledge thou wilt have of the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom methinks are epitomized all the squirely graces that lie scattered throughout the swarming and savourless books of knighthood. With this, God give thee health—not forgetting me—and farewell.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Cervantes was first sent to jail on September 19th, 1592, at Castro del Río, because of fault found with him as collector of stores; he was released under bail. He was again imprisoned at Seville late in the year 1597 because he could not find sureties that he would present himself at Madrid within twenty days and give vouchers for all official monies collected by him at Granada and elsewhere. He was released on December first on condition that the original order of the court be complied with within thirty days. His third imprisonment was at Seville in 1602. All we know of this is the report of a treasury official at Valladolid, dated January 24th, 1603, stating that he had ordered Cervantes' release from the jail at Seville in order that he might give account of his collections. This last imprisonment may have been, but probably was not, a long one, since nothing is known of him during the year 1602. He was at Valladolid by February 8th, 1603, and it was probably after this that Don Quijote was begun, and was almost certainly finished within a year (see Introduction, sub-heading, Date of Composition). No portion of Don Quijote, therefore, was written in prison, and there is no reason to suppose that even the idea was conceived there. Avellaneda in the Prologue to his false second part of *Don Quijote* 1614 was probably the first to state that Cervantes tells us he wrote the book in prison, and from his false inference probably arose the tradition that it was so written. The reference to his being after all but Don Quijote's step-father is to the fiction that the true author was a Moor, Cid Hamet Benengeli (see I, 9). The books of chivalry were often ascribed to Eastern sources. <sup>(2)</sup>Cervantes had published nothing since the *Galatea* 1585. <sup>(3)</sup>Cervantes was born in 1547, probably on September twenty-ninth; the first part of *Don Quijote* was printed at Madrid in 1604, published there 1605. <sup>(4)</sup>The margins of Lope de Vega's *Isidro* 1599 are crowded with pedantic citations and notes. For the latter part of this paragraph see Lope de Vega *El Peregrino en su Patria* Sevilla, 1604. <sup>(5)</sup>See Sources at the end of this edition. <sup>(6)</sup>The *Isidro* had an alphabetical table of 267 names, including those mentioned here. <sup>(7)</sup>A grammarian, living in the time of Philip of Macedon, who criticized the use of mythology in Homer; the name came to be applied to any hypercritical person. <sup>(8)</sup>Pedro de Mejía in I 17 of his *Silva de Varia Leccion* 1540 quotes Pliny as saying that Zeuxis painted some grapes on a platter so realistically that birds came to peck at them. <sup>(9)</sup>In Lope de Vega's *Beauty of Angelica and Various Rimes* (edition of 1602) there are twenty-six laudatory verses, contributed, among others, by one duke, one marquis, two counts, two ladies, and at least one poet, Cervantes himself. <sup>(10)</sup>He figures in books of travel and the romances of chivalry as a Christian prince, reigning indiscriminately in India, Cathay and Abyssinia. <sup>(11)</sup>See note 34 of I 1. <sup>(12)</sup>Æsop's *Fables* in Latin 1476 *De cane et lupo* I 25. <sup>(13)</sup>Horace, *Carmina* I iv. <sup>(14)</sup>Matthew 5: 44. <sup>(15)</sup>Matthew 15: 19. <sup>(16)</sup>Ovid *Tristia* I ix, but the third word is *sospes*, not *felix*. Distich 18 book 1 of so-called Dionysius Cato's *Disticha de moribus ad filium* (written about

the third or fourth century and one of the earliest of printed books, before 1455?) reads:

Cum fueris felix, quæ sunt caveto;  
Non eodem cursu respondent ultima primis.

Cervantes probably kept the *felix* as a hit at Lope Félix de Vega Carpio, since, as the notes show, this prologue is a running fire on Lope's pedantry. Avellaneda in the Prologue to the false second part of *Don Quijote* 1614 took Cervantes to task for this ridicule of Lope de Vega. See Introduction, sub-heading, Lope de Vega; also the Second Part. <sup>(17)</sup>For the Terebinth, terebinth being the name of a tree. <sup>(18)</sup>In the index to Lope de Vega's *Arcadia* 1598; 'Tajo, río de Lusitania...tuvo...fama de llevar...arenas de oro.' <sup>(19)</sup>Note 22 of I 2. <sup>(20)</sup>Antonio de Guevara enlarges upon the history of these three courtesans in his *Familiar Letters* (1539-45 part I) letter to Don Enrique Enriquez. <sup>(21)</sup>Cervantes had somewhat more than two ounces of Tuscan, since he read books like *Sferamundi* and Tasso's *Aminta* (see Sources), of which, when he used them, no translation existed. On the other hand he made use of Spanish translations of Italian originals, when such translations were available. <sup>(22)</sup>*Dialogues of Love* by Abarbanel Leone, 'of the Hebrew nation, later a Christian', Rome, 1535, translated into Spanish by Juan Costa, Venice, 1568, by Micer Carlos Montesa, Zaragoza, 1582; and by Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, Madrid, 1590. <sup>(23)</sup>Salamanca, 1592 by Cristóbal de Fonseca. <sup>(24)</sup>Cited in list in *Isidro*. <sup>(25)</sup>According to the fairly complete list of Gayangos in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles* four books of chivalry, Spanish and Portuguese, were printed 1490-99, fourteen in 1500-19, twenty-two in 1520-39, fifteen in 1540-59, five in 1560-79, three in 1580-99, and two in the year 1602. This indicates with sufficient accuracy the rise and decline of these monstrosities, though it does not take into account those without date, nor the subsequent editions; twenty-five other than first editions were printed in 1580-89 and the reading of these books would seem to have reached its height in that decade, for only four other than first editions are recorded in the next decade, and four in the five years previous to the appearance of *Don Quijote*. After that they were dead indeed, though one that was somewhat of an historical nature continued to be reprinted. It will be seen then that Cervantes merely gave the final, and scarce necessary, stroke—they were dying of their own inanition, and because both in Italy and Spain the modern novel of character and manners was being born.

## CHAPTER I

### The character and calling of that famous gentleman Don Quijote de la Mancha

**I**N a village<sup>(1)</sup> of La Mancha, whose name I do not care to recall<sup>(2)</sup>, there lately lived one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the rack, an ancient shield, a rake of a horse<sup>(3)</sup>, and one lone harrier-hound. A stew of rather more beef than mutton<sup>(4)</sup>, usually appearing at supper as a salad, lentils Friday, 'tripe and trouble'<sup>(5)</sup> Saturday, and young pigeon as a delicacy on Sunday relieved him of three-fourths of his income; whilst a doublet of broadcloth with velvet breeches and slippers for feast days and a week day livery of the finest homespun made away with the rest. His family comprised a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a yokel for field and mart, who saddled the nag as nimbly as he handled the pruning hook. The age of our hidalgo bordered on fifty years, but though dry of visage and spare of flesh, he boasted a vigorous constitution<sup>(6)</sup>, was a great early riser and a lover of the chase. Authors differ as to his name, whether Quijada<sup>(7)</sup> or Quesada, though there is reason to suppose that it really was Quijana. But this matters little with our story: enough that in its telling we swerve not a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that his intervals of leisure, covering most of the year, were employed by this gentleman in reading books of chivalry and with such affection and delight<sup>(8)</sup> that he scarce gave a thought to the exercise of the chase or even to the management of his estate. Indeed, this mad passion so obsessed him that he sold many acres of

arable land for the purchase of these tomes, which, as many as he could buy, he then brought home to read. Of them all was he most taken with those<sup>(9)</sup> composed by the renowned Feliciano de Silva, whose lucidity of style<sup>(10)</sup>, with all its involutions, struck him as priceless<sup>(11)</sup>—in particular those cartels<sup>(12)</sup> and those cooings, where frequently he lit on periods such as: 'The reason of the unreasonableness done my reason so impaireth my reason that with reason I complain of thy beauty'<sup>(13)</sup>; and again: 'The high heavens, which thanks to thy divinity divinely fortify thee with the stars, make thee worthy of the merit thy nobleness deserveth'<sup>(14)</sup>. Over such reasonings the poor man nearly lost his reason, trying far into the night to embowel them of theirs, which Aristotle himself could not have discovered had he returned to life for that special purpose.

On the other hand our friend had small patience with the wounds received (and inflicted) by Don Belianis<sup>(15)</sup>, reflecting that however deft the surgeons that healed them, his face and whole body must needs have been left with many little scars and tokens. None the less he commended the author for taking leave with leave for another to end that interminable adventure<sup>(16)</sup>, and more than once the wish came to take up the pen and finish it himself, and doubtless so he would have done and succeeded with it too, had not bolder and more urgent thoughts constrained him. He often debated with the village priest, a learned man, a graduate of Sigüenza, as to which had been the finer cavalier, Palmerin of England<sup>(17)</sup> or Amadis of Gaul<sup>(18)</sup>, but Master Nicholas, the barber, maintained that none came up to the Knight of Phœbus<sup>(19)</sup>, unless perhaps Don Galaor<sup>(20)</sup>—his was a nature ready for anything; he was none of your finikin knights, nor

a whimperer<sup>(21)</sup> like his brother Amadis, while in point of valour not a whit behind.

In a word this respected gentleman passed his nights from twilight to dawn and his days from dawn to twilight entangled in his books, till from little rest and much reading he muddled his wits, which were filled with the fantasy of all that he read, whether of enchantments, broils, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, amours, hurricanoes, or of other the wildest absurdities. And this fabric of fantastic dreams became so fixed in his fancy that for him no history in the world was more to be trusted. Cid Ruy Díaz<sup>(22)</sup> was, he granted, a most worthy cavalier, but not to be mentioned with the Knight of the Burning Sword<sup>(23)</sup>, who with one back-stroke cut square in two a brace of huge and fearsome giants. On even better terms was he with Bernardo del Carpio<sup>(24)</sup>, who at Roncesvalles<sup>(25)</sup> choked the enchanted Roland, after the manner of Hercules with Terra's son Antæus. He also spoke well of the giant Morgante<sup>(26)</sup>, for whereas giants as a race are proud and rude, Morgante alone<sup>(27)</sup> was affable and well-bred. But above and beyond them all he delighted in Rinaldo of Montalvan<sup>(28)</sup>, especially when he saw him sally from his castle and rob everyone that came his way<sup>(29)</sup>, and when, as his history relates, overseas<sup>(30)</sup> he made off with that idol of Mahomet, all of solid gold<sup>(31)</sup>. To give a round of kicks to the traitor Galalon<sup>(32)</sup> he would have parted with housekeeper and niece to boot.

Deprived thus of his better judgment our hero hit upon the strangest fancy ever madman conceived<sup>(33)</sup>, and this was that he deemed it both proper and imperative, as well for the increase of his honour as for the service of the state, that he turn knight-errant and wander the world o'er with steed and arms in quest of adventure, engaging in

all that he had read knights-errant engage in, redressing every manner of grievance and courting perils and passes in whose surmounting he would win deathless name and fame. The poor hidalgo already saw himself by his arm's might crowned emperor of Trebizond<sup>(34)</sup> at least; and in his rare delight at so pleasant a prospect he hastened to effect what had now become a life-resolve.

His first step was to furbish some armour belonging to his great-grandfather, which, eaten with rust and mould, had lain for ages forgotten in a corner. He scoured and adjusted the various pieces as best he could, but he saw they had one grave defect—the helmet had no visor. This lack his ingenuity supplied by making one of cardboard, which, joined to the headpiece proper, gave the effect of helmet entire. 'Tis true that to prove it he drew blade and, giving it two cuffs, with the first undid in an instant the work of a week. The ease wherewith he wrecked it could not but seem ill to him, and to secure himself from further disaster he made it all over again with little iron ribs inside, till, satisfied of its strength without a second proving, he commissioned and accepted it as a complete and perfect helmet.

Our friend next looked to his horse, one with more sandcracks than there are *cuartos* in a real and with more outs about him than had Gonela's jade<sup>(35)</sup>, that was so much skin and bones<sup>(36)</sup>; yet to his master neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca<sup>(37)</sup> seemed his equal. Four days he spent in choosing a name for the screw, since, so he argued, the charger of so famous a knight and one so excellent in himself would ill lack a special appellation. He, therefore, endeavoured to procure one suggestive of what the animal had been before he became the mount of an errant as well as what



he now was. It stood to reason that since the master was changing his calling, the steed should change his cognomen, getting him one pompous and high-sounding, as comported with the new order and exercise he was about to profess. Hence of the many names he constructed, dropped, added to, tore to pieces and restored, he at last decided on Rocin-ante, a word that seemed to him both lofty and sonorous, and indicative of what the creature had been when but a forlorn, workaday nag (*rocín*), before (*antes*) becoming what he now was: the first and foremost (*antes*) of all the nags in the world.

With so pleasant a title for his rouncey, our knight's next wish was to procure one for himself. Eight days were given up to this consideration, with the issue that his choice fell on Don Quijote<sup>(38)</sup>, whence, as has been said, certain authors of this so very true history would have it that surely his real name was Quijada, not Quesada as others would affirm. But recollecting that the worthy Amadis, not content with that dry name, made mention of his fatherland<sup>(39)</sup> and kingdom that he might bring it renown, styling himself Amadis of Gaul, he too, like the good paladin he was, desired with the name of his native country as a tail to his own to be proclaimed Don Quijote de la Mancha, whereby, as it seemed to him, he declared unmistakably his lineage and his land and honoured the latter by so doing.

With armour cleansed, helmet reclaimed, hack christened, and himself confirmed with a new name<sup>(40)</sup>, our champion saw that naught was lacking but a maid of whom to be enamoured: for errant without lady-love is a tree bare of leaves or fruit, a body and no soul<sup>(41)</sup>. He would say, 'If by mischance or by good hap I stumble on some giant hereabouts, as is the fashion with errant knights,

and if unsaddling him or slicing him in twain I vanquish and make him surrender, will it not be well to have someone to whom to send him as a gift, that he may enter and kneeling before my sweet mistress say in accents contrite and humble, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malin-drania, o'erthrown in single combat by the never-adequately-praised Don Quijote de la Mancha, who bids me present myself before your worship that your highness may dispose of me according to your pleasure' <sup>(42)</sup>.

O how pleased with himself was our good knight when delivered of this speech, and still more when he found one to call his lady fair! It seems that in a village near <sup>(43)</sup> his own dwelt a comely peasant girl for whom at one time he cherished feelings, though it would appear she never knew it nor cared a fig. Aldonza Lorenzo was she on whom he thought well to bestow the title of mistress of his thoughts. And casting about for a name that would not greatly belie her own and at the same time sort and square with that of princess and great lady, he hit upon Dulcinea <sup>(44)</sup> del Toboso (El Toboso being her native town) a name that seemed to him musical, self-evident <sup>(45)</sup> and rare, like all the others he had chosen for himself and his outfit.

## NOTES

<sup>(42)</sup>Argamasilla de Alba. <sup>(43)</sup>Probably Cervantes wished to disguise the action; but also he may have had unpleasant memories of Argamasilla; see Introduction. <sup>(44)</sup>A sentence adapted from c 7 of Antonio de Guevara's *Contempt of Court and Praise of Country Life* 1539: 'O happy he that dwelleth in the country! since for him suffice a lance behind the door, a horse in the stable, a shield in the hall.' We scent Don Quijote's poverty in the fact that he had but one hound for coursing. <sup>(45)</sup>After the proverb, Beef and mutton, stew of a gentleman. That beef was slightly cheaper than mutton in Castile at this period may be seen from a remark of Gerarda in Lope de Vega's *La Dorotea* 1632 (written 1587-88 Act V sc II): 'But returning to my dinner, I have here the stew: one pound of mutton, four-

teen *maravedís*; a half-pound of beef, six, equals twenty.' <sup>(9)</sup>See Appendix A. <sup>(10)</sup>The three words: vigorous, constitution, Quesada, show that Cervantes had been reading: 'I have a weak constitution, but more vigorous in your service than Dia-Sanchez de Quesada.' *Chronicle of Francesillo de Zúñiga*. (fl. 1500-50) c LXXI, published in v. 36 of *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*. <sup>(11)</sup>A family name—ballad 1181 in Durán is *On the death of Luis Quijada*. The word means jaw or jawbone, and thereby Cervantes hints at the lantern jaws (*las estrechas quijadas* I 16) of his hero, whose cheeks kissed (II 31). Don Quijote was 'a man tall of stature, hair 'twixt black and grey, nose aquiline and somewhat hooked, and the mustachios heavy, black and drooping' (II 14). In II 37 are mentioned 'his pale gaunt face, half a league long, his job lot of arms and his grave courtly manner.' He had 'a half yard of neck more than commonly brown' II 32. His beard is referred to in I 16, and II 17, 32. <sup>(12)</sup>*afición y gusto*: this is the first of many phrases from the *Life of Saint Ignatius de Loyola*, 1583 (I 2) by Pedro de Ribadeneyra. It comes soon after 'he was at this time passionately fond (*muy curioso y amigo*) of reading books of chivalry.' Two paragraphs below, it is said of Don Quijote that he passed his nights from twilight to dawn. . . until that from little sleep. . . So Saint Ignatius (I 9) 'passed most nights from twilight to dawn without sleep.' For Saint Ignatius as one of many lay figures for Don Quijote, see Introduction, sub-heading, Prototypes. For a list of appropriations from the *Life of Saint Ignatius*, see Sources, under Ribadeneyra. <sup>(13)</sup>*Lisuarte of Greece* 1514; *Second Comedy of Celestina* (reprinted 1536); *Amadis of Greece* 1530; *Florisel de Niquea* 1532; *Don Rogel of Greece* 1535; *Fourth Part of Florisel de Niquea* 1551. Feliciano de Silva was the most prolific as he was among the poorest of authors of chivalry romances. Many of the others had French or Italian chronicle or poem as a background—their works often being but loose translations. <sup>(14)</sup>Diego Hurtado de Mendoza anticipated C in ridiculing the style of Feliciano de Silva, especially his use of *razón*, in a *Letter of the Bachelor of Arcadia to Captain Salazar* Naples 1548. <sup>(15)</sup>*de perlas*—so in the *Reply of Captain Salazar* Mendoza makes the Captain say that old soldiers of the Málaga regiment assure him that his book is *como de perlas*. Cervantes revelled in colloquialisms. <sup>(16)</sup>A sample of these former in I 23: 'You lie and you will lie every time that you say it,' from the reply of Tirante the White to a challenge (I 72). <sup>(17)</sup>Parodying 'O love! why do I complain of thine unreasonableness, since in thee unreason has more sway than reason,' *Florisel de Niquea* 1532, III 2. <sup>(18)</sup>Parodying 'O celestial image, what grievance is done thy sovereign beauty, since, though thou deservest the highest seat of the heavens, they let thee abide among mortals; and to them, by making none deserving of meriting thee save me. If any desert I have toward thee, it is for the love wherewith I love thee.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 II 25 by Antonio de Torquemada, not by Feliciano de Silva. <sup>(19)</sup>*Belianis of Greece* 1547 by Gerónimo Fernández in four parts; in the first two only he receives one hundred and one serious wounds. <sup>(20)</sup>'I give permission to anyone into whose hands the other part may come to add it to this.' *Belianis of Greece* 1547 IV 75. <sup>(21)</sup>*Palmerin of England*, about 1544, by Francisco de Moraes Cabral.

<sup>(121)</sup>*Amadis of Gaul* 1508 in four parts by Garci Ordóñez de Montalvo; but see second note on c 6. It is the first and best of the books of chivalry in Spain; it is barely readable. <sup>(122)</sup>*Mirror of Princes and Knights wherein are related the Immortal Deeds of the Knight of Phæbus*. This book is in five parts: I 1562 by Diego Ortúñez de Calahorra; II 1580-81 by Pedro de la Sierra Infançon; III and IV 1589 by Marcos Martínez; a fifth part, no copy of which is now known, is mentioned by Bowle and Pellicer; Cervantes used it; see first note on 9. <sup>(123)</sup>Son of Perion, king of Gaul (Wales), was brother to Amadis, in whose history he occupies large space. He was the gallant of the family. D Q shows further partiality for him in I 13 (see note 9) and II 2. <sup>(124)</sup>The pages of *Amadis* are wet with his tears. Within the compass of five chapters (II 5-9) twelve instances of his weeping are recorded: 'weeping and cursing his luck'; 'Amadis, weeping, said to him'; 'his cheeks and breast bathed in tears'; 'with many tears and groans'; 'passing his days in crying and continual weeping'; 'begging him in tears'; 'in order to do his wailing and weeping unperceived'; 'weeping violently'; 'tears came to his eyes'; 'from his copious weeping'; 'ever weeping and sobbing'; 'the tears falling down his cheeks'. <sup>(125)</sup>Popularly known as the Cid or el Campeador, who flourished at the end of the eleventh century (d. 1099), in reality as a scourge of the Moors in Spain, and later in Rime Chronicle, Poem, and numerous ballads. <sup>(126)</sup>*Amadis of Greece* 1530 by Feliciano de Silva. This knight bore on his breast a red-hot sword till the sage Alquife relieved him thereof. In c 43 of *Florisel de Niquea* 1532, also by Silva, Amadis of Greece engages with a giant, brother of Mandroco, 'and with both hands and using all his might wounds the giant at the waist with such an uncommon blow that, divided in twain, one half of him falls to one side and one half to the other'. To do this with a back-stroke was reserved for the Knight of Phœbus in *Mirror of Princes and Knights—Knight of Phæbus* 1562 I 1 44. <sup>(127)</sup>See Appendix B. <sup>(128)</sup>The rear guard of Charlemagne's retreating army was cut off and annihilated near this Pyrenean pass on August 15th, 778. <sup>(129)</sup>The hero of Luigi Pulci's poem *Il Morgante Maggiore* 1482, translated into Castilian prose, Valencia 1533. <sup>(130)</sup>Not alone, for C ridicules what was said of the giant Balan, lord of the island Torrebermeja, 'His nature and manner are very different from that of other giants, who by nature are proud and rude—he is not so, but very peaceful and true in all things'. *Amadis of Gaul* 1508 IV 47. <sup>(131)</sup>One of the Twelve Peers of France at the court of Charlemagne and the great romantic figure next to Roland in chronicle, ballad, Italian poetry and Spanish books of chivalry. The book here referred to is the *Mirror of Chivalries*, a very free prose rendering, with copious additions, of Boiardo and Ariosto. It sometimes went by the title *Orlando Enamorado* and was frequently before C as he wrote. It was in four parts: the first, 1533, the second, 1536, the third, 1550, and the fourth, before 1554, no copy now extant, were by Pedro de Reynosa; the second, 1536 by Pero López de Cristóval Santa Catalina. <sup>(132)</sup>'O robber', said Roland, 'call not on God as witness of your evil deeds, since how many merchants have you despoiled and how many innocent travellers have you leapt out upon! O vile one and of very vile blood, son, not of gentle Amon, but of that Galalon of Maganza.'

*Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 45. <sup>(80)</sup>*En allende*—a general term for countries on the other side of the Mediterranean. C has in mind the Rinaldo ballad beginning *Estábase Don Reinaldos* (*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán no. 369), in which ballad the phrase *allende la mar* in connection with Rinaldo occurs three times in the space of twenty lines. <sup>(81)</sup>'The good Rinaldo did not answer Roland courteous words; rather with brave aspect he addressed him: 'O bastard...thou liest in every word, since to rob pagans in Spain is no robbery, when I alone in the teeth of forty thousand Moors and more seized a Mahomet of gold, whereof I had need to pay my soldiers'. *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 46. C himself sufficiently delighted in this passage of arms between Roland and Rinaldo to draw on it at least four times again: I 7, 9, 31, II 14. <sup>(82)</sup>One of the Twelve Peers of France; in the romances he betrays Charlemagne's army at Roncesvalles. He is first mentioned as a traitor in Turpin's *Chronicle* c 2; and thence flowed down into the *Morgante*, the *Orlandos*, and the *Mirror of Chivalries*, where Cervantes particularly found him as he did the robbing Rinaldo. <sup>(83)</sup>Baldus in Teofilo Folengo's poem *Il Baldo* 1526 had conceived the same strange fancy of imitating the heroes of the romances of chivalry, with whose nonsense his head was full. C even derives a suggestion as to Don Quijote's reading from this poem:

Sed quater Orlandi puerilia tempora legit;  
Oh quantum haec eadem sibi phantasia placebat!  
Maxime scarpavit Carlonis quando pium.  
Talibus in rebus multum stimulat ad arma.

*Le Opere Maccheroniche di Merlin Cocai* by Teofilo Folengo 1491-1554 Mantua 1882, v. I, p. 83. C probably did not know the poem but derived the suggestions from its translation in Spanish: *Trebizond or Fourth Book of the Valiant Knight Rinaldo* 'which treats of the great deeds of the invincible knight Baldus and the gracious jests of Cingar' Seville, 1542. There is a short prologue on the poetry of Merlin Cocai. There is a unique (?) copy of this book in the town-library of Wolfenbüttel, near Hanover, Germany. <sup>(84)</sup>*Trebizond or the Third Book of Rinaldo* 'how he came by his chivalries to be emperor of Trebizond' Seville, 1533. Trapisonda, the Spanish word, also means confusion. The city itself, on the east coast of the Black Sea, gave its name (1220-1461) to one of the four divisions of the Greek Empire in the east. The other divisions were Constantinople, Thesalonica, and Nicea. Pierre Vidal, the famous troubadour (d. 1229), in his madness imagined himself crowned emperor of Constantinople, and took great delight therein. <sup>(85)</sup>Pietro Gonela, buffoon to the Marquis Borso of Ferrara in the fifteenth century. 'The duke Borso, seeing Gonela's horse, that he was galled, old, lean and badly put together, said: 'What would you with this jade?' The buffoon replied: 'My horse is as good as any in your stables.' *Buffooneries of Gonela* 1568. <sup>(86)</sup>*Tantum pellis et ossa fuit* from Plautus' *Aulularia* III vi 28. This was the duke's reply to Gonela, who thereupon wagered his steed would take a leap which no horse in his master's stud would venture upon, namely, from a balcony many feet high. And he won his wager. <sup>(87)</sup>The Cid's Babieca stood the better chance of seeming his equal, 'There

came out a mare with a colt, very ugly and mangy. Said the young Ruy Díaz to his godfather, 'I'll have this one.' And his godfather said angrily, 'Babieca (booby), thou hast chosen ill.' And then said Rodrigo, 'This will be a good horse and Babieca shall be have for name.' *Cronica del Cid*. In his last will the Cid commanded, 'When ye bury Babieca, dig deep; shameful thing were it that he should be eaten of curs, that hath trampled down so many currish bodies of Moors.' <sup>(38)</sup> Quijote means the cuisse or thigh-piece of armour. <sup>(39)</sup> Only his kingdom was Wales (Gaul); he was born in France. <sup>(40)</sup> In Spain at this period persons sometimes changed or added to their names at confirmation. <sup>(41)</sup> Paraphrasing

Que el cauallero que anda sin amores,  
Si vive esta sin alma y sin valores.

*Orlando Enamorado* 1555, a translation of Boiardo, by Francisco Garrido de Villena I xviii 49. <sup>(42)</sup> The giant Cinofal, sent by Amadis of Greece to Princess Lucela, bending his knees before her, said, 'Sovereign princess of Galaos, the peerless Knight of the Burning Sword sent me to your worship that you may do with me according to your pleasure.' *Amadis of Greece* 1530 II 51. <sup>(43)</sup> El Toboso is some twenty-five miles north of Argamasilla. <sup>(44)</sup> A blending of Dulcineo and Dulcina, a shepherd and a shepherdess in the pastoral *Fortuna de Amor* 1573 Book VI by Antonio de Lofrasso. This book was in Don Quijote's library. Aldonza is formed from *donsa*, a corruption of *dulce* and the Arabic article *al*. <sup>(45)</sup> In 1577 El Toboso explained its name as derived from *tobas* or light or spongy stones in which the district abounded.

## CHAPTER II

This visionary<sup>(1)</sup> gentleman's first sally from his native land

**N**ow that his preparations were complete, our knight would brook no tarriance in effecting his design, impelled by the feeling of the want its postponement was causing in the world, such were the grievances he meant to redress, wrongs right, follies correct, abuses mitigate and offences avenge. And so, acquainting no one of his resolve, unseen of any, before dawn on one of the hottest of July days he donned armour and ill-fashioned helmet, mounted Rocinante, embraced shield, seized lance, and through the postern of his corral sallied forth onto the open plain<sup>(2)</sup>, tasting the greatest satisfaction and delight on seeing with what ease he had embarked on his good emprise.

But scarce did he find himself out on that tableland, when a terrible thought assailed him, and one that all but nipped his venture in the bud. He suddenly awoke to the fact that he hadn't been dubbed a knight; that accordingly, in compliance with the laws of chivalry, he neither should nor could bear arms against a cavalier, and that even had he been so dubbed, as a novice he must carry his armour plain, with no device on the shield till his valour earned him one<sup>(3)</sup>. These considerations made him stagger in his purpose<sup>(4)</sup>, but as his lack of reason prevailed over every other, he determined to be made a knight by the first<sup>(5)</sup> he came across, in imitation of many before him, even as he had read in the books that held him in thrall<sup>(4)</sup>. Touching the plain armour he thought, come the chance, to

scour his own whiter than ermine. With this he quieted down and continued on his way, letting his steed take which he would<sup>(6)</sup>, for therein he deemed lay the very spirit of adventure.

As he ambled along, our new-born champion communed with himself and said, 'Who doubts that in years to come, when the true narrative of my famous deeds leaps to light and the sage-chronicler comes to relate this my first sally so early in the morning, who, I ask, doubts that he will describe it in this manner: 'Scarce had the refulgent Apollo spread the golden tresses of his hair over the face of the broad and spacious earth, and scarce had the little painted birds with their lyric tongues proclaimed in sweet and mellifluous harmony<sup>(7)</sup> the coming of the flushed Aurora as she, leaving the soft couch of her jealous husband<sup>(8)</sup>, revealed herself through the doorways and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quijote de la Mancha, forsaking his downy bed of ease, mounted his far-famed Rocinante and rode forth over the ancient<sup>(9)</sup> and celebrated<sup>(10)</sup> plain of Montiel' '<sup>(11)</sup>, which was in truth where his journey lay.

And he continued, saying, 'Happy age<sup>(12)</sup> and happy time in which shall be blazoned abroad my famous deeds, worthy to be graven on brasses, chiselled on marbles, and painted on tablets for future remembrance. O thou cunning magician, whosoever thou art to whose fortune it shall fall to chronicle this rare story, prithee forget not my good Rocinante, my eternal companion in all my callings and quests.' Then he struck a new strain, murmuring as if truly enamoured, 'O princess Dulcinea, ruler of this captive heart, grievous wrong hast thou done, censuring and spurning me with cruel mandate not to appear before thy beauty<sup>(13)</sup>. Deign to



bethink thee of this submissive heart, lady, that endures how many sorrows for thy love.' With these he strung other extravagances, all after the manner of those which his books had taught him, imitating as best he could their very language.

Thus communing with himself our knight travelled so slowly and the sun mounted so apace, the heat was enough to melt his wits, were any there. Quite all that day he ambled along, yet naught befell worthy the notice<sup>(14)</sup>, and at this he nigh despaired, expecting at the very outset to run against one upon whom to prove the valour of that puissant arm. Some authors name Puerto Lápice as his first adventure, others the adventure of the windmills, but the truth is (and this I verified and found so written in the annals of La Mancha) he kept saddle till toward evening, when his rouncey and he were sore fatigued and nearly dead with hunger. Casting about on the chance of discovering some castle<sup>(16)</sup> or shepherd's hut to relieve his great want, not far off he espied an inn<sup>(16)</sup>, which like a star was to lead him to the portal, if not to the very palace<sup>(17)</sup>, of his salvation. He pricked steed and drew near just as evening was closing in.

As each new thing he thought, saw, or imagined, assumed the semblance of something he had met with in his reading, so this tavern instantly loomed a castle with four corner-towers and silver-shining pinnacles; nor was drawbridge lacking or deep moat or any of the appurtenances wherewith such strongholds are depicted. A stone's throw from this inn or castle our adventurer drew rein, looking for some dwarf upon the battlements to announce with trumpet that a knight was approaching<sup>(18)</sup>. But seeing there was delay and that Rocinante was restless for supper, he rode toward the tavern-gate, where chanced to be standing two women-adventurers, on

their way to Seville with some carriers, passing the night there. Our cavalier immediately supposed them maidens or gracious matrons solacing themselves on the castle-ward.

Now at this juncture a swineherd, gathering in from the stubble a drove of hogs (without your pardon be they named), chanced to blow his horn, the signal for them to herd. Don Quijote, supposing this to be the dwarf announcing his arrival, with rare content rode toward the women. But they, seeing and fearing this man in full armour with lance and shield, turned to seek refuge within, till the other, divining their fear from their flight, lifting his cardboard visor, half-revealed his lean and dusty face and in subdued tones thus addressed them, 'Let not your worships flee or fear aught of injury, since it pertains to the order of chivalry I profess to wrong nobody, least of all damsels of the rank your presence declares'.

The women had stayed to make out his features, which the sorry visor half-concealed, but on hearing themselves called damsels, a word so foreign to their station, they could not forbear laughter, to the extent that Don Quijote was put to confusion, saying: 'Courtesy befits the fair, and laughter proceeding from slight cause is folly. I do not say this to vex or rouse ill will, since mine is no other than to serve you.' Such language was Greek to these ladies, and the poor figure cut by our knight did but increase their mirth, his annoyance. Things would have gone from bad to worse had not now come on the scene the innkeeper, who, excessively fat, was a lover of peace, and though, on beholding that scarecrow with trappings, shield and corselet so out of keeping with his manner of riding<sup>(19)</sup>, he almost seconded the women's unsuppressed amusement, startled as he was by the warlike appearance

of our champion, he deemed it best to speak civilly and so said, 'If your worship, sir knight, seek lodging, here you'll find it and to spare—sparing a bed, for there is none.'

Don Quijote, marking the amenity of the stronghold's governor (such he thought him), replied, 'For myself, sir castellano (governor), aught is enough, since

Of arms my habit's made  
And fighting's my repose<sup>(20)</sup>.

Now his host thought that in addressing him as *castellano* he meant to suggest 'a sly old fox of Castile,' a thief in disguise in other words, whereas he really hailed from Andalusia, from the shore of San Lúcar<sup>(21)</sup>, not less a robber than Cacus<sup>(22)</sup>, nor less a rogue than student or page. So he answered, 'In that event

Shall bed on rocks be laid  
And eyes in sleep ne'er close<sup>(23)</sup>,

since your worship may alight with the certainty of finding in this humble dwelling cases and causes of not sleeping the whole year through, to say nothing of one night'. With this he held the stirrup for our hero, who dismounted with real labour, having fasted all that day. He asked that extra care be taken of Rocinante, the finest bit of horse-flesh that ever ate bread. The innkeeper glanced the animal over but did not think him so good as his master had said, nay, not by half. He put him in the stable however and returned to attend to the wishes of his guest.

The damsels, who had made their peace, were in the midst of disarming him. They had removed breast-plate and shoulder-piece but could not loosen the gorget and counterfeit helmet, tied together

with green ribbon whose knots refused to undo, nor would Don Quijote hear of their being cut. So all that night he remained with headpiece on, the oddest and most ludicrous figure conceivable. While these trulls were divesting him, our adventurer, taking them for fine ladies attached to the castle, with a deal of manner thus addressed them:

By dames so well watched o'er  
A knight was never seen  
As, since he left his door,  
Has Don Quijote been:  
Him maids provided for,  
Princesses his rocin—<sup>(24)</sup>

or Rocinante, the name, your highnesses, of my steed, and Don Quijote de la Mancha mine. Though I had wished not to be known till the deeds done in your service and behalf made me, the need of adapting this old ballad concerning Lancelot to the present occasion discovered me aforetime. But the day will come when your ladyships shall ask and I obey, and the valour of mine arm make plain my desire to serve you.'

The women, unused to such rhetoric, replied not a word save to ask would he eat. 'Anything, for me-thinks 'twill be much to the purpose.' Now it chanced to be Friday and the only food in the tavern was some portions of a certain fish called in Castile poor-jack, ling in Andalusia, cod in some districts, and small cod in others. So they asked would his worship perhaps relish some small cod, and were answered, 'Many small cod will serve for a salmon-trout, since 'tis the same whether they give me eight single reals or a piece of eight; the more that these small cod may resemble the calf, which is better eating than the cow, even as the kid than the goat. But whatever it be, fetch it at once, for

the work and weight of arms cannot be borne on empty stomach.'

They placed a table before the inn-door for coolness and the keeper brought the knight a piece of ill-soaked and worse-cooked codfish, together with some bread as black and mouldy as his armour. Merry thing it was to see him eat, for with helmet on and visor over his mouth<sup>(25)</sup>, one of the women must needs help feed him. Likewise was he unable to drink, till the keeper, boring a cane and putting one end between his teeth, poured the wine in at the other. And this Don Quijote patiently endured rather than have them cut the ribbons of his casque. While all were thus busy, arrived a boar-gelder who, as he approached, sounded four or five notes on an instrument of reeds<sup>(26)</sup>. This was the last touch necessary to assure our errant he was at some famous castle where they regaled him with music. Now was he certain that the cod were salmon-trout, the bread white, the women ladies, and the inn-keeper the keeper of the stronghold. So he could not but regard his purpose and pilgrimage as happily begun. One thing only distressed him: to find himself not dubbed<sup>(27)</sup>, feeling as he did that lawfully he might not tax himself with any adventure till he had received the order of knighthood.

## NOTES

<sup>(25)</sup>*Ingenioso*, which appears here and on the title-page, strictly means 'rich in *ingenio* (wit)', and is frequently applied in Juan Huarte's *Examen de ingenios* 1566 to persons endowed with imagination as opposed to reason; 'They lose themselves in reading books of chivalry, in *Orlando*, *Boscán*, the *Diana* of Montemayor, and others of that breed, since all are works of the imagination'; in c 8, and from the same chapter there is a hint for the naming of Rocinante. Also Pedro de Mejía in I 18 of his *Silva de varia lección*, 1540 shows *ingenioso* to mean imaginative (fictitious), when he says, 'There are some things written which, though they are and appear to be of little

importance, through being *ingeniosas* and the fruit of sharp wits...' *Orlando Furioso* xlv 85:

Poi che fu meza notte, tutto armosse  
E sellato il destrier senza commiato,  
E senza che d'alcun sentito fosse,  
Sopra ui salse, e si drizzò al camino,  
Che più piacer li parue al suo Frontino.

<sup>(4)</sup>Here we should mark that in former times it was an inviolable custom that, until they had received the order of chivalry, esquires must on no account engage with any knight, even though they thought to meet with death by not doing so; and if by any chance they had somewhat erred in this regard, they could never be dubbed. Thus was this canon observed most strictly.' *Discourse on Nobility* 1591 f 71 b. 'Hidalgos are also known as esquires (shield-bearers), the name coming to them from the fact that they fought with plain shields, and until they performed some notable deed, they could not be knights.' *ibid* f 70. <sup>(5)</sup>So Saint Ignatius, having sallied forth from his native land (*de su tierra*), 'began to stagger in his vocation, and to doubt whether it would be of more service to Our Lord to follow the road already taken...' *Life of Saint Ignatius* 1583 II 9. So too, 'having read in his books of chivalry that new knights were wont to watch their arms, to imitate them...' I 4. <sup>(6)</sup>'None can be made a knight save by the hand of one.' *The Seven Codes of Alonso the Wise* 1491 II xxr 11. <sup>(7)</sup>'He let his steed take which road he would.' II 83-84 of the Marquis of Mantua ballad employed in chapter five; but also see II 9-15 of the King Roderick ballad beginning *Las huestes del Rey Rodrigo* (*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 599). See also *Orlando Furioso* I 13. <sup>(8)</sup>'The birds with the freshness of the morning...with their lyric tongues chanted sweet and harmonious lays.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 II 43. <sup>(9)</sup>'The coming of the flushed Aurora, as she from the side of her beloved husband Tithonus...' *ibid* II 7. <sup>(10)</sup>Mentioned by Caius Pliny in his *Natural History* III 3 under the name Lamintano. <sup>(11)</sup>Because in 1369 (tradition says) in a portion thereof Peter the Cruel was defeated by his bastard half-brother Henry of Trastámara. <sup>(12)</sup>A howling wilderness covering more than forty square leagues, lying south of Argamasilla, as may be seen in a map dated 1575, reproduced by Ramón León Máinez in his *Don Quijote* Cadiz 1877. <sup>(13)</sup>This and the previous outburst were suggested by passages in a still higher key written by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza ridiculing the style of Feliciano de Silva. (*Letter of Marcus Aurelius to Feliciano de Silva* first published in 1890 by Antonio Paz y Méla in *Sales Españoles* v. I, p. 229-34). <sup>(14)</sup>Such a mandate was sent in a letter by Oriana to Amadis. *Amadis of Gaul* 1508 II 1. <sup>(15)</sup>'Two days these two knights ambled along, yet naught befell them worthy the notice.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 II 8. <sup>(16)</sup>This entire chapter and one or two incidents in the third and fourth are fairly closely modelled on *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 16, where Roland 'riding for two days without eating or drinking' casts about for an inn (*albergue*). Instead he at length discovers 'the high and beautiful edifices' of a city, to which the approach is by a castle 'with its drawbridge' and 'broad and deep moat.' Two damsels help him dismount. The chief difference is that Don Roland

looking for an inn stumbled on a castle, while Don Quijote, counting upon a castle, hit upon an inn. <sup>(18)</sup>Possibly one on the site of the present Venta de Quesada, ten miles southwest of Argamasilla; an old watering trough stands there. <sup>(17)</sup>Hit at the magnificence of the portal or palace beneath which the lowly manger in early pictures is portrayed. <sup>(18)</sup>Above the first arch stood a very ugly dwarf and in his hand a trumpet, which, seeing two knights approaching, he blew twice.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 I 24. <sup>(19)</sup>As if in heavy-armed cavalry, who, however, never carried shields. <sup>(20)</sup>The beginning of a ballad:

Mis arreos son las armas,  
Mi descanso es pelear;  
Mi cama las duras peñas,  
Mi dormir siempre velar.

*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 300.

<sup>(21)</sup>At the mouth of the Guadalquivir on the west coast; then a haunt of thieves and vagabonds. <sup>(22)</sup>The all-preying monster *Æneid* VIII ll 192-267. <sup>(23)</sup>Alluding to lines 3-4 of the ballad. <sup>(24)</sup>Adapting the Lancelot ballad, ll 1-6:

Nunca fuera caballero  
De damas tan bien servido  
Como fuera Lanzerote  
Cuando de Bretaña vino,  
Que dueñas curaban dél,  
Doncellas de su rocino.

*Cancionero de Romances*, 1550; Durán 352.

<sup>(25)</sup>The cardboard visor was so ill contrived that when it was raised it covered his mouth instead of uncovering it. <sup>(26)</sup>The token of his calling. This was also the last touch necessary to the mockery of the picture. <sup>(27)</sup>All his thought was to find himself dubbed a knight.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 I 7.

### CHAPTER III

The delightful way our friend chose for being knighted<sup>(1)</sup>

**H**ARASSED by this thought Don Quijote shortened his pot-luck and limited meal. Calling the innkeeper he closeted himself in the stable with him and kneeling said, 'Never shall I rise from where I kneel, worthy knight, unless your courtesy promise to grant the boon I seek, which will redound to your own praise and the good of mankind.' The other, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing this declaration, was confounded and stood looking at him, not knowing what to do or say. He endeavoured to get him to rise but in vain till he had given his word as to the desired boon. 'I looked for no less from your great magnificence, and I make known that the gift I seek, and of your large heart granted, is that to-morrow you dub me a cavalier<sup>(2)</sup>. To-night in the chapel of this your castle I shall watch mine arms and on the morrow as I have said and now repeat shall be fulfilled what I so strongly desire, that I may wander, as is fitting, over the four quarters of the globe in search of adventures on behalf of the needy—the office of chivalry and of knights-errant like myself that are inclined to such deeds.'

The keeper, as already hinted, was a knowing rogue and ere this had suspected his guest's judgment to be clouded, and though now certain he decided to humour him and thus provide for the evening's entertainment. So he answered that this was a most just request and that such a fancy was both



proper and natural for errants of the high rank he seemed and his genteel presence declared him to be; that himself in his youth had practised that honourable calling, wandering in search of adventures in sundry parts of the world, not forgetting the Curing-Grounds<sup>(3)</sup> near Málaga, the Isles of Riaran, the Compass-Quarter of Seville, the Little-Mart of Segovia, the Olive-Plaza in Valencia, the Walls in Granada, the Shore of San Lúcar, Córdoba's Colt-Fountain, the Stalls of Toledo, and divers other places, where he had exercised lightness of hands and feet<sup>(4)</sup>, committing numberless offences, soliciting various widows, wronging a maiden or two, cheating minors, in a word coming in contact with well nigh all the courts and tribunals of Spain; but he had ended by taking up his abode in this his castle, where on his own and others' fortunes he now lived, welcoming there all knights-errant, no matter what their quality or status, simply from the great affection he bore them and that they might share their possessions with him in return for his good-will<sup>(5)</sup>.

He went on to say that for the present the castle was minus a chapel for watching arms, for the old one had been torn down to be built anew, but he assured Don Quijote that in case of necessity they could rightfully be watched wherever he pleased. There was an open castle-court where he might keep his vigil for the night, and in the morning, God consenting, they would execute the appropriate ceremonies and the other would emerge a dubbed knight, and such an one that there couldn't be more of a knight in the world. He asked his guest had he any silver about him, and the other told him not a coin, for he had never read in tales about knights-errant that they carried such a thing.

The innkeeper said that in this he was deceived: authors of these books did not specify it, feeling there could be no occasion to mention such obvious needments for a journey as clean shirts and cash<sup>(6)</sup>. But one should not infer that knights did without them; indeed he should consider it proved beyond cavil that all those errants, to whose existence so many books testify on every page, carried purses well lined for any emergency<sup>(7)</sup>.

They also carried lint, the innkeeper declared, and a little chest filled with ointments for healing of wounds, for out there on the plains and deserts where they fought and sustained injuries there couldn't always be someone at hand to attend to them, unless they had a sage-magician for a friend who, in that case, would come to their relief instantly, bearing through the air on a cloud damsel or dwarf with flask of water of such virtue that with just a drop the knights became as cured of their sores and wounds as if they had had none<sup>(8)</sup>. But were they not favoured with such friends, the errants of the past took it for granted that their squires came provided with money and other necessities such as bandages and healing salves. And if they could not boast squires even, which was rare indeed, themselves on their steed's croup carried everything in cunning wallet which almost did not look like one, as if <sup>(9)</sup> 'twere something else of greater respect, for, save in emergencies of this kind, the carrying of wallets was frowned on by the order. He advised him therefore, indeed, as the other was so soon to be his godchild, he might command him, to proceed no further without money and the admitted requirements, since he would see when least expected how well it was to have them on hand.

To all this Don Quijote promised strictly to adhere and the keeper thereupon ordered the vigil to be kept in a large corral at the side of the inn. Our novice gathered his arms and laid them on a trough near a well and, embracing shield and grasping lance, paced slowly back and forth; and as he began to pace, the night began to shut down. The keeper of the tavern told the folk inside about his guest's aberration, the arms-vigil and knighthood-drubbing that was to follow, and they, marvelling at such strange delusion, came to witness the spectacle at safe distance. They found him pacing back and forth in quietude, but again he would stop and leaning on lance gaze fixedly at his armour, long and long<sup>(10)</sup>. Though 'twas night now, the moon shone with sufficient brightness to have vied with him that lent it her, and whatever the new errant did could readily be seen by all.

Now at this juncture it befell that one of the carriers came to get water for his mules, to do which it was necessary to remove the arms from the trough. Don Quijote seeing him approach exclaimed, 'Ho thou, whoever thou art, reckless knight, that comest to touch the arms of the bravest errant ever girt on sword, take heed, would thou not quit this life as guerdon for thy guile.' The carrier took no heed (though better had he attended this behest and attended himself in health) but instead seized the armour by the straps and gave it a good fling. Beholding this, Don Quijote raised his eyes aloft and cried (directing his thoughts to his lady Dulcinea), 'Lend me thine aid, lady mine, in this the first affront offered thine enthralled heart. Let not thy favour and protection forsake me in this initial crisis'<sup>(11)</sup>. With these words and more like them he dropped shield and raising lance gave the carrier a swingeing blow on the head, laying him so

flat that had another followed the poor fellow would have had no use for a leech to cure him<sup>(12)</sup>. This done our postulant collected his armour and paced back and forth with the same tranquillity as at first.

After short space another carrier, ignorant of what had occurred (for the first lay unconscious), came with like intent of watering his mules. As he approached to remove the armour from the trough, Don Quijote again, and this time without words and imploring favour of none, dropped shield, raised lance, and broke not it but the carrier's head into more than three parts for it opened up in quarters. All, including the innkeeper, at once came on the run to the scene of trouble, but the knight at their advance raised shield again and putting hand to sword cried, 'O mistress of beauty, vigour and virtue of my enfeebled heart, now is the moment to turn thy ladyship's eyes toward this thy captive lord whom so great an adventure is awaiting'; which invocation seemed to instil such fresh courage in his breast<sup>(13)</sup> that he'd not have taken a step backward for all the carriers in the world.

The comrades of the wounded, seeing them so, began from afar to shower stones on the assailant, who, covering himself with his shield as he could, ventured not to leave the trough lest he seem to forsake the armour. The keeper called to the carriers to quit—had he not told them the man was mad and being mad could kill them all with impunity?<sup>(14)</sup> Likewise Don Quijote in still louder voice denounced them as recreant traitors and named the lord of the castle villain and base-born knight<sup>(15)</sup> in allowing errant guests to experience such treatment, adding that had he received the order of chivalry, he'd make him understand this breach of trust. 'But of you, you low-lived rabble, I make no account. Come throw your stones and injure me as

you can; you'll soon find reward for your insult and folly.' This was said with such utter fearlessness that his adversaries quailed, and therefrom no less than from their host's warning ceased their attack. Don Quijote left them to carry off their wounded and himself returned to his vigil, calm and untroubled as before.

The innkeeper did not fancy his guest's jokes and hoping to cut them short determined to give him the benighted order of chivalry at once, before another disaster should befall. Walking to Don Quijote he tried to exculpate himself from that base crew's insolence, professing entire ignorance save that they were roundly punished for their temerity. As he had already informed him, the castle boasted no chapel, but a chapel after all wouldn't be of much use for what remained to be done. The whole business of being dubbed, according to his understanding of the ceremonial, consisted in a slap on the neck and a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder and these could be given in the middle of a field. Our candidate had fulfilled, he said, the requirement of watching arms: only two hours were necessary and he had been over four<sup>(16)</sup>. His pupil swallowed all and said he was ready to obey him then and there, urging the greatest possible dispatch, for were he attacked a second time and found himself knighted, he didn't think to leave a person in that castle alive, save such as he might spare at the request of and out of respect to its lord.

Forewarned and fearful of such catastrophe, the keeper quickly brought from the inn a book wherein he kept account of straw and barley used by carriers and, accompanied by the two women and a small boy bearing a candle-end, approached the applicant. Commanding him to kneel he muttered something behind his manual as if in devout prayer and mid-

way raising his hand gave him a sharp slap on the neck, following it with a blow royal on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, all the time muttering between his teeth as if praying. This done he ordered one of the women to gird on the blade, which she did with great sobriety and self-control, though at every point all were on the verge of laughter, and only the recollection of the prowess just displayed by the new knight restrained them.

In fastening the sword the good woman said, 'God make thy worship a most venturesome knight and grant thee good fortune in battle.' Don Quijote enquired her name that thereafter he might know to whom he was beholden for the favour received, since he purposed to bestow upon her some portion of the honour his strong arm was to reap him. She answered most humbly that she was known as La Tolosa, the daughter of a Toledan cobbler of the stall of Sancho Bienaya<sup>(17)</sup>, but that wherever she might be, she would serve him as her lord. The knight asked that for love she do him the favour of assuming the Don<sup>(18)</sup> and thereafter style herself Doña Tolosa; which she promised to do. The other woman buckled his spurs, and the same colloquy passed as with her of the sword. He asked her name and was told La Molinera, her father a respected miller of Antequera<sup>(19)</sup>. He requested her likewise to assume the Don and call herself Doña Molinera, offering his further services and good will.

Now that with breathless speed this unprecedented ritual was concluded, our late-born champion scarce could wait to find himself ahorse and on the road in quest of adventure. Accordingly he saddled Rocinante and mounted and embracing his host made such extraordinary speeches by way of thanks that 'tis impossible accurately to set them

down. Seeing him well outside, the innkeeper with no less rhetoric but in fewer words made reply and not asking pay for his lodging gave him hearty farewell.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Statutes governing the dubbing of knights were laid down by the Order of the Scarf (an order founded by Alonso the Eleventh of Castile) and may be read in the *Doctrinal of Knights* (gathered by Alonso of Cartagena) 1489 III 5. There is, of course, a constant dubbing of knights in the books of chivalry, but especially should be seen the ballad *El hijo de Arias Gonzalo Durán* 793. <sup>(2)</sup>'He knelt before him, saying... 'That for which I seek and supplicate thee is that without delay I receive from thy hand the order of chivalry.' *Olivante de Laura* I 9. <sup>(3)</sup>The unpolite quarters of these various places. <sup>(4)</sup>So in *Belianis of Greece* 1547 II 3 Don Brianel confesses to his host that he had often practised light-fingeredness. <sup>(5)</sup>'Inasmuch as he had naught but this castle for a livelihood, he employed his good-will in appropriating such knights and other persons as travelled those roads, bringing them to share their possessions with him.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 II 2. <sup>(6)</sup>At the end of his penance (II 9) Amadis is left 'with money sufficient for arms, steed and articles of clothing.' <sup>(7)</sup>Oliver of Castile carried in a purse at the bow of his saddle a thousand nobles of gold, more than a thousand Castilian *doblas* and certain other jewels of great value. *Oliver of Castile* 1482 c 12. <sup>(8)</sup>Don Belianis was left mortally wounded in the battle with Prince Galanio of Antioch and was already at the point of death when the witch Belonia presented herself in the form of a damsel. She, 'producing a little flask from a chest', gave it to the emperor, who 'without misgiving drank it all down and straightway felt himself as cured of hurt and wound as if he had none.' *Belianis of Greece* I 9. <sup>(9)</sup>See Appendix C. <sup>(10)</sup>So Saint Ignatius 'having read in his books of chivalry that new knights were wont to watch their arms, to imitate them, like a new knight of Christ... all that night, now standing, now on his knees, watched before the image of Our Lady, commending himself wholly to her.' *Life of Saint Ignatius* 1583 I 4. <sup>(11)</sup>'Directing his thoughts to the princess Lucinda, Olivante communed with himself and said, 'O sovereign lady, lend me thine aid and protection in this battle.' *Olivante de Laura* 1584 II 55. <sup>(12)</sup>'With the first two blows they levelled the pair with the earth, so that they had no need for leeches to cure them.' *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 II 33. <sup>(13)</sup>'O sovereign infanta, let not thy great beauty forsake me in this tribulation'; which invocation with its succulent memories seemed to instil fresh courage and fire within him.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 I 39. <sup>(14)</sup>True, in the civil law, of anyone 'absurda et tristia sibi dicens atque fingens' <sup>(15)</sup>'Roland sallied from the bridge, cursing it and its keeper, who had been the cause of bringing him to the brink of death.' *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 16. <sup>(16)</sup>'The duke told him to watch his armour that night and in the morning he would dub him a cavalier... But Olivante, objecting to the delay, said

that two hours would be sufficient and proper for the watching, though custom declared otherwise.' *Olizante de Laura* 1564 I 9. <sup>(17)</sup>This quarter of Toledo, the Alcana market-place mentioned in c 9, the Holy Brotherhood of c 10, and the Plaza de Zocodover of c 22, are all described in Pisa's *Description of Toledo* 1605. <sup>(18)</sup>'Especially is it a matter for regret and grief that farmers' wives, low people, and even public women in their utter shamelessness dare to usurp this most honourable title.' *Discourse on Nobility*, 1594 f 110 b. <sup>(19)</sup>Rojas in Book I of *El Viaje Entretenido* 1583 says that one league out of Antequera there is a torrent of water that feeds over twenty mill ponds. La Molinera means, of course, the Milleress.



## CHAPTER IV

Our knight's experiences after quitting the inn

**T**WAS early dawn when Don Quijote rode forth from the inn, so contented, thrilled and jubilant at finding himself a knight, his joy was like to burst his rouncey's girth<sup>(1)</sup>. But recollecting the landlord's advice as to requisites for the road, in particular money and shirts, he decided to turn home and get a complete outfit, including a squire, fixing upon a peasant-neighbour of his, poor and with children but otherwise well suited to that office. He therefore headed Rocinante home, who, as if scenting old haunts, started off so briskly that his feet appeared barely to touch the ground.

The two had not gone far when the rider thought he heard in the thick coppice on his right a voice as of a person pleading, and then and there he exclaimed, 'I give thanks to Heaven for the favour it shows in laying so promptly before me opportunities whereby I can fulfil mine obligations to my calling and gather the fruits of my worthy aims. This voice proceeds no doubt from a person in distress, some man or woman that requires my succour and assistance.' He guided Rocinante toward the sounds and soon discovered a mare tied to a holm-oak and a boy of about fifteen tied to another, naked to the waist. He it was that made outcry and not without cause, for a lusty farmer was belting him, accompanying each stroke with reproof and precept, saying, 'Wide eyes and tight mouth'; while the lad kept crying, 'I'll not do so again, master; by the passion of God I won't. I swear I shall take better care of the flock.'

Don Quijote, observing all, called in angry voice, 'Impudent knight, it looks ill to attack one that cannot defend himself. Mount and take lance (one was standing against the tree to which the mare was tied), that I may expose the dastardly trick you are playing.' The farmer, seeing an armed figure brandish a lance over him, gave himself up for dead and with humble words made answer, 'Sir knight, this boy I flog I hired to watch a flock of ewes hereabouts, but he proves so careless that every day one is missing, and because I punish his negligence, or roguery it may be, he says I do it out of miserliness to avoid wages, and 'fore God and on my soul he lies'. 'How dare you utter such libel in my presence, vile villain!' quoth Don Quijote; 'by the sun that gives us light I have a mind to pass you through with this lance. Pay him without a word, or by the God that rules I'll transfix you to your death. Unbind him instantly I say!'

The farmer hung his head and attempting no reply unbound the lad, whom Don Quijote questioned as to what his master owed. 'For nine months at seven reals a month.' Don Quijote making the calculation and finding it came to sixty-three reals ordered the farmer to lay down the money on pain of death. The terrified countryman replied that by the pass in which he found himself and by the oath he had already sworn (though he had sworn to nothing) the debt was not that large, since three pairs of shoes and a real for two blood-lettings when the lad lay sick were to be deducted. 'Well and good,' said the knight, 'pair off the shoes and blood-lettings with these undeserved stripes. If he broke through the hide of the shoes, you have broken through that of his body, and if the barber drew blood in sickness, you have drawn it in health, so that on either score he owes you nothing.'

'The deuce of it is, sir knight, I haven't the money here. Let Andrés come home and I'll pay him to the real.' 'I go home with him!' exclaimed the lad; 'O year of woe! sire, 'tis not to be thought of, for the moment he has me alone, he'll flay me like Saint Bartholomew.' 'Nay, nay,' said his deliverer, 'that I command is enough that he shall obey, and provided he swear by the order of chivalry he has received, letting him go I will guarantee the payment.' 'May your worship listen to what you say,' returned the lad, 'my master is no knight nor has he received any order of chivalry—he is only Juan Haldudo the rich of Quintanar.' 'What of that?' responded Don Quijote, 'Haldudos<sup>(2)</sup> can be knights; the more that every man is the son of his works.' 'True enough,' said Andrés, 'but of what works is my master the son when he withholds pay for the sweat of my brow?' 'I do not withhold it, brother Andrés,' put in the farmer; 'give me the pleasure of your company and I swear by all the orders of chivalry in the world to pay you as I said, real by real and all perfumed.'

'Keep the perfumery,' said Don Quijote; 'pay in reals and I shall be content. But take care to do as you have sworn or by that same oath I swear to return, hunt you out and punish you, though you hide closer than a lizard. Would you know who gives this command, that you may be the more bound to obey it, behold the valorous Don Quijote de la Mancha, avenger of insults and injuries. God be with you and may you forget not the promise and oath under pain of the penalty pronounced'; so saying he spurred Rocinante and soon had left them behind. The farmer followed with his eyes till the knight had quit the wood and then turning to his servant said, 'Come hither, my son, that I may pay what I owe, as commanded by this avenger of wrongs.' And Andrés, 'I swear you will do well in obeying such a good

knight. May he live a thousand years, since he's a worthy and fearless judge. By Roque<sup>(3)</sup>, but he'll return and do what he threatens, if you do not pay me.' 'I swear so too,' said the farmer, 'but I love you so well that I wish to increase the debt in order to increase the pay.' And seizing the lad's arm he tied him again to the holm-oak and lashed him nearly to his death. 'Call on the redresser of injuries now, Mister Andrés, and you'll find he doesn't undo this one, though I believe it not wholly done, for I have a mind to flay you alive even as you feared.' But instead he set him free, giving him leave to seek out his judge that he might execute the sentence pronounced. Andrés left him in dudgeon, swearing to go in search of the valorous Don Quijote de la Mancha and rehearse to him point by point what had passed, and all would be paid sevenfold. But he was sobbing when they parted, and the farmer laughing.

Thus did the gallant adventurer right this wrong; but he, of course, was more than content at what had taken place, deeming it a high and happy beginning to his chivalrous deeds. With great complacency he rode toward home, saying half-aloud, 'Well mayst thou call thyself blest above all living, O thou fair above the fair, Dulcinea del Toboso, since it sorted to thee to hold subject and obsequious to thine every wish and will so valiant, so renowned a knight as is and shall be Don Quijote de la Mancha, who, as all the world knows, only yesterday received the order of chivalry and to-day has righted the direst wrong and injury ever injustice concocted or cruelty performed, wresting the scourge from his heartless foe who so without reason was flogging a delicate child.' Having now arrived where four roads met, the knight straightly bethought him of the crossroads where errants were wont to place themselves that they

might cast in their minds which one to take<sup>(4)</sup>, and in imitation thereof our champion now delayed awhile. When he had thought it all out, he lent the reins to his steed, subjecting his own to Rocinante's will, which led him, as at first, straight toward his stable.

Again had they gone about two miles when Don Quijote descried a company of horsemen: Toledan traders en route to Murcia to buy silk. They were six, each under a parasol, together with four mounted servants and three mule-servants afoot. Scarce had our knight observed them when he imagined this a fresh adventure, and to emulate as far as possible the various feats of arms described in his books, he intended now to introduce one that, he felt, fitted like a glove. To this end, assuming an easy air of courage he planted himself firmly in the stirrups, tightened his hold on lance, drew shield over breast, and taking stand in the middle of the road awaited these knightly adventurers, as he held and judged them to be. When they were near enough to see and hear him, with haughty gesture he cried, 'Let all the world halt, if all the world do not acknowledge there's not in all the world a maiden more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso'<sup>(5)</sup>.

On hearing these words the merchants drew rein and when they beheld the scarecrow figure that uttered them, his demeanour and demand at once showed them that the person responsible for them was not responsible for himself. They were anxious nevertheless more leisurely to learn why such confession was sought, and one, a bit of a wag and shrewd withal, spoke up and said, 'Sir knight, we know not the lady fair you refer to. Discover her, and if she prove as beautiful as you say, with pleasure and without reward we shall acknowledge the truth of your assertion.' 'Should I show you her,' said Don

Quijote, 'what profit in the acknowledgment of a truth so obvious? The thing is without sight of her you must acknowledge and believe it, affirm, swear, and defend it, or fight, you unnatural and presumptuous louts. Whether you come singly, as the order of chivalry craves, or all together, as is the custom and vulgar usage of your breed, here I expect and await you, trusting in the right on my side.' 'Sir knight,' replied the other, 'that we may not burden our consciences by vouching for a thing which we've neither seen nor heard, and which moreover is strongly to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Estramadura, on behalf of all these princes I pray your worship may be pleased to show us a portrait of the lady, for though it be no larger than a grain of wheat, by the thread one comes to know the reel; we shall rest satisfied and safe, you contented and acquitted. Indeed methinks we're already so much on her side that though her likeness represent her asquint of one eye and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, for your sake we should say in her favour all that you asked.'

'She distils nothing of the kind, ye dogs!' exclaimed our knight in towering rage; 'she distils naught but ambergris and civet in cotton; nor is she crook-eyed or crook-backed but straighter than a Guadarrama spindle<sup>(4)</sup>. But you shall answer for this great blasphemy against the boundless beauty of my lady-love.' Saying this he drove at their spokesman with levelled lance and with such sudden fury that if by good chance Rocinante had not stumbled and fallen in mid-career, the rash merchant would have fared ill. But the steed fell and sent his rider rolling a good space along the road. The latter tried repeatedly to rise but the weight of the old armour, with that of lance, shield, spurs and helmet, hindered him and

held him down. In this vain endeavour to regain his feet he kept crying, 'Flee not, cowards! flee not, caitiffs: stand! not through my fault but through that of my horse am I stretched out here'<sup>(7)</sup>.

One of the mule-servants, who couldn't have been any too good-natured, hearing such arrogance from the poor fallen one, could not suffer it without giving him answer in the ribs. Coming up, he seized the lance, and breaking it into several pieces, with one began to administer such swings to our Don Quijote that despite the armour he ground him like grain. His masters cried out for him to desist, but the fellow was piqued and would not quit the game till he had staked all his fury. Availing himself of the other lance-pieces he expended them all on the miserable challenger, who amid this tempest of sticks kept threatening the vengeance of heaven and earth against these brigands, as he now considered them. The servant at last exhausted himself and the merchants jogged on, not wanting matter for talk on their way. When he of whom they spoke found himself alone, he again attempted to rise, but if he could not when whole and sound, how could he when beaten to bits and well-nigh undone! Even so, he counted himself happy, deeming this a misadventure appropriate to knights-errant; moreover he attributed all to the shortcoming of his steed<sup>(8)</sup>. But rise he certainly could not, since his body was one bruise.

## NOTES

<sup>(7)</sup>Saint Ignatius, having watched his spiritual arms all night, mounts and rides forth, 'going so joyous in his new livery, that his pleasure knew no bounds.' *Life of Saint Ignatius* 1583 I 4. <sup>(8)</sup>*Haldudo* means having long flying skirts. <sup>(9)</sup>A frequent oath, though who Roque was is not known. <sup>(10)</sup>'Don Roland came to where four roads met and there he delayed, wondering which one he should take.' *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 16; but see also the adventure of the crossroads and its easy solution in I 3 of the *Life of Saint Ignatius* 1583. <sup>(11)</sup>'Knight, return whence you came if you do not swear that the fairest

woman in the world is she whom I serve.' To this the Knight of the Cross replied, 'I cannot take this oath, since I know her not; and even had I seen her, I have not seen all the other women in the world, that I might judge if she be the fairest.' And the Knight of the Bridge, 'Enough! it is fitting that you take the oath; if not, confess yourself vanquished, or to arms!' *Chronicle of Lepolemo, Knight of the Cross* 1521 I 95. "From the Guadarrama Sierra comes the wood from which the spindles sold in Madrid are made. "The other knight and his horse came to earth, but scarce had he fallen when in great shame he arose and cried, 'Dismount, O knight, since God would not that I lose the right through the fault of my horse.'" *Amadis of Greece* 1530 I 64. Also Angelica in *Orlando Furioso* (1516-32) I 67 excuses the fall of Sacripante:

Deh (disse ella) Signor non ui rincresca,  
Che del cader non è la colpa uostra,  
Ma del cauallo.

<sup>60</sup>Alonso of Cartagena in his *Doctrinal of Knights* 1489 III 5 debates whether the knight should fall without or with his horse and decides that the latter situation would produce the greater advantage, since it would appear to be the fault of his steed and not the fault of the knight himself.



## CHAPTER V

A continuance of the narrative of our knight's humiliation

SEEING of a surety that he could not help himself, our hero resorted to his usual remedy of recalling some episode in his books, and his madness brought to his mind the case of Baldwin<sup>(1)</sup> and the Marquis of Mantua when the former was left on the mountain wounded by Carloto—a tale familiar to children, not unknown to youths, praised and even believed by old men, yet no more fact than the miracles of Mahomet. That affair seemed to Don Quijote to come pat to his predicament, and as in great agony he rolled along the ground, with broken breath he began to repeat the words of the wounded Knight of the Wood:

Where canst thou be, beloved heart,  
That for my plight thou dost not grieve?  
Either in ignorance thou art  
Or thou art false and dost deceive<sup>(2)</sup>.

In this manner he continued as far as the lines:

O noble Marquis of Mantua,  
Mine uncle and lord in the flesh<sup>(3)</sup>,

when it chanced that there passed a peasant (a neighbour of the knight) who had been with a load of wheat to the mill. Beholding this man lying there, he approached and asked his name and why he thus sadly lamented<sup>(4)</sup>. But Don Quijote, taking him for his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, made no reply, continuing the ballad where it tells of his humiliation, together with the amours of his wife

and the emperor's son<sup>(5)</sup>, word for word as the ballad relates. The peasant stood listening to and marvelling at this nonsense, till, removing the visor, which had been demolished by the blows, and wiping the dust from the poor man's face<sup>(6)</sup>, at once recognizing him he exclaimed, 'Señor Quijada!' (the name by which he was known before he lost his reason and turned from a gentleman at ease to a knight of the road) 'and what has brought you to this pass?' But the other let the ballad answer each question that was put.

So there was naught for the good man to do but remove the knight's breast-plate and shoulder-piece as best he could; but no blood or sign of wound was discoverable<sup>(6)</sup>. He managed to lift him from the ground and after not a little labour lay him on his ass, which seemed the easier of the two mounts. Gathering up the arms, even to the fragments of the lance, he fastened them on Rocinante, whom he then led by the bridle and his ass by the halter toward their village, sadly troubled by the wild talk of the challenger, who was no less in grief since, pounded and broken to pieces, he could not keep position, still sighing heavenward in a way that caused the peasant again to enquire as to his troubles. But it seemed as if Satan reminded the poor man of stories that sorted with his situation, for, losing sight of Baldwin, he bethought him of how the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narváez<sup>(7)</sup>, captured the Moor Abindarráez<sup>(8)</sup> and brought him prisoner<sup>(9)</sup> to his fortress. So when the peasant now asked, the knight answered in the words<sup>(10)</sup> employed by Abindarráez in his reply to Rodrigo, as told in the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor; and so apposite did he make it that the peasant wished himself to the devil for listening to such a harvest of absurdities. Gleaning from it all that

his neighbour had gone mad, he hastened to their village that he might be rid of the confusion caused by this long harangue.

At the end of this last tale Don Quijote said, 'Señor Don Rodrigo de Narváez, your worship is to know that the fair Xarifa above named is not the rare Dulcinea del Toboso, she for whom I have done, am doing, and shall continue to do the most famous deeds of knighthood the world has yet seen, now sees or ever shall see.' And to this the peasant replied, 'Mark you, sir, that, sinner though I be, I'm no Rodrigo de Narváez<sup>(11)</sup> nor Marquis of Mantua but your neighbour Pedro Alonso; nor is your worship Baldwin or Abindarráez but the respected gentleman Señor Quijada.' 'I know who I am and I know that I can be not only those I have named but the Twelve Peers of France<sup>(12)</sup> and the Nine of Fame<sup>(13)</sup> as well, since my deeds outweigh all theirs, both what they did singly and in unison.'

Engaged in this and similar converse they reached the village, just at dusk, but the peasant delayed a bit before entering, that none might see how poor a horseman their battered townsman made. When all was dark, he entered the place and the corral of Don Quijote's house, which he found in great turmoil. The priest and barber, the knight's great friends, were there, and the housekeeper at the top of her voice was saying, 'What think you, Doctor Pedro Pérez, of my master's strait? Neither horse nor rider nor shield, lance and armour has been seen these six<sup>(14)</sup> days. Misery of me but I think, and this is the truth as I was born to die, that those cursed books of chivalry, which he reads with never a let-up, have addled his wits. For I remember often to have heard him say, addressing himself, that he longed to turn errant and go through these worlds on the track of adventures. May all such books be

commended to Satan and Barabbas, since they have wrecked the most delicate understanding in all La Mancha.'

The niece said the same and more, 'Believe me, barber Nicholas, not infrequently mine uncle would read in these soulless books of disadvantages two days and nights at a stretch and then throwing the volume from him would clap hand to sword and go slashing the walls. At length, exhausted, he would say he had killed four giants like four towers<sup>(15)</sup>, calling his sweat the blood of battle wounds. Then would he drink a jug of cold water and rest well and quiet again, saying the water was a most precious balsam fetched by the sage Esquife<sup>(16)</sup>, a great magician and friend of his. But the whole blame is mine, in that I didn't advise your worships of mine uncle's frenzies, that they might have been cured ere they reached this present pitch, and all those excommunicated books, whereof he has great number, been set on fire, for they deserve to be burned like heretics.' 'I say no less,' said the priest, 'and by my faith to-morrow shall not pass without their being condemned to the flames by public sentence<sup>(17)</sup>; no longer shall they cause whoever reads them to do what my good friend must have done.'

The peasant and Don Quijote were outside listening to all this. Thereby the former came to know for certain the nature of the latter's malady, so now he called, 'Open, your worships, to Señor Baldwin and Señor Marquis of Mantua, who comes sorely wounded; open also to Señor Moor Abindarráez, who leads captive the worthy Rodrigo de Narváez, governor of Antequera'<sup>(18)</sup>. At this they rushed out and recognizing some their friend, others their master and uncle, ran to embrace him, though not yet dismounted

from the ass—for he was helpless. ‘Hold all,’ he cried, ‘for I come sadly wounded through my steed’s default. Carry me to bed and if possible call in the witch Urganda to heal and inspect my wounds.’ ‘May I be cursed,’ quoth the housekeeper, ‘if my heart didn’t tell me truly on which foot my master limped. Dismount, sir, and welcome home, for we shall know how to cure you without any of your ganders. The devil take, I say again and a hundred times more, the books that have done you this ill.’

They straightway carried him to bed, but found no wounds though he told them his whole body was one, having suffered a great fall with his steed Rocinante while fighting ten giants, the boldest and most lawless that could be found in the greater cantle of the world. ‘Ha, ha!’ nodded the priest, ‘so there are giants in the dance?’ They asked a thousand questions, but his only answer was that they must give him something to eat and let him sleep, the thing he most needed. This they did and the priest got a full account from the other of the finding of their friend. The peasant told all, including the wild things he had said both as he lay on the ground and on the road home. This increased the priest’s desire to do what he did next day, which was first of all to get the barber to go with him to Don Quijote’s house.

#### N O T E S

<sup>(1)</sup>One of the Twelve Peers of France, slain by the traitor Carloto, a son to Charlemagne. The murder was discovered and avenged by Baldwin’s uncle, the Marquis of Mantua. The story is told in a ballad beginning, *De Mantua salió el Marques. Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 355. <sup>(2)</sup>In his delirium Don Quijote substitutes for ll 126-27, 136-37 of the Marquis of Mantua ballad:

¿Dónde estás, señora mía,  
Que no te pena male?  
.....  
Tú no sabes de mi mal  
Ni de mi angustia mortale.

the first four lines of the Tirsi ballad:

¿Dónde estás, señora mía,  
Que no te duele mi mal?  
O no lo sabes, señora,  
O eres falsa y desleal.

*Romancero General* 1600 f 34 Durán 1545.

<sup>(1)</sup>Il 218-19; D Q therefore repeated nearly one hundred lines of the ballad.

<sup>(2)</sup>Modelled on Il 275-76 of the ballad:

Decidme, señor, quién sois,  
Y de qué es vuestro male.

<sup>(3)</sup>Il 310-13, the wounded Baldwin speaking:

Harne herido Carloto,  
Su hijo del Emperante,  
Porque él requirió de amores  
A mi esposa con maldade.

<sup>(4)</sup>Following the ballad, Il 347-48, 357-60, 7:

Desqué le quitó el almete,  
Comenzóle de mirare.

.....

Con un paño que traía  
La cara le fué á limpiare.  
Desque lo hubo limpiado  
Luego conocido lo hae.

.....

'Quién os trató de esta suerte?'

Baldwin complains (Il 287-88) of twenty-two wounds, each mortal, and the Marquis on removing his arms finds him bathed in blood. <sup>(1)</sup>A valiant Christian leader against the Moors, appointed 1410 governor of Antequera by Don Fernando (afterwards King of Aragon), who first captured it. *Chronicle of Don Juan II*, year 10, c 127. <sup>(2)</sup>A noble Moor of Granada,

of the family Abencerrajes that passed into Spain 1428. *ibid*, year 28 c 109.

<sup>(3)</sup>The story is told in several ballads (Durán 1089-94), in *Part of the Chronicle of the Illustrious Don Fernando*, in *Inventario* Medina del Campo 1565 f 110 by Antonio de Villegas, in a poem 1593 by Francisco Balbí de Correggio, and in the *Diana* of Montemayor (in the Valladolid 1561 and later editions only, where it is but an amplification of the *Inventario* story). At this point C has especially in mind the ballad beginning *Por el ausencia de Febo* by Juan de Timoneda (*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 1094).

<sup>(4)</sup>'My life is in your hands, as you say,' replied the Moor, 'but fortune will not do me such ill that I may be conquered but by one whom I have let long since conquer me. This comfort alone remains to me in the bonds whereinto mine evil star has brought me.' *Diana*, 1561 Book IV. The Moor then relates the whole course of his love for Xarifa. <sup>(5)</sup>So the denial in the Marquis of Mantua ballad, Il 263-66:

Yo no soy vuestro criado,  
Nunca comí vuestro pane;  
Antes soy un caballero  
Que por aqui acerté á pasare.

<sup>(12)</sup>Roland, Oliver, Guy of Burgundy, Richard of Normandy, Rinaldo of Montalvan, Ogier the Dane, Baldwin, Galalon and other chosen knights of Charlemagne's court, supposedly equal in worth, rank and prowess. <sup>(13)</sup>'Always I have heard men speak with ardour of the Nine of Fame, yet not even their names are known.' *Don Polindo* 1526. 'The Nine of Fame were three Hebrews: Joshua, David and Judas Macabeus; three Gentiles: Hector, Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar; and three Christians: Charlemagne, Arthur and Godfrey of Bouillon.' *Book of the Philosophy of Arms* 1582 f 255. <sup>(14)</sup>Two. <sup>(15)</sup>'They encountered four fierce giants that like four towers stood awaiting them.' *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 II 9. <sup>(16)</sup>A skiff, for Alquife, a notorious enchanter in Amadis, husband of the witch Urganda the Unknown, who at sundry times cured our Amadis. <sup>(17)</sup>That is, to be tried as by the Inquisition, as in the next chapter. <sup>(18)</sup>The peasant is confused: it is Baldwin that is wounded; Abindarráez is the captive.

## CHAPTER VI

The high and mighty inquisition held by priest and barber on the library of our visionary gentleman

THE knight was still sleeping. The priest asked for the key of the room where were kept the books that had done the mischief. The niece willingly gave it and all went in. There they found more than a hundred well-bound large volumes and numerous small ones. No sooner did the housekeeper catch sight of them than she fled from the room, presently returning with a crock of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, saying to the priest, 'Take these, your worship, and sprinkle the room lest here lurk some magician, one of the many in these books, who might enchant us for our seeking to oust them from the world.' Smiling at her credulity, the priest bade the barber hand him the books singly that he might learn whereof they treated—he might find some undeserving judgment by fire. 'None deserves pardon,' pleaded the niece, 'since all are offenders. 'Twere well to throw every one<sup>(1)</sup> of them into the inner-court and apply a light to the heap, or better carry them to the corral where the smoke won't trouble us.' The housekeeper agreed—such was the pair's pleasure in the slaughter of these innocents. But the priest would not consent till he had at least read the titles.

The first that Master Nicholas placed in his hands were *The Four Books of Amadis of Gaul*<sup>(2)</sup>. 'Curious,' said the priest, 'for this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, they tell me, and from it sprang all the others. As founder of so pernicious



a sect, methinks we should condemn it without apology to the fire.' 'On the contrary,' replied the barber, 'it is the best, I have heard, of all the books of this character; as alone in its class therefore it should be pardoned.' 'Right you are,' said the priest, 'for the present at least its life shall be spared. What is the one standing next it?' '*The Exploits of Esplandian*'<sup>(3)</sup>, legitimate son of Amadis of Gaul.' 'The goodness of the father availeth not the child,' returned the priest, 'open the window, mistress housekeeper, and lay the foundation of the fire.' With right good will the woman obeyed and worthy Esplandian went flying into the yard to await with all patience his pending doom.

'This next,' said the barber, 'is *Amadis of Greece* and all on that side are of the same Amadis breed'<sup>(4)</sup>. 'To the yard with them,' ordered the priest; 'rather than not burn Queen Pintiquiniestra and the shepherd Darinel together with the eclogues and the involved and bedevilled discourse of the author, I'd burn the father that begat me, did he masquerade as knight-errant.' 'I too,' agreed the barber. 'And I,' said the niece. 'Well then,' chimed in the housekeeper, 'let them come, and away they go,' she cried, as they handed her them and she, sparing the stairs, pitched them out of the window. 'What is that tub?' asked the priest, and when the barber told him *Don Olivante de Laura*<sup>(5)</sup>, he said, 'The author of this book also wrote *The Garden of Flowers*, and 'tis difficult to tell which is the more truthful, or better say, the less false. But of this I am certain that for its fatuous pride it should go to the yard.' 'And this,' said the barber, 'is *Florismarte of Hyrcania*'<sup>(6)</sup>. 'And is Señor Florismarte here!' exclaimed the priest, 'then, by my faith, he must soon be in the yard despite his miraculous birth and extraordinary adventures: his stiff barren style permits of naught

else. To the yard with him and the other, mistress housekeeper.' 'My pleasure,' she answered, carrying out his wish with dispatch.

'Here is *The Knight Platir*<sup>(7)</sup>.' 'Tis an old book,' the priest declared, 'but I have yet to find aught that warrants absolution, so let him join the others without protest'; and join them he did. He opened another whereof he found the title, *The Knight of the Cross*<sup>(8)</sup>. 'For the sacredness of the name one might forgive its stupidity, but the saying is: The devil lurks—so away with it to the fire.' Taking up another the barber told him 'twas *The Mirror of Chivalries*<sup>(9)</sup>. 'I know his worship of old,' offered the priest; 'Rinaldo of Montalvan appears in this book, together with his friends and boon companions, worse robbers than Cacus<sup>(10)</sup>, and the Twelve Peers with their truthful story-teller Turpin. I am for condemning them to certainly no more than perpetual banishment, if only because they are in part derived from Mateo Boiardo, from whom too the Christian poet Lodovico Ariosto spun his web. Him, were he here in a foreign tongue, I should little respect, but if in his own, I'd place him on my head.' 'Well, 'tis in the Italian I own him,' vouchsafed the barber, 'but I confess I do not comprehend him.' 'Nor were it well if you did,' returned the priest, 'and we should have forgiven the good Captain<sup>(11)</sup> if he had not introduced him into Spain by dressing him in Castilian. He robbed him of much of his native force, as indeed do all that would turn verse into another tongue: however cunning and careful they be, the poems never have the charm of the original. But to return, I feel that this and all the books treating of those French affairs should be dropped down a dry well and left, till we can examine and see what shall be done with them, always excepting one Bernardo del Carpio<sup>(12)</sup> that is

going about nowadays, and a book called *Roncesvalles*<sup>(13)</sup>. These in coming to my hands are certain to pass into those of the housekeeper and so to the fire without remission.' Of all this the barber approved, so assured was he that the priest was too good a Christian and too much a friend of the truth to speak else for all the world.

Opening another book the barber found it *Palmerin de Oliva*<sup>(14)</sup> and next *Palmerin of England*<sup>(15)</sup>, whereupon the priest remarked, 'Let this olive be hewn down and cast into the fire, till not even the ashes remain, but let this English palm be spared and preserved as a rare specimen, and let there be made a chest for it such as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, who kept the works of Homer therein. This book, my friend, possesses merit of two kinds. First, 'tis excellent in itself, and secondly, according to report it was written by an intelligent Portuguese king. The episodes connected with Miraguarda's castle are deftly contrived, the dialogue is courteous and clear and very perceptively maintains the essential character of each speaker. I feel, therefore, saving Master Nicholas' good judgment, that this and Amadis of Gaul should be saved the fire, but that the rest should perish without further examination.' 'Not so, friend priest,' replied the barber, 'for the book now in my hand is the celebrated *Don Belianis*.'<sup>(16)</sup> 'Even he,' said the priest, 'with his second, third and fourth parts needs a little rhubarb to purge him of excess of bile. 'Twere well also to rid him of that rubbish of the Castle of Fame and even worse impertinences, for which we shall allow him overseas grace<sup>(17)</sup>, and as he mends his ways or not, so mercy or justice shall be dealt him. In the interval, my friend, keep him in your house where none can read him.' 'Agreed,' replied the other.

As the priest cared not to weary himself further with reading titles, he bade the housemistress take all the larger volumes and throw them into the yard. He spake to a person neither deaf nor dull but more eager to destroy these books than weave a piece of cloth however large or fine. Taking seven and eight at a time, she pitched them out the window. In this way one fell at the feet of the barber who, picking it up, found it bore the title, *History of Famous Tirante the White*<sup>(18)</sup>. 'God help me!' quoth the priest, 'and if here isn't Tirante. Hand it over, friend, for verily methinks therein have I found a treasure of content, a mine of diversion. In this book we meet with Don Quirieleison of Montalvan, a worthy knight, together with his brother Thomas of Montalvan and the cavalier Fonseca<sup>(19)</sup>, not to mention the battle the bold Tirante fought with the mastiff and the repartees of the damsel Placer-demi-vida, with the intrigues and amours of the widow Reposada and the tale of the empress enamoured of Hippolito her squire. Truly, friend, by right of style this is the best book in the world. Here knights eat, sleep, die in bed, and make their wills before the end, together with much else other books of chivalry eschew. In my opinion this author is deserving, since he didn't with open eyes write nonsense fit to send him to the galleys for life. Take him home and read him and you'll see that I speak truth.'

'Good,' said the barber, 'but tell me, what disposal shall we make of these little books?' 'They must contain poetry, not chivalry,' remarked the priest. Opening one he found the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor<sup>(20)</sup> and assuming the others to be poetry as well, he continued, 'These books do not deserve the fate of the others because, written for our amusement, they do not and will not do the harm that

books of chivalry have done.' 'Ah, sir,' interposed the niece, 'twere better to burn them with the rest or no sooner will mine uncle be cured of his chivalry-ailment than like enough, after reading all these verses, he'll want to turn shepherd and wander through field and forest with pipe and song. And 'twould be worse if he became a poet, a disease both contagious and incurable they say.' 'The girl is right', acknowledged the priest, 'it will be as well to save him from this pitfall. But as to the *Diana*, methinks it shouldn't be burned, merely shorn rather of the passages dealing with the sage Felicia and with the magic water<sup>(21)</sup> and of most of the longer verse. The prose and the honour of being the first book of its kind<sup>(22)</sup> should be left it.'

'The next one,' said the barber, 'is *Diana the Second*, by the Salamancan<sup>(23)</sup> and still another of the same name by Gil Polo'<sup>(24)</sup>. 'The one by the Salamancan may join and increase the number of the damned, but the other, by Gil Polo, shall be preserved as if by Apollo. Come, my friend, let's use dispatch for it is getting late.' 'This book,' said the barber opening another, 'is *The Ten Books of Love's Fortune*<sup>(25)</sup> by the Sardinian poet Antonio de Lofrasso.' 'By mine orders,' the other exclaimed, 'from the time Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses and the poets poets, this is the best and rarest book of its kind; one so diverting and whimsical has never been put together and he that hasn't read it may be sure he has never read anything so delightful. Hand it here, friend, for I prize more having met with this than the gift of a cassock of Florentine serge.' The priest joyously put it out of harm's way, and the other remarked, 'These now in my hands are *The Shepherd of Iberia*<sup>(26)</sup>, *The Nymphs of Henares*<sup>(27)</sup> and a *Disclosure of Jealousy*'<sup>(28)</sup>. 'All you must do is to entrust them to the secular arm

of the housekeeper; do not ask why or I'd never have done.' 'And this,' offered the barber, '*The Shepherd of Filida*'<sup>(29)</sup>. 'No shepherd,' his informant replied, 'but a talented nobleman; keep him like a precious stone.'

Still another the barber produced, saying, 'This larger volume is entitled *A Treasury of Many Poems*'<sup>(30)</sup>. 'Were they fewer they would be more prized,' was the criticism; 'this book should be weeded of the failures that choke the finer things. Keep it however, both out of consideration of the author's more heroic and high-minded verse and because he is a friend of mine.' 'And this, *The Songs of López Maldonado*'<sup>(31)</sup>. 'Him too I number among my great friends,' returned the priest; 'they who hear him sing his songs are ravished by them and enchanted by the sweetness of his voice. He is a trifle too verbose in his eclogues, but perfection after all is not to be looked for everywhere; so let the book be kept among the sheep. Have you another?'

'*The Galatea*'<sup>(32)</sup> by Miguel de Cervantes,' replied the barber. 'My great friend for many years, this Cervantes, and I can assure you he's a man more versed in reverses than in verses. His book shows a fair amount of invention and proposes things but concludes nothing. We must wait for the promised second part—it may then receive the full measure of grace now denied it. In the meantime keep it in your house like a recluse.' 'Very good,' assented the other, 'and now come three at once, *The Araucana*'<sup>(33)</sup> by Don Alonso de Ercilla, *The Austriada*'<sup>(34)</sup> by Juan Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova, and *Monserrat*'<sup>(35)</sup> by the Valencian poet Cristóbal de Virués.' 'These three books,' explained the head-inquisitor, 'are the best in Castilian heroic verse and compare favourably with the most famous in the Italian. Keep them as the richest poetic treasures

Spain possesses.' The priest was too weary to examine further and ordered the rest of the books to be fired off in a general discharge, but the barber had already opened another, called *The Tears of Angelica*<sup>(30)</sup>. 'I should have wept,' said the ecclesiastic, 'had I assented to this book's destruction, for its author was one of the famous poets of the world, let alone Spain, and made a happy translation of sundry of Ovid's fables.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>In 1555 the Cortes petitioned to forbid the printing of books of chivalry and that all in existence should be gathered and burned. <sup>(2)</sup>In four parts, Zaragoza, 1508, the first three parts edited, the fourth part written, by Garci Ordóñez de Montalvo. The story in some form was known at least two centuries earlier. For a full exposition of sources, date, place, and authorship see G. S. Williams *The Amadis Question* N. Y. 1909, and *The Romance of Amadis of Gaul* by Henry Thomas in the *Transactions of the Bibliographical Society* London 1912. Many books of chivalry had nothing to do directly with the *Amadis*, but indirectly may have been brought into existence by the success of that romance. Some, like the *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533-54 (?), were free renderings of Italian romantic poems; another, *History of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France* 1525, was a translation of J. Baignon's *Conquête du Grand Roy Charlemaigne des Espagnes*. <sup>(3)</sup>Seville 1510 by Garci Ordóñez de Montalvo. It is also known as the *Fifth Book of Amadis of Gaul*. The sixth book in the *Amadis* series is *Florisando Salamanca* 1510; the seventh, *Lisuarte of Greece and Perion of Gaul* Seville 1514 by Feliciano de Silva; the eighth, *Lisuarte of Greece and Death of Amadis* Seville 1526 by Juan Díaz; the ninth, *Amadis of Greece* Burgos 1530 by Feliciano de Silva; the tenth, *Florisel de Niquea* (Parts I and II) Valladolid 1532 by Feliciano de Silva; the eleventh, *Rogel of Greece* (or *Florisel de Niquea* Part III) Seville 1536 by Feliciano de Silva, and *Florisel de Niquea* Part IV Salamanca 1551, also by him; the twelfth, *Silves de la Selva* Seville 1549. <sup>(4)</sup>See note above. <sup>(5)</sup>Barcelona 1564 by Antonio de Torquemada; *The Garden of Curious Flowers* Salamanca 1570. <sup>(6)</sup>Valladolid 1556 by Melchor Ortega. <sup>(7)</sup>Valladolid 1533. <sup>(8)</sup>*Lepolemo or Knight of the Cross* Valencia 1521 by Alonso de Salazar; *Leandro el Bel or Second Part of Lepolemo. Knight of the Cross* Toledo 1563 by Pedro de Luján. <sup>(9)</sup>Note 28, I 1, but see Marín at this place. The first three parts were published in one volume, Medina del Campo 1586. This probably was the volume condemned to banishment. <sup>(10)</sup>See note 22 of I 2. <sup>(11)</sup>Gerónimo Jiménez de Urrea: *Orlando Furioso* Antwerp 1549. Cervantes uses him at times rather than the original. <sup>(12)</sup>Toledo 1585, a poem by Agustín Alonso. <sup>(13)</sup>*The True Episode of the Famous Battle of Roncesvalles* Toledo 1583 by Francisco

Garrido de Villena; but more probably *Second part of Orlando with the True Episode of the Famous Battle of Roncesvalles*, Saragossa 1555 by Nicolás Espinosa, since the Antwerp 1557 edition was bound with the Antwerp 1558 edition of Urrea mentioned next above. <sup>(14)</sup>Salamanca 1511 by an unknown woman. <sup>(15)</sup>Toledo 1547-48 (earlier edition in Portuguese about 1544), by Francisco de Moraes Cabral, not by a Portuguese king. <sup>(16)</sup>*Don Belianis of Greece* Burgos 1547 by Gerónimo Fernández. The Castle of Fame comes in III 19. <sup>(17)</sup>Justice was delayed at least six months for those in the colonies. <sup>(18)</sup>Valencia 1490 by Johannot Martorell is in Catalan. <sup>(19)</sup>Mentioned once in the book, III 19. <sup>(20)</sup>Valencia, 1545, a mixed pastoral in prose and verse. <sup>(21)</sup>In Book V. <sup>(22)</sup>In Spain. It was inspired by the *Arcadia* 1502 of Jacopo Sannazaro. <sup>(23)</sup>*Diana, Second Part*, Alcalá 1564 by Alonso Pérez. <sup>(24)</sup>*La Diana Enamorada* Valencia 1564 by Gaspar Gil Polo. <sup>(25)</sup>Barcelona 1573. Book VI gave C the shepherd and shepherdess Dulcineo and Dulcina, which he blended into Dulcinea. <sup>(26)</sup>Seville 1591 by Bernardo de la Vega. <sup>(27)</sup>*Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, Alcalá 1587 by Bernardo González de Bobadilla. <sup>(28)</sup>Madrid 1586 by Bartolomé López de Enciso. <sup>(29)</sup>Madrid 1582 by Luis Gálvez de Montalvo. <sup>(30)</sup>Madrid 1575 by Pedro de Padilla. <sup>(31)</sup>Madrid 1586. <sup>(32)</sup>Alcalá 1585. <sup>(33)</sup>Thirty-seven cantos 1569-90. <sup>(34)</sup>Madrid 1584. <sup>(35)</sup>Madrid 1587. <sup>(36)</sup>*First Part of Angelica* Granada 1586 by Luis Barahona de Soto.



## CHAPTER VII

The second sally of our good knight Don Quijote de la Mancha

OF a sudden Don Quijote was heard to cry out, 'This way, this way, brave knights: display the power of your stout arms; the courtiers are prevailing in the tourney'<sup>(1)</sup>. The inquisitors at once dropped the examination of the books, with the result that the *Carolea*<sup>(2)</sup>, *The Lion of Spain*<sup>(3)</sup>, and *The Deeds of the Emperor*<sup>(4)</sup>, the work of Don Luis of Avila, which must certainly have been in the library, were burned without a hearing; otherwise they might have escaped such harsh sentence. All rushed to the knight, whom they found risen from bed shouting and laying about with his sword, as wide-awake as if he had never slept. The two friends grappled with him and forced him back. When he had recovered composure a little, he addressed the priest in these words:

'Señor Archbishop Turpin<sup>(5)</sup>, we that are known as the Twelve Peers have certainly brought great disgrace upon us by permitting the courtier-knights to carry off victory in this tournament and with such ease, after we adventurers had held the advantage the three days preceding'<sup>(6)</sup>. 'Let your worship not worry,' said his friend, 'for God may be pleased to change the luck and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow. For the present think only of your health: I know you must be excessively fatigued if not badly wounded.' 'No, not wounded, but unquestionably pounded and broken, since that bastard'<sup>(7)</sup> of a Don Roland belaboured me with the trunk of an oak, all from envy, seeing that I alone rival his feats

of daring. But despite all his enchantments, I am no longer Rinaldo of Montalvan if, when I rise from this bed, he shall refuse me satisfaction. First bring me something to eat, which methinks is what I need most, and to me leave my revenge.' Carrying out his wishes, the women brought him refreshment, and soon after he fell asleep, leaving them marvelling at his rage. That night the housekeeper burned all the books to ashes, both those in the yard and any left in the house. Some must have perished that deserved to have been kept among archives for ever, but the inquisitors' sloth and their own fate did not permit. Thus was the proverb fulfilled that the saint sometimes suffers for the sinner.

One of the remedies the priest and barber suggested for the temporary relief of their friend was that his library-door be walled up and plastered over, so that when he recovered, he'd not find it—perhaps with the cause removed the effect might cease; they could say a magician had carried the books off, room and all. This suggestion was made a fact with all speed, and two days later when Don Quijote, leaving his bed, at once made for his books, he did not find them where he had left them, though he searched everywhere. At last he came to the spot where the door had been and went feeling along with his hands, not saying aught but looking and looking. After a long space he asked the housekeeper where were his books and the room. The woman, well prompted, said, 'What room or what nothing does your worship seek? There's neither room nor books in the house, for the devil himself whisked them all off.'

''Twas not the devil,' interposed the niece, 'but a magician that came on a cloud one night soon after your worship set forth, and alighting from a serpent entered the room. What he did there I don't know, but after a little he went flying through the roof, leav-

ing the house full of smoke. When we ran to see, we found neither room nor books; only we clearly remember, housekeeper and I, that, as he flew off, the old wretch yelled down that because of the secret enmity he bore the owner of that library, he had used him in a way that would be seen. His name was Muñaton he said.' 'Freston<sup>(8)</sup> he should have said,' observed Don Quijote. 'I don't just remember whether Freston or Friton,' offered the housekeeper, 'but I am certain it ended in ton.'

'It does,' Don Quijote assured her; 'he's a cunning magician, a great enemy of mine, hates me bitterly, having learned from his necromancy that sometime or other I shall engage and vanquish a favourite knight of his and that nothing he can do will stop me. He therefore does his best to work me ill, but I warned him that naught could oppose or escape what Heaven had ordained.' 'Is there one to doubt it?' said the niece; 'but, uncle, who mixes you in these quarrels? Wouldn't it be better to stay quietly at home rather than wander over the world in search of better bread than wheat, forgetting that many go for wool and come home shorn?' 'O niece of mine,' cried her uncle, 'how far out thou art in thy reckoning! Ere they shear me I shall pluck the beards off all that think to touch the end of one of my hairs.' Neither woman cared to say more, seeing his anger kindle.

Our knight thus passed fifteen tranquil days and showed no desire to return to his vagaries. He had pleasant converse with his friends, the priest and barber, anent that thing of which he deemed the world stood in sorest need, and which in him was to be revived. At times the priest confuted and again concurred in what he said—the only way to keep him within bounds. But during this period our hero was making overtures to a peasant-neighbour of his, a good man though with few goods and very little

salt in his brain-pan. He said so much and offered so many inducements and promises of reward that in the end the fellow agreed to sally forth as his shield-bearer. Among other things, Don Quijote told him he should be glad to go, since some time or other an adventure might befall that like a flash would win his master an isle, and he would make him, his servant, its governor. Lured by these and other assurances Sancho Panza forsook wife and children and engaged himself as squire.

The knight then looked about for money and, by selling this and pawning that, making bad bargains in all, got a fair sum together. From a friend he borrowed a shield and, patching his battered helmet as he could, gave notice to his squire of the day and hour he purposed to take the road, that the other might procure their equipment; above all he charged him to bring saddlebags. Sancho said yes, he would, and he was going to fetch along a very good ass of his, since he wasn't accustomed to long distances afoot. At the ass Don Quijote demurred, trying to recall where the squire of a knight-errant rode ass-back. No such instance came but he decided to admit the little beast, counting on a more respectable mount by substituting the steed of the first rude knight he encountered<sup>(9)</sup>. Our champion also provided himself with lint and the other things as advised by the inn-keeper. And now when all was said and done, without taking leave, Panza of wife and children, his master of niece and housekeeper, one night they sallied forth unseen and by dawn were so well on their way they felt they could not be overtaken though pursued. Sancho rode his ass like a patriarch with wine-bag and wallet and a huge desire to see himself governor of that promised isle.

They chanced to take the same route the knight had taken on his first sally, across the plain of Mon-

tiel, but now the don travelled with less discomfort, for it was still early morn and the sun's rays shone obliquely. As they ambled along, the squire said to his lord, 'May your worship not forget the isle you promised me, sir errant knight, for I can govern it, no matter how big it is.' And the other answered, 'You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that usage among knights-errant of old was to make their squires governors of the isles or kingdoms they won and I am resolved that such a pleasant custom shall not fault through me. Rather I mean to improve upon it, for frequently and perhaps more often than not they waited till their squires had grown old in a service of hard days and worse nights before bestowing the name of count or some such title—at least of marquis of a valley or a province more or less. But if you live and I, it might easily come about before six days are up I shall win a realm with dependencies that would come pat for you to be crowned king of one of them. Do not regard this as a miracle, for things happen to knights and occasions arise in such unexpected and unforeseen ways that perchance I can give you more than I promise.'

'And if by one of those miracles,' ventured Sancho Panza, 'I became king, then my wifey Juana Gutiérrez would have to be queen and all my children infantes.' 'Well, who doubts it?' 'I doubt it,' said Sancho; 'did God rain kingdoms, not one methinks would sit well on the head of Mari Gutiérrez. Take my word for it, sire, she's not worth two coppers for a queen; a countess would better suit—and then God help her.' 'Leave it to Him, for He will give what will most become her. But humble not your spirit so low, my son, as to rest satisfied with aught less than being a governor-judge.' 'That I will not,' promised Sancho,

'the more that in your worship I have a master of such rank as to know everything befitting me and my capacity.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>'Thereupon Charlemagne was heard to cry, 'This way, O knights, for now is the time to display your power.' *History of Charlemagne* 1525 II 50. <sup>(2)</sup>Valencia 1560 by Gerónimo Semper. <sup>(3)</sup>Salamanca 1586 by Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos. <sup>(4)</sup>No such work by Luis of Avila. The book was possibly the *Carlo Pamoso* 1566 of Luis Zapata. <sup>(5)</sup>The great storehouse for Carolingian romance and ballad, French, Italian, and Spanish, was a Latin *Chronicle* (falsely ascribed to Turpin, Charlemagne's chaplain and Archbishop of Reims, *d. ca.* 800) written early in the twelfth century. The earliest printed copy now extant is Paris 1566 in *Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum*. <sup>(6)</sup>'If fortune should so favour any knight that he carry off the victory, he is bound to defend the field against the courtiers the four days remaining.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 I 26. <sup>(7)</sup>'O bastard! son of a bad woman! thou liest in every word', thus Rinaldo to Roland in *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 46. <sup>(8)</sup>Freston is the imaginary author of *Belianis of Greece* 1547. Gerónimo Fernández pretends that the sage lost the last part of the work in going from Greece to Nubia—a loss which Don Quijote, we are told in the first chapter, had it in mind to make good. <sup>(9)</sup>'You must exercise patience, since your steed I wish for my squire', says Florambel de Lucca to a mocking knight whom he has overthrown. IV 1.

## CHAPTER VIII

The gallant knight's good fortune in the alarming and unprecedented adventure of the windmills, together with other occurrences worthy of kindly remembrance

WHILE thus they conversed, fate brought it to pass that some thirty or forty windmills, rising from that plain, came into view, and no sooner did Don Quijote sight them than he said to his squire, 'Chance guides our fortunes better than we could have wished, friend Sancho Panza, for yonder appear thirty or more huge giants whom I purpose to engage in battle, taking all their lives, and from the spoils we shall begin to enrich ourselves. This is a righteous war and great service to God it is to wipe this wicked brood from the face of the earth.' 'What giants?' questioned Sancho. 'Those there with the long arms; some giants have arms two leagues long.' 'Please, your worship, those are not giants but windmills and what look like arms are sails which, blown around by the wind, turn the millstones.' 'Tis more than plain,' rejoined Don Quijote, 'that you are not versed in the business of adventures. Giants they are, and if you fear, run and pray, while I close with them in furious and unequal battle.'

With this our hero gave spurs to Rocinante, heedless of the cries of Sancho, who shouted that they were sure-enough windmills and no giants. But the knight was so certain they were the latter that he heeded naught nor stopped to see what they were, though now in the midst of them. He came on shouting, 'Flee not, cowards and low-lived caitiffs; one knight single-handed comes to assail you.' Just then

a breeze arose and as the long arms moved, the champion cried, 'Though ye wield more arms<sup>(1)</sup> than the giant Briareus, yours will be the penalty'; and commending himself with his whole heart to his lady Dulcinea, petitioning her aid in this crisis, well covered with shield and with lance on rest, he rode forward at his steed's full gallop, attacking the mill before him by thrusting the lance into its sail<sup>(2)</sup>, which now the wind turned with such velocity that, shivering his weapon to pieces, it gave horse and rider such a toss that in sad plight they rolled over and over along the plain.

Sancho Panza, coming to the rescue at his ass's best speed, found his master unable to stir, for he and Rocinante had landed with tremendous force. 'God bless me,' Panza cried, 'didn't I tell your worship to look well to what you did, and that they were windmills and naught else—that only he that had things like them in his head could mistake them?' 'Peace, Sancho,' murmured the other, 'the fortunes of war are peculiarly subject to change. Moreover I believe, and indeed it is so, that Freston, the sage that spirited away my library, has turned these giants into windmills, hoping in his hatred of me to snatch the glory of victory. But little shall his wicked arts avail against my trusty sword.' 'God settle it as He will,' said Sancho, and, helping his master rise, he mounted him on Rocinante, though the latter had half-dislocated his shoulder.

Talking of the recent incident, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, for much people journey through that pass, and they could not but find many and a great variety of adventures, so their leader said. Sore distressed at the loss of his lance, he confessed it to his squire, adding, 'But I remember to have read that a Spanish knight Diego Pérez de Vargas, having snapped his sword in battle<sup>(3)</sup>, lopped



off a heavy branch from a holm-oak<sup>(4)</sup> and with it wrought such havoc that day and pounded so many Moors to pieces, that he won the surname of Machuca or the Bruiser, and he and his descendants have gone by the name of Vargas y Machuca ever since<sup>(5)</sup>. I speak of this because I purpose to lop off as good an one from the first holm-oak we come across and I think and foresee I shall do such deeds with it that you may consider yourself fortunate in being found worthy to come and be eye-witness to things that will with difficulty be believed.'

'With the help of God,' said Sancho, 'I believe every whit your worship says; only straighten a little, for you seem to ride lopsided: that fall must have left its token.' 'It did, and if I do not murmur, it's because 'tis not given to knights-errant to complain of wounds<sup>(6)</sup>, though their bowels protrude.' 'Then have I nothing to say,' replied the squire, 'though God knows I'd rather you told me when aught ailed. For myself I shall make a fuss over the smallest twinge, unless this business of not complaining also pertains to squires.' Don Quijote could not help smiling at the other's simplicity and promised he could complain how and when he pleased, with or without cause, for as yet he had read nothing to the contrary in knightly discipline. Sancho now bade his master consider that 'twas time to eat. The latter told him to eat whenever it suited him; for himself he had no desire at present. With this license Sancho arranged himself on his ass as comfortably as he could and, opening the saddlebags, rode behind his master eating and taking his time, every now and then raising the wine bag with such good will the daintiest tapster of Málaga might have envied him. So long as he retailed draughts, he little bethought him of his lord's promises, nor was it work at all, but a complete

change rather, to go in quest of adventures through it mattered not what hazards.

The two passed that night amid a grove of trees, from one whereof Don Quijote lopped a dry limb that might fairly serve as a lance, which he tipped with the iron from the broken one. All night he slept not, thinking on his lady Dulcinea, so as to be in line with what he had read in his books, where cavaliers passed many nights in forests and deserts wide-eyed, busy with memories of their loves<sup>(7)</sup>. Not so did Sancho Panza let the time slip by, for, as his stomach was full and not with chicory-water, he made one long nap of it, and had not his master called, neither the sun's rays shining in his face nor the many birds joyously proclaiming the new day would have stirred him. On rising he felt of the wine bag and finding it much flatter than on the previous eve was stricken to the heart, seeing no ready way of supplying the deficiency. His master on the other hand did not care to breakfast, sustained as has been said by succulent memories.

The pair continued their road to Puerto Lápice<sup>(8)</sup> and at three that afternoon the pass came into view. 'Here, brother Sancho, we can put our arms up to the elbows in your so-called adventures,' remarked Don Quijote on sighting the place, 'but take care you touch not your sword to defend me, even though you see me in the direst danger in the world, unless you observe my assailants to be of the vulgar rabble—then may you lawfully assist. If they be knights, the rules of chivalry debar you from giving aid under any circumstance, until dubbed yourself'<sup>(9)</sup>. 'No question, sire, but that your worship will promptly be obeyed in this; the more that I am of peaceful turn and little inclined to mix myself in quarrels and disputes. Touching mine own defence, however, I confess I shall little heed these laws, for those of

God and man allow everyone to protect himself against any that seek to work him harm.' 'I say no less,' assented the other, 'but when it comes to joining against knights, you must control this natural impulse.' 'I give my word,' replied Sancho, 'and this commandment shall be kept like the sabbath.'

While thus they discoursed, appeared two Benedictine friars, riding dromedaries—at least their mules appeared that tall. They wore riding-masks and carried parasols, and behind them came a coach attended by four men on horseback and two mule servants afoot. It later appeared that a Biscayan lady was in the coach on her way to Seville to join her husband, who was setting out for the Indies with an important commission. The two friars were not of the party but chanced to go the same road. Scarce had our knight discovered them when he said to his squire, 'Either I deceive myself or this is the most famous adventure that ever came to pass. Those dismal-looking phantoms there must be and doubtless are magicians, abducting a princess in that coach, and there's need to redress this wrong with all the power at my command.' 'Worse will this be than the windmills,' murmured Sancho; 'see, master, these are naught but Benedictine friars, and the coach must belong to travellers. Take care I say and look well to what you do<sup>(10)</sup>, lest it be the devil deceives you.' 'I told you once before, Sancho, that you understand little of this business of adventures. What I have said with regard to this company is the truth, as you'll now see for yourself.'

With these words our champion rode forward, stationing himself in the middle of the way, and when the friars were come within earshot, he cried, 'Hideous and monstrous creatures, straight release the noble princesses you abduct in that coach or prepare to suffer instant death as the desert of your

iniquity'<sup>(11)</sup>. The two friars drew rein, astonished no less at the knight's appearance than at his words, to which they made answer, 'Sir knight, we are neither hideous nor monstrous but simply two Benedictine brothers on a journey. Whether or no there be abducted princesses in that coach, we cannot say.' 'No honied words for me, for I know you of old, ye traitors,' exclaimed Don Quijote, and not awaiting reply he put spurs to Rocinante, with couched lance attacking the first friar with such sudden vigour that had he not slipped from his mule, he'd have been brought to the ground against his pleasure and sorely wounded if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing the reception his companion met with, drove his heels into his giant of a beast and flew 'cross country more swiftly than the wind.

Sancho Panza, observing the first friar on the ground, nimbly alighted from his ass and running up began to remove the other's habit. Two servants of the friars came forward and asked why he did so. Sancho replied that this part fell lawfully to him, since these were the spoils of the battle won by his lord Don Quijote. The two servants, unused to jesting and ignorant of spoils and battles, seeing the knight engaged in conversation with those inside the coach, grappled with the squire, threw him, and after plucking every hair of his beard kicked him till he had neither breath nor feeling. The friar, pale and trembling, immediately made after his companion, who had halted at a distance in order to see what this attack portended. And now, having witnessed all they cared to, they went their way, crossing themselves more than were the devil at their heels.

Don Quijote, as mentioned, was speaking to the lady of the coach, saying, 'Thy beauty, my lady, can now do with thy person what is most thy pleasure,

for the pride of thy abductors is laid in the dust, o'erthrown by my puissant arm. And that thou mayst not pine to learn the name of thy deliverer, know that I call myself Don Quijote de la Mancha, errant knight and captive of the peerless and beautiful Doña Dulcinea del Toboso. All I ask for the benefit received at my hands is that thou go to El Toboso and presenting thyself before my lady tell her how I set thee free'<sup>(12)</sup>. One of the squires attendant on the coach, a Biscayan, listened to these words of Quijote, and finding that he intended the coach should not proceed but should return to El Toboso, he rode up to him and taking hold of the other's lance said in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, 'Begone, knight, and go to the devil! by God that made me, if you leave not this coach, I kill you as sure as I am Biscayan.' Don Quijote understood him sufficiently well quietly to make answer, 'Were you a knight (*caballero*) as you are not, I should have chastised your folly and audacity ere this, slave.' To this the other replied, 'I no gentleman (*caballero*)!'<sup>(13)</sup> My God, you lie as I am Christian. Drop lance, draw sword, and you see how soon you fetch water to the cat<sup>(14)</sup>. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman to the devil, you lie. If you say other, I say, look out.'

'Now shalt thou see, quoth Agrages!'<sup>(15)</sup> shouted Don Quijote; and throwing down his lance he drew sword, embraced his shield, and made at the Biscayan, bent on taking his life. The latter, seeing the onset, though wishing to dismount from his mule (a poor hired beast not to be trusted), had time merely to draw sword. Fortunately, however, he was near the coach and could snatch a cushion to serve him as a buckler. And now they dashed at each other like mortal foes. The others tried to pacify them but in vain, for the Biscayan in his broken sentences said

that if they did not let him fight it out, himself would slay their mistress and all that opposed him.

Amazed and alarmed at the spectacle, the mistress bade her coachman drive to one side, and there she set herself to watch the mighty struggle. In the course thereof the Biscayan smote heavily on his adversary's shoulder over his shield—a blow to have opened him to the waist had he been unprotected. Feeling the uncommon force of the stroke Don Quijote cried aloud, 'O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, succour this thy knight, who for the sake of thy great goodness finds himself in dire extremity.' To say this, clutch his sword, cover himself well with his targe, and rush at the Biscayan was the work of a moment, since he resolved to hazard all upon a single blow. The other, seeing what was coming and guessing his opponent's mettle from his fearlessness, decided to pattern himself after him, and so, protecting himself with his cushion he awaited the blow, unable to stir his mule which, unfit for these levities, from pure exhaustion stood stock still.

This then was the situation: Don Quijote with sword on high about to strike the Biscayan and split him in two; the Biscayan with sword equally aloft, screened by the cushion, ready to receive him; the bystanders in tremulous suspense as to what must result from blows of the force of those now impending; and the lady of the coach and the maids offering a thousand promises and vows to all the shrines and images of Spain, would God deliver their squire and themselves from this grave peril. But deuce take it all, at this critical point the author lets the combat hang fire, explaining that no more could be found concerning it. The present writer however refused to believe that so rare a tale had been consigned to the judgment of oblivion; that the wits of La Mancha

had been so little curious as not to possess amongst their records and annals documents that treated of this famous cavalier. He therefore despaired not of discovering the conclusion of so engaging a narrative, and this, Heaven favouring, he did discover in the manner related in the Second Part.<sup>(16)</sup>

## NOTES

<sup>(11)</sup>One hundred. Compare *Orlando Furioso* VI 66: 'D'aver più braccia e man che Briareo.' <sup>(12)</sup>The windmills in La Mancha are not high, the sails almost sweep the ground. <sup>(13)</sup>During the attack upon Jerez in the reign of Ferdinand the Third, or in 1264 in the reign of Alonso the Tenth. <sup>(14)</sup>It is an olive in the ballad, *Jerez, aquea nombrada* (*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 933).

<sup>(15)</sup>Llamáronle á Diego Perez,  
De Machuca el afamado;  
De aquel día en adelante  
Este renombre le han dado.  
II 55-58 of the ballad.

<sup>(16)</sup>Moreover no knight of the Scarf must ever exclaim 'Ay,' and must avoid complaining of any wound, so far as lies in his power.' *Doctrinal of Knights* 1489 III 5. <sup>(17)</sup>The Knight of the Green Sword, bidding his squire Gandalin guard their mounts, retired to some great trees near at hand, that, being alone, he might better think of his estate and his lady-love.' *Amadis of Gaul* I 75. <sup>(18)</sup>A pass between hills on the highway from Madrid to Andalusia and about twenty miles northwest of Argamasilla. <sup>(19)</sup>When Tesiortes saw his master thus, truly he held him for dead, and sick-at-soul by reason of the sight of his great worth, he wished greatly to aid him, but was let by his fear of not being dubbed.' *Felixmarte of Hyrcania* 1556 III 8. <sup>(20)</sup>This is the second time Sancho uses the phrase in this chapter. With the same words his brother twice warns Saint Ignatius in *Life of Saint Ignatius* 1586 I 3. <sup>(21)</sup>'Cursed traitors, release the maiden you are abducting or all die at my hands.' *Leandro el Bel or Knight of the Cross* 1563 II 30. <sup>(22)</sup>So Amadis (c 65) charged the thirty knights and forty dames and damsels whom he liberated from the giant Madarque to present themselves before the Queen Belisena. <sup>(23)</sup>'We were four pages and two lacqueys...one of the lacqueys a Biscayan, and (as is their wont) very proud of his country and birth. He began by maintaining that to say Biscayan was as good as saying gentleman... And because the Biscayan tongue cannot be easily reformed through its intricacy, Biscayans are wont to trip and speak briefly in Castilian.' *Gusmán de Alfarache*, false second part 1602 II 8; this chapter and the ninth are occupied with refuting and defending the proposition *Viscainos, ergo hidalgos*. <sup>(24)</sup>The phrase properly is 'to carry the cat to the water,' alluding to the old game where two cats were tied by their tails with a pool between. The one

that pulled the other in was the victor (Covarruvias 1611 under *gatear*). The Biscayan inverts the phrase and uses the second person for the first, which is a characteristic of his countrymen, according to Quevedo *Juguete de la Niñez* v. I p. 575. <sup>(12)</sup>A character in *Amadis of Gaul*. The expression is not used by him, but *ahora lo veredes* being a common threat in the books of chivalry, the popular mind added thereto *dijo Agrages* to make a couplet. <sup>(13)</sup>Cervantes' original plan was to divide his *Don Quijote*, that is, the book published in 1605, into four parts or books in imitation of *Amadis of Gaul*. The first part ended here, the second with chapter XIV, the third with chapter XXVII. As the intercalated stories prolonged the fourth part disproportionately, the whole plan was abandoned.



## CHAPTER IX

The conclusion of the stupendous battle between the gallant Biscayan and the puissant Manchegan

**I**N the previous chapter we left the worthy Biscayan and the renowned Don Quijote with unsheathed and lifted swords<sup>(1)</sup> about to give two such furious downward strokes as, did they reach home, would cleave them both in twain, split like pomegranates. At this critical juncture the story broke off and was left a torso, nor did the author hint as to where the missing part might be found. This distressed me considerably, for my pleasure in the little I had read turned to disgust at the thought of the difficulties in the way of finding the deal I felt must be wanting to this savoury narrative. It seemed to me impossible and contrary to all good precedent that so worthy a knight should have no sage to take it upon himself to describe his never-such adventures—a fortune that not once failed any of the errants that, as it is termed, went adventuring. Every one had a sage or two handy not only to describe his exploits but to enlarge on his most trifling fancies and follies no matter how private. So excellent a knight as ours, I reasoned, could not have been utterly denied what Platir and his breed possessed and to spare. In a word I could not persuade myself that so fine a tale had been left maimed and mutilated, laying the fault of its present non-appearance at the door of malicious Time, the devourer and consumer of all things. Time, I said, had either concealed the missing part or consumed it.

Yet I consoled myself with the reflection that since such modern books as *A Disclosure of Jealousy*

and *The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*<sup>(2)</sup> were found in Don Quijote's library, his life too must be of to-day, and were it not yet recorded, would at any rate still live in the memory of his village and the neighbourhood. I was more than ever anxious, therefore, to discover the life and deeds of our famous Spaniard, light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry and the first in our age and these calamitous times to enter on the labour and exercise of errant arms, redressing wrongs, succouring widows, and protecting damsels, such as in all their maidenhood were wont to roam with whip and palfrey<sup>(3)</sup> over hill over dale over mead over mountain, and did not some villainous churl with steel hood and battle-ax<sup>(4)</sup> or some big, big giant win the day, continued virgins till eighty, and in all that time slept not a night under roof, going to their graves as chaste as the mothers that bore them<sup>(5)</sup>. On this as on many other accounts I maintain that our noble Don Quijote deserves lasting and especial praise, nor should it be refused me for my diligence in discovering the end of this absorbing tale; though I confess that had not Heaven, circumstance and good fortune assisted me, the world would have lost the diversion and delight wherewith the attentive reader may now be occupied for nearly two hours.

In this manner, then, I chanced to find the missing part<sup>(6)</sup>. One day as I stood in the Alcana market-place of Toledo, a lad approached a silk-mercant in the hope of selling him a quantity of old memorandum-books and papers, and as I love to read even torn scraps I pick up in the streets, I was led to examine one of the note-books the boy was selling. I recognized the writing as Arabic, but not knowing how to read that tongue, I looked about for some Morisco that spoke Spanish. Nor is it difficult to find such an interpreter there, and had I sought one

that could speak the older and better language of Hebrew, I should not have been disappointed. I soon happened on one, in fact, and telling him mine errand put the pamphlet in his hand. He opened it at the middle and reading a short way began to chuckle. I, of course, asked the reason, and he replied because of a certain note written in the margin, which at my request he translated, still chuckling as he read, 'This Dulcinea, so often referred to in these pages, is said to have had a better hand at salting down pigs than any woman in La Mancha.'

I was indeed dumfounded, for like a flash it came to me that these note-books contained the history of our errant. I asked the Morisco to read at the beginning and he, translating as he went, read the title, *History of Don Quijote de la Mancha, written by the Moorish Historiographer Cid Hamet Benengeli*<sup>(7)</sup>. It required considerable control to dissemble my pleasure, but forestalling the silk-mercator I purchased all the papers and note-books for half a real. Had the lad been keen or suspected why I wanted them, he might easily have asked and received more than twelve times that amount. I then went apart with the Morisco to the cathedral-cloister and bade him translate all passages dealing with Don Quijote, without addition or omission, offering to pay whatever sum he named. He was satisfied with one bushel of raisins and two of wheat, agreeing to make a good and faithful rendering with all speed. To facilitate the arrangement and not to let so rare a find leave my hands, I took him home with me, where in little more than a month and a half he translated the whole, just as is here set down.

In the first note-book was depicted to the very life the combat betwixt Don Quijote and the Biscayan, each represented with drawn swords in the same attitude as in the story, the former protected

by his shield, the latter by a cushion. The Biscayan's mule was drawn so vividly you could have marked her as hired a bowshot off. At its feet was printed, Don Sancho de Azpeitia<sup>(8)</sup>, the name of the rider no doubt, for under Rocinante one read Don Quijote. Rocinante himself was marvellously portrayed, so long and lank and lean with so prominent a backbone and so far gone in consumption, 'twas clear how perceivingly he had been named. Near him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, and at his feet was another inscription reading, Sancho Zancas. This picture made him appear with round belly, short waist and generous legs. Indeed the narrative mentions him by both the names Panza (paunch) and Zancas (shanks).

A few other trifles concerning the manuscript might be mentioned, but they are trifles after all and have naught to do with the truth of the history (and no history can be at fault provided it be true). If there be any doubt about the honesty of this, it can only arise from the fact that its author was a Moor, it being a trait of that people to deceive. But from their being such bitter enemies of ours, 'tis likely that he slighted rather than embellished the story. Indeed I am almost certain that such is the case, since when he has the chance and ought to descant in so worthy a knight's praise, he appears to observe intentional silence—bad practice and worse principle, since the imperative duty of historians is to be accurate, truthful, and unprejudiced: neither interest nor fear, partiality nor dislike should move them from the path of truth, whose mother is history—that rival of Time, that depository of actions, witness for the past, ensample and warning to the present, and guide to the future. I know that in this particular one will be found all the pleasantest things to be desired; and if it lack

aught, I shall consider it the fault of the hound of an author rather than of the subject. Be that as it may, its second part begins:

The two valiant and enraged combatants, with their trenchant blades on high, appeared to menace heaven, earth and hell, such was the terror of their aspect. The first to let fall a blow was the peppery Biscayan, and it descended with such force and fury that had it not been turned aside, it alone would have sufficed to end the bitter combat and all the adventures of Don Quijote. But fortune, keeping him for greater things, averted it, and though the sword struck his left shoulder, its only damage was to pare the armour on that side, carrying in its train a goodly portion of the helmet and half an ear—all of which came to the ground with hideous ruin, leaving the don in wretched case.

God help me, who can at all describe the wrath that now raged in our Manchegan's heart on feeling himself thus dealt with! All that can be said is 'twas sufficient to cause him again to rise in his stirrups and, having grasped his weapon more firmly with both hands, to give the other such a whopping whack that, reaching his head with force unabated by the cushion (even that defence not availing him), as though a mountain had struck him it caused him to spurt blood through mouth, ears and nostrils<sup>(9)</sup> and doubtless would have knocked him from his mule, had he not clutched her neck and saved himself. But she, thunderstruck by the terrible impact, started across country on the run, and her rider, losing stirrup and letting fall his arms, with a few plunges was brought to earth.

Don Quijote, who had been calmly looking on, now leapt from his horse and, quickly running up, pointed his sword at his enemy's eyes, telling him to surrender or he'd cut off his head<sup>(10)</sup>. The man

was too confused to speak and Don Quijote so blinded that it would have fared ill with his victim had not the ladies of the coach, who in dismay had watched the encounter, hastened to our champion and earnestly besought the great favour and kindness of sparing their squire's life. With proud and serious bearing the victor replied, 'Of a surety, fair ladies, I am most willing to do as you list, but only on this stipulation and condition, that your knight promise to visit El Toboso, presenting himself on my behalf before the peerless lady Dulcinea<sup>(11)</sup>, that she may deal with him according to her pleasure.' In their terror and bewilderment the ladies did not discuss terms and, without enquiring as to Dulcinea's identity, promised that their squire would strictly obey the command. 'On the faith of that pledge', returned Don Quijote, 'I shall do him no further injury—though richly he deserves it.'

## NOTES

<sup>(11)</sup>The great sage Lirgandeo in the last chapter of this history left...the great Sicilian Bravorante and the renowned African Brufaldoro charging with their furious steeds, their swords on high, and with such fierce mien... *Mirror of Princes and Knights—Knight of Phœbus* V I 1. In each case ladies witness the combat. So a common device of Ariosto is to leave a combat or other incident unfinished at the end of a canto. <sup>(12)</sup>Respectively 1586 and 1587. *The Shepherd of Iberia*, also in Don Quijote's library, was not published till 1591. See Introduction, sub-heading, Date of First Part, for proof that this chapter was written as late as 1603. <sup>(13)</sup>'God guide you,' said the damsel, and striking her palfrey with her whip she disappeared into the forest.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 III 4. <sup>(14)</sup>'There leaped forth on the damsel four churls armed with steel hoods and battle-axes' *Felixmarte of Hyrcania* 1556 II 2. <sup>(15)</sup>In *Belianis of Greece* 1547 IV 16 and following are related the wanderings and adventures of the Infanta Dolisena, and at the end it is said she returned home 'as chaste as the mother that bore her.' <sup>(16)</sup>This finding of the missing part mocks the ninety-ninth chapter of *The Exploits of Esplandian* 1510, where the author tells how in a dream he entered a cave, whence he passed to a castle where many knights and ladies are enchanted, among whom is that great sage Elisabat, the supposed author of *Esplandian*. In his hands he holds a little book containing the continuation of the narrative in Greek, and this is translated for the author then

and there. <sup>(n)</sup>This travesties the fathering of *Lepolemo, Knight of the Cross* 1563 Part II on the Moor Xarton and its translation into Castilian by a Tunis captive. The Italian romantic poets frequently use Turpin as a *deus ex machina*. Benengeli is Arabic for the colour of the eggplant. 'In Castile there is a great abundance of eggplants, especially in Toledo.' *Materia Medica* of Dioscorides translated with copious notes by Andrés de Laguna 1555 IV 77. <sup>(o)</sup>Azpeitia is a Biscayan village. 'There is no surname, nor appellation of true Biscayan origin, that does not correspond with the name of some house, village, et cetera.' *Guzmán de Alfarache*, false second part 1602 II 9. In the same chapter reference is made to a Biscayan Don Sancho. Azpeitia was the birthplace of Saint Ignatius. <sup>(p)</sup>This detail and the general aspect of the fight are taken from one (which covers two chapters) between Roland and Rinaldo in *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 45-46. <sup>(q)</sup>'Olivante...pointed his sword at his enemy's eyes and told him to surrender or he'd cut off his head.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 I 30. <sup>(r)</sup>'Amadis of Greece entered to meet the giant Cinofel, to whom he said, 'What I would is that straightway you go wherever you may learn that Lucela princess of Sicily is and on my part present yourself before her.' *Amadis of Greece* 1530 II 11.

## CHAPTER X

The pleasant colloquy that passed 'twixt Don Quijote and his squire Sancho Panza

**S**ANCHO Panza, so ill-used by the friars' servants, had come to in time to witness his master's bout, offering in his heart prayers to God that He should be pleased to grant him victory<sup>(1)</sup> that thereby he might win an isle, whereof himself should be governor, as promised. Seeing now that the scuffle was over and that his master was about to remount, he ran to hold the stirrup, first kneeling and taking his hand, kissing it and saying, 'May your worship be pleased, my lord Don Quijote, to make me governor of the island you won in this vengeful quarrel, for no matter how big it is, I feel the stuff in me to govern it as well as any man ever did isles in the world.'

To this request Don Quijote answered, 'You forget, brother Sancho, that this adventure and any like it are not adventures of isles but of crossroads, where one wins naught but a broken pate or the loss of an ear. Have patience, and adventures will arise by whose means I can make you a governor and more too.' Sancho returned thanks and again kissing the other's hand and the border of his cuirass helped him mount Rocinante. He in turn mounted and followed, for our knight, without word or farewell to the ladies of the coach, at double-quick entered a neighbouring wood.

Sancho kept his ass at its best trot but Rocinante travelled so fleetly that, seeing he was left behind, the squire felt obliged to call to the other. Don Quijote drew rein and stayed till Sancho caught up, who said as he drew near, 'It looks to me, señor, 'twould



be better for us to take refuge in some church, since you left that fellow in bad shape. 'Twill not be strange if they advise the Holy Brotherhood<sup>(2)</sup>, who will lock us up, and by my faith we shall sweat our tails before we get out.' 'Peace, Sancho; where have you seen or read of knight-errant brought to justice, no matter of how many homicides he was guilty?' 'I know not these homely sides<sup>(3)</sup>, nor have I ever tasted any. I only know that the Holy Brotherhood look after all country fighters; the rest I shall let pass.' 'Then don't worry, friend, for I shall save you from the hands of the Chaldeans<sup>(4)</sup>, let alone the Brotherhood. But tell me on your life, have you ever seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known parts of the world? Have you in histories ever read of another that possessed more fearlessness in the onset, more endurance in sustaining it, more skill in wounding, or more cunning in the final overthrow?'

'To be plain with your worship,' replied Sancho, 'never a history have I read, nay, not one, for I can neither read nor write. What I will wager is that I never served a more dare-devil sire in all the days of my life; I only pray these gallantries may not be answered for in the quarter I spoke of. All I ask is that your worship doctor himself, for a good bit of blood is oozing from that ear, and I have lint and a little white ointment in the saddlebags.' 'Both would be superfluous,' remarked the other, 'had I thought to make a flask of Fierabras' balsam<sup>(5)</sup>, with one drop whereof time and medicines would be saved'. 'What flask and what balsam is this?' ' 'Tis a balsam whereof I have the recipe in memory, whose possessor, even if sorely wounded, need have no fear of death. When I have made it and handed it over, should you in some battle see me cut in two, a thing that not infrequently occurs, all you must do

is deftly to clap the half of me that has dropped to the ground back onto the half still in the saddle, taking care to make an even and straight juncture ere the blood congeal. Then give two draughts of this balsam and you'll find me sounder than an apple.' 'In that case,' said Panza, 'I henceforth forfeit the government of the promised isle and accept as pay for my many and good services the recipe of this sovereign drug, for an ounce thereof will methinks fetch two reals anywhere, and naught shall I do but live my life care-free and respected. But first tell me if it costs much to make.' 'For less than three reals can be made a gallon and a half.' 'Sinner that I am! Then why does your worship delay in making some and teaching me?' 'Peace, my son, since I intend to teach you greater mysteries and do you greater services than these. For the present let us look to mine ear, which I confess pains me more than I list.'

Sancho produced lint and ointment from the saddlebags, but when Don Quijote observed his helmet in pieces, he well nigh went out of his head. Putting hand to sword and lifting eyes heavenward he cried, 'I swear by the Creator of all things and by the four Holy Gospels, as elsewhere it is more fully set forth<sup>(6)</sup>, to lead the life led by the great Marquis of Mantua when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin, which was not to eat bread off a cloth or embrace his wife, together with other things that now escape me<sup>(7)</sup> but which I agree to as if here expressed, until such time as I take complete vengeance on him that brought me this shame.' Hearing this the squire remarked, 'Observe, Señor Don Quijote, that if yon knight obey your command to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he'll have done his duty and deserves no further punishment until he commit another

crime.' 'You have spoken well and to the point, Sancho, and I therefore annul the oath so far as it relates to taking further vengeance, but I asseverate it in the matter of leading that kind of life until I capture from some knight another helmet as good as this of mine. And don't think this all smoke and no fire and that I know not what I say, for I have an excellent example set me, in that this very thing occurred in the case of Mambrino's helmet<sup>(8)</sup> that cost Sacripante so dear.'

'Give all such oaths to the devil, sir,' advised Sancho, 'as mischievous to the health and harmful to the conscience. Or tell me what we're to do if we meet no helmeted man for many days to come; must the vow be lived up to in spite of the many trials and discomforts entailed, such as sleeping in our clothes, never sleeping under roof<sup>(9)</sup> and a thousand other nuisances contained in that old fool of a Marquis of Mantua's oath which your worship would now ratify? Consider long, sir, that no armed men travel these roads, none but carriers and carters that not only do not wear helmets but belike never heard them named in all their days.' 'In this you are mistaken, friend, for we shan't be two hours along these crossroads before we meet more men-at-arms than invested Albraca<sup>(10)</sup> for the rescue of Angelica the fair.' 'Halt!' said the squire, 'so let it be, and God grant us good luck and that the time may be drawing near for winning that isle that's costing Sancho Panza so dear; and then let me die.' 'I have before told you,' replied the other, 'to give this no care, for should an isle fail, there's the kingdom of Denmark or of Sobradisa<sup>(11)</sup> to fit you like a ring the finger, and you ought to be the more pleased in that both are on terra firma. But let us leave this to its time, and see now if you have aught in the saddlebags to eat. We may then go in search of a

castle to lodge in for the night, where we can make the balsam I told of, for I swear to you before God that mine ear continues to pain me more than enough.'

'I have an onion here, a little cheese, and some bread-crumbs,' declared Sancho, 'none of which is fit food for so worthy a knight as your worship.' 'How little you understand this matter,' Don Quijote sighed. 'I must explain to you, son, that it's reckoned an honour among knights-errant not to eat a thing for a month at a time, and when they do eat to eat whatever comes most handy. You would be assured of this had you read as many histories as I, for though they are legion, in none have I found mention of errants eating unless by accident or at sumptuous banquets prepared especially for them—the rest of their days they feasted on flowers. Though it goes without saying that in order to live they did eat and performed other natural functions, being men like ourselves, it should likewise be seen that since they spent most of their time wandering through deserts and forests without a cook, their usual fare must have been rustic, of the kind you now offer. Do not plague yourself with a thing that pleases me, friend Sancho, nor hope to make the world over, nor lift knight-errantry off its hinges.'

'Forgive me,' said Sancho, 'but since, as I have before said, I can neither read nor write, I do not know and haven't picked up as yet the rules of the chivalry profession. Hereafter I shall fill the saddlebags with all manner of dried fruits for your worship that is a knight, and for myself that am not one I shall provide things more substantial that can fly.' 'I do not say, Sancho, that it's incumbent on errants to eat naught but these fruits, but that their fare must usually consist of them and certain field-growing herbs known to them and me.' 'Such

knowledge is a virtue,' returned the squire, 'for methinks some day there'll be occasion to make use of it', and drawing forth the things he had named, the servant ate in good peace and fellowship with his lord. But as both were concerned about their lodging, the pair soon finished their dry and scanty meal and mounting hastened to reach cover ere night set in. The sun, however, and this hope failed them near some goatherd-huts, forcing them to shelter there. This compromise, bringing sorrow to Sancho, brought equal joy to his master, who felt that in sleeping under the open he performed an act of possession that helped establish his knighthood.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>*Orlando Furioso* II 47:

Di lontan la battaglia io riguardai,  
Pregando per la lor vittoria Dio.

<sup>(2)</sup>'There is in this city a most useful and necessary tribunal called the Holy Brotherhood for the punishment of offences committed in the country . . . There is an Old Brotherhood and a new one.' *Description of Toledo* 1605 I 23. The old one was established in the thirteenth century and revived in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. <sup>(3)</sup>See Appendix D. <sup>(4)</sup>'And the Chaldeans burned the king's house, and the houses of the people, with fire, and brake down the walls of Jerusalem.' *Jeremiah* xxxix 8. <sup>(5)</sup>'And Fierabras, the marvellous giant, said, 'Approach my horse and you will find two little kegs at the arson of his saddle, full of balsam that I gained by force of arms at Jerusalem. With this balsam was embalmed the body of your Lord when they took him from the Cross and laid Him in the sepulchre. If you drink thereof, you will straightway be cured of your wounds.' *History of Charlemagne* 1525 by Nicolás de Piamonte c 17. In *Belianis of Greece* 1547 II 27, 28, 35, and 37, where this balsam was employed frequently for the healing of wounds, the sacred character of its imaginary origin is lost sight of. <sup>(6)</sup>A legal formula of abbreviation. <sup>(7)</sup>Recorded in the Marquis of Mantua ballad II 660-75:

Juro por Dios poderoso,  
Por Santa María su Madre,  
Y el santo Sacramento,  
Que aquí suelen celebrare,  
De nunca peinar mis canas,  
Ni las mis barbas cortar;  
De no vestir otras ropas,  
Ni renovar mi calzare;

De no entrar en poblado,  
Ni las armas me quitare  
Sin fuere una hora  
Para mi cuerpo limpiare;  
De no comer en manteles,  
Ni á mesa me asentare  
Hasta matar á Carloto.  
Por justicia ó pelear.

This is the same ballad as that from which Don Quijote quotes at length in chapter five. Here, as there, in his rage he adds a touch from another ballad, this time from a Cid ballad beginning *Día era de los Reyes* (*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 733 l 34) :

Ni con la Reina holgare.

"An enchanted headpiece won by Rinaldo from the Saracen king, Mambriño, for whose head it was originally forged. Dardinel de Almonte (not Sacripante) struck it a blow when fighting with Rinaldo, but the blow proved of no avail and Dardinel was slain (*Orlando Furioso* xviii 151-53). It is also told of in Boiardo I iv 82; and in Pulci viii 15. "Sancho knew the oath as well as or better than his master. "A fortress in the remote parts of Cathay (China) commanded by Galafron, father of Angelica the fair, and besieged by Agrican, King of Tartary. 'That king had in his train twenty and two hundred thousand knights.' Villena's *Orlando Enamorado* 1555 I x 29. "Amadis' squire became Count of Denmark; his brother became King of Sobradisa. *Exploits of Esplandian* 1521 138, 140. Sobradisa is probably to be identified as Sweden, since in the *Amadis* it is constantly coupled with Denmark and in *Amadis of Gaul* IV 49 we read, 'Many boats passed over the sea from Ireland and Norway and Sobradisa.'

## CHAPTER XI

### Don Quijote with the goatherds

**T**HE knight was cordially welcomed by the goatherds, and when Rocinante and the ass had been provided for as well as possible, Sancho ran down an odour that came from some salted goat-flesh boiling in a pot. He was instantly moved to taste and see if 'twere ready to be transferred to the stomach but refrained, for his hosts now removed it from the fire. Spreading pieces of sheepskin on the ground, they quickly prepared the rustic meal, giving a warm invitation to their guests to sup with them. Six of the goatherds squatted round the skins, having first with rough ceremony asked Don Quijote to be seated on an overturned trough. The invitation was accepted but the squire remained standing, the better to pass the horn-cup to his master, who, observing him not yet seated, said:

'That you may see, Sancho, the virtue inherent in knight-errantry and that they who perform therein, it matters not what service, are on the high road to be honoured and held in favour by the world, I desire, my son, that you be seated here by my side in the presence of this good company, that you be one with me, your master and natural lord, eating from my plate and drinking from whatsoever I drink—for the same thing may be said of chivalry as of love, that it levels all things.' 'Many thanks,' replied the other, 'but I must tell your worship that, provided it be enough, I can eat as well and better on my feet by myself than seated on a level with an emperor. Indeed if the truth must be told, what I eat in my corner without fuss or feathers better agrees with me, though

but bread and an onion, than turkey at tables where I am supposed to chew my food, drink in moderation, wipe my mouth every now and then, not sneeze or cough if I wish to, nor do other things that freedom and solitude permit. So these honours, which your lordship would bestow upon me as servant and follower of knight-errantry, prithee convert them into things more useful and suitable, for though I acknowledge them as well established, I renounce them from this time forth even to the end of the world.' 'Seated you must be none the less,' said his master, 'for him that humbleth himself, God exalteth'<sup>(1)</sup>, and grasping the squire by the arm, he made him sit by his side.

Little did the goatherds comprehend this gibberish about squires and errant knights, so they ate in silence, looking blankly at their visitors, who with great elegance and pleasure were stowing away pieces as big as one's fist. The meat course over, a number of brown shrivelled acorns were dropped on the skins, together with a half-cheese harder than mortar. Nor did the horn lie idle at this hour but kept going the rounds, now full now empty like the bucket of a water-wheel, draining with no trouble one of the two wine-sacks hanging there. After our knight had satisfied his hunger, he reached for several of the acorns, and, having gazed at them attentively for some time, he keyed his voice to the following:

'Happy<sup>(2)</sup> the age and time that men of old termed golden—not that gold, so prized in this our iron age, could be had without toil, but because they that lived therein knew not the words, thine and mine. All things were common in that blessed state. To gain a livelihood one needed but raise his hand and pluck it from lusty oaks which generously invited him to their sweet and seasoned fruit. Crystal springs and



running rivers gave him bountifully of their delicate transparent waters. In the fissures of rocks and hollows of trees the zealous and provident bees formed their republic, offering to every hand without interest the rich harvest of their honied toil. The stalwart cork-trees, in no other office than that of courtesy, shed their bark in strips ample and light, which men spread upon stakes to form houses, merely as protection against the sky's inclemency.

'All was peace then, all friendliness, all harmony. The heavy crooked ploughshare made not bold to open and expose the compassionate bowels of our first mother, who of her own sweet will offered over all her broad and fertile bosom whatever could nourish, sustain, and delight the children that then possessed her. So, too, the fair and simple shepherdesses wandered from vale to valley from upland to hill<sup>(3)</sup>, with braided locks or flowing tresses and just enough costume to conceal what continence has always required. Nor were their ornaments like those worn now, set off by Tyrian purple and silk martyred in a thousand ways, but burdock-leaves and ivy interwoven, and in such it may be they walked with as much real dignity and composure as now strut our noble dames in all their rare exotic inventions of an idle thirst for novelty.

'In that age they expressed their love-conceits simply and naturally, as the heart felt them and with no artificial turn of words to set them off. Nor did fraud, malice, or falsehood mingle with truth and sincerity. Justice maintained herself in her proper bounds, nor did they venture, from favour or interest, to warp or offend her, as they threaten, deform and persecute her nowadays. Unwritten law, that rests merely on the say-so of the judge, was unknown, since there existed neither malefactor nor magistrate. As I have said, maidens and modesty went hand in

hand, alone and single, without fear of ravishment, and their undoing, if it came, was of their own free will. In our own contemptible times no maid, though hid in a Cretan labyrinth, is secure, for even there, through crannies or the air, in its cursed zeal the lust-epidemic enters and in spite of her seclusion works her ruin. For her protection, as time went on and maliciousness increased, was instituted the order of errant arms, for the defense of damsels, the relief of widows, and the guardianship of orphans and the oppressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, to whom I am indebted for this pleasant welcome and reception. By the law of nature all persons are in duty bound to favour errants, but since you received and regaled me without knowing I was one, 'tis fitting that with the best possible good will I thank you for yours.'

Though it might well have been excused, our knight delivered this long harangue, simply because the acorns chanced to mind him of the golden age. Moreover 'twas a pleasure to him to hold forth thus idly to the goatherds, who listened in silence and open-mouthed suspense. The squire too was silent, eating his acorns and paying frequent visits to the other winesack that hung from a cork-tree to cool. The knight had been longer in speaking than he now was in finishing his repast, at the end whereof one of the goatherds said to him, 'That your worship, sir knight-errant, can say with more truth that we entertained you with a right good will, we would give you solace and pleasure by asking a companion of ours that will soon be here to sing for us, for he's a lad of understanding and head-over-heels in love, can read moreover and write, and plays the rebeck to perfection.'

Scarce had the goatherd spoken, when the sound of that instrument reached their ears, and soon appeared

its player, a good-looking lad of about two-and-twenty. His friends asked had he eaten and on his answering yes, he that first suggested it said, 'In that case, Antonio, you can give us pleasure by a little singing, that this gentleman our guest may know there is music even among mountains and woods. We have told him of your skill and are anxious for you to show we told the truth. As you live, prithee be seated and sing the song the curate your uncle composed for you, for it has been most favourably received in the town.' 'Very well,' said the lad and without further entreaty, sitting him down on a felled oak's trunk, presently, after tuning his instrument, with excellent grace began the lay.

When he had done, our knight wished him to sing more, but Sancho Panza wouldn't hear of it: he was more for sleeping than hearing ditties and said to his master, 'Your worship would do better to retire at once, for these good men's work during the day doesn't permit them to pass the night in song.' 'I understand you perfectly, Sancho: 'tis evident winesack visits ask larger recompense from sleep than from music.' ' 'Tis pleasant to us all, God be praised,' apologized the servant. 'I do not deny it; accommodate yourself where you wish; those of my profession appear better awake than asleep. But before you go, my son, attend to mine ear, for it pains me unnecessarily.' Sancho was about to obey when one of the goatherds, seeing the cut, told him not to trouble, for himself would apply a remedy that would soon heal it. Taking some rosemary leaves, which grew there in plenty, he chewed them and with a little salt applied them to the ear, bandaging it tightly, assuring Don Quijote that he needed no other medicine; and so it proved.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Luke XIV:18. <sup>(2)</sup>This speech is modelled on the beautiful apostrophe to the golden age at the end of the first act of Tasso's *Aminia* 1581, beginning *O bella età dell'oro*.

<sup>(3)</sup>De le lor Donne, e de le lor Donzelle  
Si fidar molto à quella antica etade,  
Senz' altra scorta andar lasciando quelle  
Per piani, e monti, e per strane contrade.

*Orlando Furioso* xxxi 61.

## CHAPTER XII

What one of the goatherds related to Don Quijote and the others

AT this point arrived another of the lads that brought the goatherds food from the village, saying, 'Comrades, do you know the village-news?' 'How should we?' one of them replied. 'Well, then, the famous student-shepherd Chrysostom died this morning and rumour goes it was from love of that possessed girl of a Marcela, rich Guillermo's daughter, she that wanders through these solitudes in the garb of a shepherdess.' 'Marcela!' exclaimed one. 'The same, and the best of it is that the fellow in his will asks that they bury him out in the country, like a Moor, at the foot of the cliff beside the cork-tree spring; they say 'twas there he first saw her. Other requests he made as well, which the clergy of the town declare should not and must not be complied with, since they savour of paganism. His great friend the student Ambrosio, who played shepherd with him, answers to all this that everything must be done according to Chrysostom's desires. The village is all astir over the matter, but it is said that in the end Ambrosio and his shepherd-friend's wishes will be fulfilled, and that in the morning they will come and bury him with great ceremony. Methinks it will be worth seeing—I at least intend to be there even though I cannot get back to the village to-morrow night.'

'We shall all go,' said the others, 'for we can cast lots to see who will stay with the goats.' 'You say well, Pedro,' spoke up another, 'but 'twill not be necessary to cast lots, since I shall remain for you all. Do

not consider this kindness on my part or lack of curiosity; the fact is that the splinter I ran into my foot the other day will not let me walk.' 'None the less you have our thanks,' replied Pedro. Don Quijote asked the last speaker who the dead man and who the shepherdess were. Pedro replied that the youth was a rich *hidalgo*, citizen of one of the mountain villages, who had studied several years at Salamanca, returning with the reputation of being a most wise and learned man. 'They say he chiefly was expert in the science of the stars and of what the sun and moon do up there in the sky, foretelling their ellipses.' 'The obscurations of these larger luminaries,' interrupted their guest, 'are spoken of as eclipses, not ellipses.' But Pedro paid no attention to trifles, moving right on with his tale:

'This student could also foretell whether the year were to be fruitful or storil.' 'Sterile you mean to say, my friend.' 'Sterile or storil, 'tis the same in the end. I was about to tell that his father and friends, following his counsel, grew very rich, for he would say to them: This year sow barley, not wheat; or, You mustn't sow barley this year but pulse; next year will see a good olive crop but not a drop of oil will be had the three following.' 'This science is called astrology,' suggested Don Quijote. 'I do not know its name,' Pedro went on, 'but I know he knew all that and more. Well, he hadn't been back many months from Salamanca when one day he appeared in the habit of a shepherd with crook and skins, having thrown off the heavy flowing scholar's gown. And with him appeared, also as shepherd, his great friend Ambrosio, a former companion in his studies. I forgot to mention that Chrysostom was a great hand at writing verses, so much so that he wrote the Christmas carols and the Corpus Christi plays, which the village people acted and every one admired. When

the villagers saw the two scholars thus suddenly decked out, they were amazed and couldn't guess what had caused this extraordinary transformation. In the meantime the father of Chrysostom had died, leaving him heir to a large estate in buildings, land, chattels, a goodly number of live stock large and small, together with plenty of money, of all which he remained the dissolute owner. Indeed he deserved it, for he was an excellent comrade, affectionate, a friend to all good people and his face was like a benediction. In time it came to be understood that the sole reason for his change of garb was that he might wander through these desolate regions in the wake of the shepherdess Marcela (just mentioned by this lad) with whom he was in love.

'I now must tell you about this young woman and 'tis well you should know, for perhaps you'll not hear of such a case in all the days of your life though you live to be older than *sarna* (the itch).' 'Say Sarah,' offered our knight, who could not bear this murdering of words. 'The itch lives long enough,' rejoined Pedro, 'and, sir, if you go on correcting me at every step, we shan't have done in a twelvemonth.' 'Forgive me friend; I spoke because of the great difference 'twixt Sarah and the itch. But you are right, for the itch lives the longer. Proceed with your story and I promise not to interrupt again.' 'I was about to say, my dear sir, that in our village dwelt a farmer even richer than Chrysostom's father, one Guillermo, to whom in addition to his great wealth God gave a daughter. The mother, who died at her birth, was the most esteemed woman in these parts. I seem to see her now with a face that on one side had the sun and on the other the moon. She was diligent above all and a friend to the poor, so I am certain her soul is enjoying God in the other world. Her husband, Guillermo, from grief at the loss of such a

wife, died soon after, leaving his daughter Marcela, rich and very young, in the protection of an uncle, a priest of our village.

‘The girl grew in such beauty as to remind us of her mother, for though the latter’s charm had been extreme, ’twas thought it would be surpassed by her daughter’s. When she reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, none saw her but blessed God that had made her so fair; and most were left irretrievably in love. Her uncle kept her in close seclusion but the fame of her great beauty so spread, that for it as well as for her large fortune men not alone of our village but for many leagues around, and the best of them, prayed, importuned, begged the uncle for her hand. But being a Christian to the backbone, albeit he wished her to marry, now she was of age, he wouldn’t have her do so against her will, and in this had no eye to the income afforded him by the girl’s estate while she remained single. By my faith this was conceded in more than one gossiping village group to the praise of the good man, for I want you to realize, sir errant, that in these dull places naught escapes being talked about and censured, and rest assured as I am that he must be an uncommonly good priest whose parish, especially in the country, speak well of him.’ ‘True,’ assented his listener, ‘but continue, for the story is excellent, and you, my good Pedro, tell it with rare grace.’

‘May that of Our Lord not fail me, for his is the grace that counts. Well, then, you must be told that the uncle represented these things to his niece, telling her the particular qualities of each suitor and urging that she make her choice and marry. But always the girl answered that she had no inclination and being young did not feel capable of undertaking the burden of matrimony. In view of these apparently reasonable excuses the uncle desisted from urging,



trusting that as she grew older she would choose to her taste. He said, and said well, that parents shouldn't marry their children against their will. But one day, lo and behold, when least we expected, the dainty Marcela makes her appearance as a shepherdess, and despite her uncle and townspeople that did their best to dissuade her, she takes to the fields with other village-maidens to tend her flock. And as she moved among folk and her beauty became manifest, it naturally fell out that numberless rich young men, country gentlemen and peasants, put on the garb of Chrysostom and went a-wooing her through these fields. Among them, as has been said, was our lamented friend, of whom 'tis rumoured that he had ceased to love and now truly adored her.

'But do not think that in choosing this freedom and independence and a life of little or no restraint Marcela permits the faintest suspicion to arise that might result in the disparagement of her reputation and virtue. Rather the vigilance wherewith she looks to her honour is so continuous, that of the many who court and solicit her not one has boasted or can boast that she has given him the slightest hope of attaining his end. Though she doesn't eschew the company and conversation of the shepherds, whom she treats with courtesy and even friendliness, the moment one of them discovers his purpose, though it be the pure and holy one of matrimony, he's shot as from a catapult. With this conduct of hers she does more harm in the country hereabouts than the plague, for her kindness and beauty cause all hearts to love and court her, while her disdain and open censure drive them in the end to despair, and they know not what to say to her, unless to cry her cruel and ingrate and similar epithets to characterize her nature. Were you here in the daytime, sir, you'd hear the mountains and val-

leys resound with the laments of the rejected suitors of Marcela.

'Not far hence are grouped some two dozen beech-trees and on the soft bark of every tree is inscribed this maiden's name. Above some is carved a crown, as if the lover would declare that Marcela possessed and deserved the crown of human beauty. Here a shepherd is sighing, there one is lamenting, yonder may be heard love-ditties and hard by dirges of despair. This one sits the whole night through at the foot of oak or cliff and, without once closing his tearful eyes, lost and transported in his thoughts, is found by the morning sun. Another, giving no respite to his complaints, stretched on the burning sand in the heat of the most oppressive summer noontide, sends forth his appeal to the compassionate heavens. And over this one, over that, over all, the fair Marcela holds free and careless sway. All wonder how her pride will end, who will be fortunate enough to tame a nature so terrible and enjoy beauty so rare.

'All that I tell being true, I can easily believe that what our lad reports concerning the death of Chrysostom is the same, and I advise you, sir, to be present at his burial. 'Twill be worth seeing, for Chrysostom had many friends and the spot isn't half a league distant.' 'I have in mind to do so,' answered Don Quijote, 'and I thank you for the pleasure your recital of so lively a tale has afforded'<sup>(1)</sup>. 'As for that I don't know half the things that have overtaken Marcela's lovers, but very likely we shall fall in with some shepherd on the road that can tell us. For the present 'twill be well that you turn in, for the night, sir, might aggravate your wound, though the dressing that was applied is of such virtue that no return of the pain need be feared.' Sancho Panza, who some time back had given the goatherd's long tale to the devil, also solicited on his part that his master enter and sleep

in Pedro's hut. This Don Quijote did and spent the rest of the night in recollections of his Dulcinea, imitating the lovers of Marcela. His henchman settled himself 'twixt Rocinante and the ass and slept, not like a rejected suitor, but like a man kicked to death.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>So Rosicler, having lost his way, puts up with shepherds, who tell of the strange case of Artidon, dead with love for Artidea, for which narration Rosicler gave them many thanks.

## CHAPTER XIII

A continuation of the shepherdess Marcela story  
and other occurrences

THE first streaks of dawn could just be seen through the balconies of the east when five of the six goatherds arose and came to waken Don Quijote, saying they were ready to bear him company did he still wish to witness the much-talked-of burial of Chrysostom. The knight, who wished for nothing but that, arose and bade his squire saddle and pannel at once, which the latter did with diligence, and all set off. They had not gone a quarter-league when down a path they saw approaching six shepherds clad in black skins, crowned with garlands of cypress and the bitter bay and each bearing a stout branch of holly. Two mounted gentlemen, well-equipped for travel, and three foot servants accompanied them. Each party courteously greeted and enquired the destination of the other, and finding all were on their way to the burial-place, rode on together. One of the gentlemen addressing his companion said, 'Apparently, Señor Vivaldo, we do well to wait and witness this remarkable ceremony. It cannot fail to be worth seeing according to the reports these shepherds give not only of their dead friend but of the fatal Marcela.' 'I agree with you,' replied Señor Vivaldo, 'and I should delay not one day but four if necessary.'

Don Quijote asked what had they heard anent Marcela and Chrysostom and one of the travellers replied that they had fallen in with these shepherds early that morning, and seeing them in their sad garb, enquired the reason. They then were told of the eccentricity and beauty of Marcela, the loves of the

many that sought her, together with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they now were going. In short they were told all that Pedro had related to Don Quijote. This topic ended, another was begun by the horseman Vivaldo, who now enquired of our adventurer the reason that impelled him to ride armed through such peaceful country. To this Don Quijote responded, 'The exercise of my profession does not permit or allow me to go otherwise. A life of ease, pleasure and repose began of old for delicate courtiers, but toil, unrest and arms originated solely for them whom the world calls knights-errant, of whom I, though unworthy, am the least.'

No sooner did the company hear this than they set down the speaker as mad, but to make sure thereof and in what direction, Vivaldo asked him what he meant by knights-errant. 'Have your worships not read the annals and histories of England wherein are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, whom we in our Castilian call King Artus, concerning whom an old and common tradition throughout his kingdom says that he did not die but was by necromancy transformed into a raven, and that he will return in time and recover his rule and sceptre?<sup>(1)</sup> And it cannot be proved that from that day to this any Englishman has killed a raven<sup>(2)</sup>. Now in the reign of this good king was instituted<sup>(3)</sup> the famous order of chivalry known as the Knights of the Round Table. At this time too occurred the love 'twixt Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinevere, precisely as is written in these books, with the trusted dame Quintañona<sup>(4)</sup> as their confidante and go-between. Hence arose the familiar ballad so much prized in our Spain, beginning:

By dames so well watched o'er  
A knight was never seen  
As, since the Breton shore  
He left, has Lancelot been;

continuing with the sweet kindly story of his deeds in love and war.

‘This order of knighthood, handed down from that time, spread abroad through many parts of the world. The valiant Amadis of Gaul, his sons and grandsons to the fifth generation, belonged thereto and became renowned for their deeds; likewise the bold Felix-marte of Hircania, the never-adequately praised Tirante the White and he whom almost we have seen in our own days, yea, heard and spoken to, that fearless and invincible knight, Don Belianis of Greece. This it is, sirs, to be knight-errant, and such is the order of chivalry which, I, though a sinner, have made my calling. What those cavaliers professed, I profess and wander through these wastes and solitudes in search of adventures, whereof in the most perilous that chance may afford with my whole soul I am determined to offer mine arm and person in behalf of the weak and needy.’

From this discourse of their companion the travellers were now fully convinced he was mad and of the kind of madness that swayed him, and the knowledge produced the same astonishment in them as in everyone on first discovery. Vivaldo, a shrewd and playful person, wished to give him opportunity to continue his rhapsodies, that they might beguile the short remaining distance; so he said to our knight, ‘It strikes me, sir errant, that your worship has chosen one of the most austere professions in the world; methinks that of the Carthusian monks is not so strict.’ ‘It may be equally rigid,’ returned the other, ‘but as necessary to mankind I am but an inch from doubting, for in truth the soldier executing his captain’s order achieves no less than the captain giving the order. My meaning is that ecclesiastics in all peace and comfort seek of Heaven the welfare of the earth, but we soldiers and knights bring to pass what

they but pray for, defending the world with might of arm and edge of sword; not under shelter but exposed to the open sky, a target to the insufferable rays of the summer sun and the chilling winter frosts. Thus are we the servants of God—the arms whereby He brings his justice to pass on the earth.

‘But inasmuch as war and the things pertaining thereto cannot be carried on without extreme sweat and toil and travail, its followers unquestionably work harder than they that in quiet ease and repose beseech God to succour the unfortunate. I do not for a moment say, nor does it come to my mind, that the actual condition of the errant knight is as enviable as that of the cloistered priest; mine only inference from what I myself have suffered is that ’tis certainly more laborious and rib-roasted, more hungry and thirsty, more miserable and in rags, and more subject to lice. For the knights before me certainly experienced rough-and-tumble times, and if some through valour of arm came to be emperors, in faith it cost them dear in sweat and blood, and had no wizard or warlock helped them to their high places, they’ld have been defrauded of their desires and utterly deceived in their hopes.’

‘So it always seemed to me,’ broke in the traveller, ‘and another thing to which I take exception in knights-errant is that when about to engage in some grand and perilous adventure, wherein is evident danger of losing life, at the moment of onset they never think to commend their souls to God as is the bounden duty of every Christian at such times. Instead they commend themselves to their lady-loves<sup>(5)</sup> with as fervent will and devotion as if they were their gods—conduct that to my mind savours of paganism.’ ‘This could on no account be different, sir,’ explained Don Quijote: ‘ill would fare the knight that did otherwise. It has ever been an observed cus-

tom of our order that everyone of us, undertaking some great feat of arms, must turn his eyes softly and lovingly toward his lady, should he find her before him, as if beseeching her help and favour in the impending crisis. And where no such fair one is at hand, none the less he is supposed to say something 'twixt his teeth by way of entrusting his whole heart to her<sup>(6)</sup>. We have countless such instances in the histories. But not for this is it to be understood that they may omit the committal of their souls to God, for which there will be ample time and occasion in the course of the adventure.'

'One scruple yet remains,' replied the traveller: 'I have often read how words pass 'twixt two errants, with the result that both become incensed, turn their steeds about, get some distance between them, and then without more ado rush against each other at full tilt, in the midst of the onset commending themselves to their lady-loves. Now in the shock it commonly befalls that one of the knights turns a somersault over his horse's crupper, passed clear through by the lance of his adversary, who likewise would have come to the ground had he not held on by his horse's mane. My doubt is as to how the dead knight found time to commune with God when all occurred so suddenly<sup>(7)</sup>. Better had he devoted the words wasted on his lady to his duty and obligation as a Christian, especially since not all knights-errant, in my opinion, have ladies to whom to commend themselves, for not all are enamoured.' 'Impossible,' protested the champion: 'no knight-errant can be without lady fair; 'tis as natural for them to love as for the sky to have stars. Most certainly no history was ever seen that told of a knight-errant devoid of the tender passion, for the simple reason that should one be discovered, 'twould be held he wasn't an out-and-out errant but a bastard—that he entered the fortress of



said chivalry not by the gate but over the wall like a footpad and robber.' 'All may be true,' said the traveller, 'yet, if my memory serve me, I once read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis, had no special lady to whom to commend himself, yet was held in no less esteem—was, in fact, a most bold and renowned cavalier.'

To this Don Quijote replied, 'One swallow doesn't make a summer; the more that this knight, as I happen to know, was secretly very much in love. His natural tendency, and a thing beyond his control, was to desire every woman he deemed fair<sup>(\*)</sup>. It is equally certain however that there was but one<sup>(†)</sup> he made mistress of his will; to her he commended himself often enough, though in secret, for he prided himself on his furtiveness.' 'If it's essential, then, that every knight-errant be in love,' pursued the traveller, 'it's fair to presume that your worship is, being of that profession. And if you do not pride yourself on being as furtive as Don Galaor, I earnestly request that for the sake of this company and for mine own you tell us the name, country, rank and appearance of your lady, who will count herself fortunate that all the world knows she is loved and served by such a knight as your worship appears.'

Upon this the other gave a deep sigh and said, 'I cannot tell whether or no my sweet enemy would relish that the world should know I serve her, but in reply to your most courteous enquiry let me say that her name is Dulcinea, her native district El Toboso, a La Manchan village, her station at least that of princess, since she is my mistress and queen, and her appearance above that of woman, for in her are realized all the extravagant impossible attributes bestowed by poets upon their fair ones. Her tresses are of gold; like the Elysian fields, her forehead; her eyebrows like the arcs of heaven; suns are her eyes; her

cheeks roses; coral her lips; pearls are her teeth; her neck alabaster, and her bosom marble. Her hands are as of ivory, and her fairness is like the whiteness of the snow. The parts which modesty veils from human eyes are such, so I give myself to understand, that shrewd conjecture may praise but not compare.'

'Her race, lineage, and descent we would know as well,' said Vivaldo. And to this Don Quijote replied, 'She is not descended from the ancient Curtii, Caii or Scipios of ancient Rome, nor from the more modern Colonnas or Orsini, nor from the Moncadas or Requesenes of Catalonia; nor yet does she trace her descent from the Rebellas or Villanovas of Valencia, the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces or Guerreas of Aragon; nor is my love of the line of the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas or Guzmans of Castile, nor of the Alencastres, Pallás or Meneses of Portugal; nay—but of those of El Toboso of La Mancha, a line so modern that it can give an honourable ancestry to the most illustrious houses of the future. And let none dispute me in this, save on the terms that Zerbino placed at the foot of the trophy of Roland's arms:

Let none these arms remove  
That cannot his deserts with Roland prove'<sup>(10)</sup>.

'Though my family is the Cachopines of Laredo'<sup>(11)</sup>, returned the traveller, 'I should not venture to compare it with that of El Toboso of La Mancha, though to tell the truth this is the first time the name has reached mine ears.' 'Extraordinary,' was all our knight could say. The rest of the party listened to this dialogue with eager attention, and by it even the goatherds and shepherds perceived our knight's delusion. Sancho alone thought true what his master said, having known him from birth. The wonderful

Dulcinea del Toboso was the only thing he doubted, for such name and princess had never come to his notice, though her village lay so near his own.

The two were still conversing when in a gap ahead between two high cliffs they saw some twenty shepherds, clad in skins of black wool and crowned with garlands some of cypress, some of yew. Six carried a litter covered with a great variety of leaves and flowers, and on seeing this, one of our goatherds said, 'They carry the body of Chrysostom and the base of that mount is where he asked to be buried.' Accordingly they hastened and arrived soon after the others had laid the stretcher down, while four with sharp picks were already digging the grave close to a hard rock. Each party courteously saluted the other, and Don Quijote and his fellow-travellers straightway moved toward the litter. They beheld the body of a youth, apparently of some thirty years, covered with flowers and clad like a shepherd. Even in death it showed that when alive he had possessed a lovely countenance and pleasing bearing. Round about him lay a few books and many papers, some loose, some tied together.

Not only the spectators of this scene but the diggers of the grave were perfectly silent; till one of the bearers said to another, 'Are you sure this is the spot Chrysostom meant, Ambrosio; you wished his request in the will satisfied to the letter?' 'I am sure, for oft in this very place my friend rehearsed to me the story of his misfortunes. 'Twas here he first saw that fatal enemy of the human race; 'twas here he first told her of his love, pure as it was deep; and here Marcela finally rebuked and disdained him, putting an end to the tragedy of his wretched existence. In testimony of these many miseries he desired to be buried here in the depths of oblivion.' Then turning to Don Quijote and the travellers Ambrosio continued, 'This

body, sirs, whereat you gaze with pitying eyes, was the dwelling-place of a soul in whom Heaven lodged a great proportion of her riches. This is the body of Chrysostom, a youth of rare fancy, of unique courtesy, of extreme delicacy; a phoenix in friendship, liberal beyond measure, serious without pride, jocund without vulgarity; the first in all that is good and without second in all that is unfortunate. He loved devotedly, was hated in return; he adored but was disdained; courted a wild beast, solicited a statue, pursued the wind, spake to the wilderness, served ingratitude, and as reward became death's spoil in the prime of life, murdered by a shepherdess, whom he would immortalize, as these papers could reveal had he not ordered them to be given to the flames as soon as his body had been given to the earth.'

'You will be showing greater severity toward them than did their owner,' protested Vivaldo: 'tis wicked to comply with a request that's beyond all reason. Augustus Caesar certainly would have sinned had he permitted the divine Mantuan's wish to be effected<sup>(12)</sup>, and with his example before you, though you bury your friend's body in the earth, give not his writings to oblivion. If he in a fit of spleen so bade, 'tis not for you in a moment of folly to obey. Preserve the papers that the tale of Marcela's heartlessness may live for ever that others may thus escape falling over the same precipice. I and my companions know the story of your loving and despairing friend; we know too of the fellowship between you, the occasion of his death and his final prayer. 'Tis easy to gather how great has been Marcela's cruelty, Chrysostom's devotion, your loyalty, and the end that's in store for all that ride recklessly along the path of immoderate love. Last evening we were told of Chrysostom's death and burial here, and from curiosity and compassion we turned aside to see what we had heard

with so much regret. In return for this our sorrow and our desire to lessen yours if we may, we ask you, most sensible Ambrosio, at least for myself I beg of you, to hand me some of these writings and that you on no account burn them.'

Without waiting for reply Vivaldo reached down and picked up some of the papers lying nearest him; observing which Ambrosio said, 'Out of courtesy, sir, I grant your desire so far as it relates to the manuscript already in your hand. But 'tis vain to think I shall not burn the rest.' Vivaldo, eagerly opening out one of the papers, said its title was *A Lay of Despair*. Upon this Ambrosio observed, 'Tis the last piece the poor fellow wrote. That you may see, sir, the pass to which his misfortunes brought him, read it aloud; you'll have time while they dig the grave.' 'I shall be only too glad to comply,' said the other; and as all present desired to hear it, they gathered about him and Vivaldo in a clear voice read the lay.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>In the *Exploits of Esplandian* 1510 c 99 one reads that Morgain the Fay holds Arthur enchanted and that he is again to rule over Great Britain. This was a general legend, upon which old chroniclers, such as Diego de Vera in *Epítome de los Imperios*, based their statement that on Arthur's tombstone were the words: Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rexque futurus. When Philip the Second married Queen Mary of England, he swore that if Arthur came during his reign, he would hand over the kingdom to him—so says Julián del Castillo in his *History of Gothic Kings* 1582 f 156 b. It was here that C found reference to the return of Arthur in the form of a raven—'and there are great penalties among them for killing one.' <sup>(2)</sup>'The Cornishmen still hold that Arthur haunts the ruins of Tingatel in the shape of a raven, and in that neighbourhood at least the scruple about killing one still survives.' Ormsby. <sup>(3)</sup>That the Knights of the Round Table were the source of all chivalry would require a deal of proving. <sup>(4)</sup>Not in the original Breton romances, but in two Lancelot ballads founded on them: *Tres hijuelos habia el rey* and *Nunca fuera caballero* (*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 351-52). See note 24 of I 2. <sup>(5)</sup>The last words of Amadis were to commend his soul to Ariana. Tirante the White, on going into

battle, never invoked any Saint, but only Carmesina, his mistress. <sup>(6)</sup>Alonso the Wise (*The Seven Codes* 1491 law xxii 21): 'Eaun porque se esforçassen mäs, tenian los caballeros por cosa guisada que los que toviessen amigas que las hombrassen en las lides...' <sup>(7)</sup>See note 14 of II 14. <sup>(8)</sup>D Q puts it even more strongly in II 2; that he was correct, see *Amadis of Gaul* I 12, 20 *et al.* <sup>(9)</sup>As much as any this would be Briolanja: 'Don Galaor took her with him and the history relates that his heart was never vowed in true love save to this very beautiful queen.' *Amadis of Gaul* iv 121.

<sup>(10)</sup>Alguno no las mueva

Qu'estar no pueda con Roldan aprueva.

*Orlando Furioso* 1549 (translated by Urrea) xxiii 57. In the original the reference is to the twenty-fourth canto, not the twenty-third. The arms were hung on a tree like a trophy. The inscription was merely *Armatura d'Orlando Paladino*; it is the poet that adds *Come volesse dir: Nessun...* <sup>(11)</sup>'I promise you on the faith of an hidalgo that my father is of the Cachopines of Laredo.' *Diana* 1545 Book II. <sup>(12)</sup>As related in *Pliny Natural History* vii 30.

## CHAPTER XIV

Unexpected occurrences following on the despairing verses of the dead shepherd

THOSE that heard Chrysostom's lay approved it, but its reader thought it fitted ill with what he heard of the purity and goodness of Marcela, since in the verses Chrysostom complained of jealousy, suspicion and neglect, all to the prejudice of the girl's good name and honour. To this answered Ambrosio, as one that knew well his friend's most secret thought, 'To free yourself of this uncertainty, sir, you must realize that when the poor fellow wrote the poem he was absent from Marcela, from whom he banished himself to see whether or no separation would affect him as it has others. But inasmuch as there's naught that doesn't distress an absent lover and no fear that does not haunt him, so Chrysostom was as much beside himself with suspicions and imaginary causes of jealousy as though they had been real. This however does not lessen the truth of what is said of the virtue of the girl, in whom envy itself cannot and should not find fault, save that she is cruel, a little arrogant, and more than a little contemptuous toward lovers.' 'You have spoken well,' acknowledged Vivaldo.

The latter was about to read another paper he had saved, when he was prevented by the appearance of a marvellous vision (for so it seemed) that presented itself above them. Upon the large rock where the grave was being dug came into view the shepherdess Marcela, beautiful beyond all they had heard. Those that had never seen her gazed at her speechless, nor were the others less astounded.

Scarce had Ambrosio realized her presence when he said with manifest indignation, 'O relentless basilisk of these mountains, you are here perchance to see if the wounds of this poor creature, slain by your heartlessness, will bleed afresh at your coming. Is it that or do you wish to glory in your cruel deeds and look down from on high upon the burning of your enkindled Rome, like another pitiless Nero? Belike you would haughtily trample under foot this ill-used body, as Tarquin's<sup>(1)</sup> daughter did his? At once tell us your mission and pleasure, for knowing as I do that Chrysostom's thoughts never failed you in his life, I shall see that all his friends obey you now that he is dead.'

'I come not, Ambrosio, for any of the purposes you have named. Rather I come in mine own defence, to show how unreasonable are they that blame me for their trials and Chrysostom's death. I beseech you all to give ear, for little time and few words will win men of understanding to the truth. Heaven made me fair, you say, and so fair that in spite of yourselves my beauty moves you to love me, and you insist that I in return am bound to love you. With the perception given me of God I realize that all beauty is lovable, but I do not feel that because it is loved it must of necessity love in return, especially as it might well be that the lover of beauty was himself ugly, and since ugliness is displeasing, how idle would it sound to say, 'I love you for your beauty; you must love me though ugly.'

'If on the other hand the man and woman were equally comely, it doesn't follow that they should equally love, since certain kinds of beauty do not excite the affections but merely gratify the eye. Indeed if all beauties inspired love, one wouldn't know where to rest; but even as lovely things are without number, so is there infinite variety in tastes. More-



over, have I heard say that true love is single-minded and acts of its own free will, and if this be true, as I think it is, why wish my affections to be forced? Is it merely because you love me deeply? Tell me, had Heaven made me ugly instead, would I be right in complaining that you love me not? Furthermore you must consider that I did not choose my beauty, but Heaven of its bounty bestowed it unsought upon me, and even as the serpent is not to be berated for its poison, though he kill with it, since it's a gift of nature, so should I not be censured, being fair. Beauty in a good woman is like a distant flame or sharp sword: it neither burns nor cuts those that stand apart. Honour and virtue are not only adornments of the soul, but without them the body too, though it appear beautiful, should not be esteemed so. And if purity is one of the virtues that most adorn both body and soul, why should she that is loved for beauty, sacrifice her purity by yielding to the wish of one that simply for his selfish pleasure seeks with all means at his command that she do so?

'Free was I born, and that I might continue so to live, I chose the solitude of the fields. The mountain-trees are my companions, the clear waters of these brooks my mirror, to the trees and the brooks I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am a fire removed and a sword afar off. Those in whom I have aroused passion by my countenance, I have disdained by my word. If desire feeds on hopes, none have I given Chrysostom or another, and if any have died therefrom, his own obstinacy, be it said, and not my cruelty, killed him. But if it be charged against me that his purpose was honourable and that therefore I should have yielded, I can only say that when first on this spot where now they dig his grave he made known the seriousness

of his intent, I told him that mine held to live singly all my life and that only our mother earth should enjoy the fruitage of my chastity and my beauty's spoils. If on top of all this plain-speaking he hoped against hope and tried to sail against the wind, what wonder if he perished in the whirlpool of his own recklessness?

'Had I encouraged Chrysostom, I had been false; had I gratified him, it would have been against my better instinct and intent. Though refused he persisted, not hated he despaired. Consider now if I am to blame that he suffered. Let him that has been deceived complain, let him despair whom promised hopes have failed. Let him take courage whom I shall invite and let him whom I admit rejoice. But let him not cry me cruel and fatal whom I neither promise nor deceive, neither invite nor admit to my company. Heaven has not yet ordained mine a fated love and 'tis vain to think I shall love from choice.

'Let this then serve inclusively for all that for their several advantages importune me. Henceforth let it be understood that if any die for me, 'twas not from jealousy, and frankness should never be interpreted as rebuke. He that calls me wild beast, and basilisk, let him quit me as a wicked, baleful being; he that calls me ungrateful, let him not serve me; or hateful, let him not know me; or cruel, follow me. For this wild beast, this basilisk, this cruel and hateful ingrate, will not seek, serve, know or follow them, they may rest assured. If his impatience and unbridled passion caused Chrysostom's death, what blame can be attached to mine open conduct and withdrawal? If I preserve my purity in the company of trees, why does he that would have me preserve it among men exert himself that I may lose it? I, as you know, have riches and covet no man's. I delight in freedom and would not subject myself.

I neither love nor hate. Neither do I deceive this man and solicit that, nor scoff at one and favour another. Natural companionship with these village-maidens and the care of my goats engage me. My wishes are bounded by these mountains, and if they soar beyond, 'tis but to contemplate the beauty of the sky—steps whereby the soul journeys to its first abode.'

With this and without waiting for reply Marcela turned and disappeared into the depths of the neighbouring wood, leaving them all as struck with admiration for her understanding as for her beauty. Some of the shepherds, wounded by the keen arrows of light from her beautiful eyes, made as if to follow, ignoring her plain prohibition. When Don Quijote observed this, thinking his chivalry as champion of maidens would be well employed, he clapped hand to sword-hilt and said in loud and certain tones, 'Let none of whatever condition or estate dare follow the fair Marcela on pain of falling under my wrath. She made clear to you the little or no blame attaching to her for Chrysostom's death and how far she is from yielding to the desires of any lover. Instead of being followed and persecuted, she should be prized and respected by all good people of this world, for she alone therein purposes to live with these pure desires.'

Owing either to these threats or to Ambrosio's saying they should first finish their duty to their good friend, not a shepherd moved or left the spot till the grave was dug, the papers burned, and the body lowered to its resting place amidst the tears of all. They covered the grave with a huge boulder till such time as a slab could be made whereon Ambrosio purposed to have cut the following:

Beneath this sod has lain  
A lover's body cold—  
A shepherd of the fold  
That died through love's disdain.

Who killed the luckless swain?  
A maiden fair but rude,  
By whose ingratitude  
Love amplifies his reign.

They then strewed many leaves and flowers, and expressing their last sympathy to Ambrosio, the company dispersed. Don Quijote took leave of his hosts and the travellers, who besought his company to Seville as a city rich in adventures, where every street and corner offered more than any place he could find. The knight thanked them for their good will but he could not and would not go till he had rid these mountains of bandits, in whom report said they abounded. Seeing his good and firm intent the travellers pressed no further and taking leave anew continued their journey, during which was no lack of matter for discussion regarding both Marcela and Chrysostom and the frenzy of the knight. He on his part decided to seek out the shepherdess and offer his services. But it fell out other than was expected, as is related in the course of this faithful narrative, of which here ends the Second Part<sup>(2)</sup>.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Tarquin, meaning Servius Tullius. C follows an old ballad beginning *Tulia, hija de Tarquino* Durán 518. <sup>(2)</sup>See note 16 of I 8.

## CHAPTER XV

The calamity that overtook our knight in connection with certain heartless Yanguesans<sup>(1)</sup>

**T**HE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates that after Don Quijote took leave of his hosts and the rest of the company at Chrysostom's burial, he and squire entered the wood into which the shepherdess Marcela had disappeared. After wandering for more than two hours in vain search, they came out upon a grassy green meadow bordered by a cool and pleasant stream, so that they, already very warm, could not but pass there the siesta. They dismounted and, letting the ass and Rocinante feed at large on the abundant pasturage, themselves plundered the saddlebags, and waiving ceremony ate of their contents in good peace and fellowship. Sancho had not taken the trouble to hobble Rocinante, thinking him so gentle and dispassionate that not all the mares of the Cordovan mead could lead him astray. But fate and the devil, who doesn't always sleep, ordained that a number of Galician ponies, the property of Yanguesan carriers, should be feeding in that same pasture, it being the fashion of such gentlemen to pass the siesta with their teams in watered grassy places such as this.

Now Rocinante took it into his head to disport himself with these lady-ponies, and having once scented them, departing from his usual procedure, went at very brisk trot and without his master's leave to tell them of his pleasure. The ponies however apparently preferred feeding to aught else and received their caller with heels and teeth so forcefully that they soon had broken his girth and clean

rid him of his saddle. But what must have still more displeased him was that the carriers, seeing the violence offered their thoroughbreds, hastened to the spot with loading-sticks and gave him such a rib-roasting as to level him, considerably damaged, with the ground. The knight and squire, witnessing this punishment, came running up out of breath, the one saying to the other, 'Methinks, friend Sancho, that these are not knights but a low-lived worthless rabble, and you therefore may lawfully<sup>(2)</sup> aid me in wreaking deserved vengeance for the insult offered my steed before my very eyes.' 'What devils of vengeance have we to wreak,' gasped the other, 'when they are more than twenty and we but two, or maybe one and a half?'

'I am a hundred,' cried his master, who without more ado now clapped hand to sword and charged the mob, followed by his squire, whom his example incited. With his first sword-cut Don Quijote opened the leathern jacket of one of the Yanguesans, together with a good bit of his shoulder, but his friends, seeing themselves abused by two only and they so many, grasped their stakes, surrounded the pair and began to baste them with most determined fury. The result was that their second blow felled squire and master together, for the latter's skill and courage proved but vain, and he lay at the feet of his good steed, who had not yet risen. From this may be gauged the pounding force of stakes when wielded by rustic and wrathful hands.

Seeing the mischief they had wrought, the carriers with all possible speed loaded their ponies and went their way, leaving the two adventurers a sad sight and in sorrier mood. The first to show his displeasure was Sancho, who, on discovering his master hard by, called in weak, pitiful accents, 'Señor Don Quijote, ah, Señor Don Quijote!' 'What

do you want, brother Sancho?' came from the other in the same feeble aggrieved tone. 'If possible, I would your worship gave me two gulps of that Feo (ugly) Blas' balsam, if you have some handy. It may be good for broken bones as for wounds.' 'Ah had I but that here, what more should we need, ill-fated that I am! But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, provided fortune do not order otherwise, I'll possess that treasure ere two days are passed, or my hands shall ply ill.'

'And how many do you think it will be ere we can move our feet?' 'I for myself cannot guess,' replied the cudgelled knight; 'but the blame for this is mine, since I shouldn't have fought with men not dubbed as I. Verily, I believe that as penalty for this trespass the God of battles allowed our chastisement. Wherefore, brother, 'twere well that you be warned of what I am about to tell, for it deeply concerns the welfare of both. It is that when you see such riffraff working us harm, do not wait till I draw sword against them, for I shall refrain. But do you draw yours and lay on to your heart's content. Should knights come to their aid and protection, I shall be ready to oppose them and defend you with all my power; and you've had a thousand proofs of how far the might of my strong arm availeth,' so inflated had the poor gentleman become through his triumph over the gallant Biscayan.

This suggestion did not strike Sancho favourably enough to let it pass without saying, 'Señor, I am law-abiding, gentle and a lover of ease, and I can overlook any injury whatsoever, for I have a wife and children to feed and raise. In return let this be my suggestion (it cannot be a command) that on no account shall I draw sword against countryman or cavalier: before God I henceforth forgive all hurt that has been or shall be done me, whether he that

has done, does now or shall do it be high or low, rich or poor, noble or commoner, no rank or condition excepted.' To which his master replied, 'I would I had breath enough to speak with a little ease and that the pain in this rib would lessen, that I might make clear to you, Panza, your error. For look here, sinner, if the wind of fortune, which till now has blown dead against us, should suddenly shift in our favour, bellying the sails of our desires, so that safely and freely we reach our port in one of the promised isles, how will you fare, if on winning it I make you its lord? Why, you'll bring all to naught, because you are not a knight nor wish to be one, and have no courage, nor care to avenge your injuries and protect your realm. You must realize that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered the subjects are never so content or so much their new lord's partisans that he need not fear their springing a revolution, trying to see what fortune will do for them as they say. The new incumbent must, necessarily, be wise enough to govern and valiant enough to fight and defend himself in every emergency.'

'In this last one,' replied Sancho, 'I would I had possessed the wisdom and valour your worship mentions. But I swear to you on the faith of a poor man that for the present I'm more in need of plasters than palaver. Try your worship to rise, and let us help Rocinante, though in truth he doesn't deserve it, being the cause of all this drubbing. I never would have believed it of Rocinante, whom I took for a chaste person and as great a lover of the peace as myself. 'Tis a true saying that it takes a long time to know people and that in life nothing's certain. Who'd have thought that on the heels of those heavy whacks your worship gave that unlucky knight-errant, would come posthaste such a tempest as but now fell on our shoul-



ders?' 'Yours, Sancho, should be accustomed to such squalls, but mine, acquainted with soft cloth and fine linen, naturally feel the pain of this mishap more acutely. And did I not imagine, imagine do I say? did I not know as a fact, that all these discomforts are closely affiliated with the practice of arms, I should be ready to die on the spot from pure exhaustion.'

Again the squire made answer, 'If these humiliations be the natural harvest of chivalry, tell me, sir, are there many in a year and do they come at certain seasons? For methinks with two such reapings we should be no good for a third, unless God of his infinite mercy come to our aid.' 'Be assured, friend Sancho,' responded the other, 'that though the life of knights-errant is exposed to a thousand perils and reverses, equally is it in their power to become kings and emperors—as experience has shown with many knights whose histories I know from beginning to end. I now could tell you, pain permitting, of some that have risen solely through valour to those high stations, yet found themselves, both before and after, in divers miseries and vicissitudes. Amadis<sup>(3)</sup>, for example, fell into the power of his mortal enemy the magician Arcalaus who, it is asserted, tied him to a pillar in the courtyard and with his horse's reins applied more than two hundred lashes. Moreover there's an unknown but trustworthy author who relates how the Knight of Phœbus, falling through a trap-door at a certain castle, straightway found himself tied hand and foot in a cavern<sup>(4)</sup>, where they injected into him a certain thing called a clyster, made of snow and water, which nearly proved his finish; had not a sage and great friend rescued him in his jeopardy, the poor fellow would have fared ill indeed.

'I, therefore, being in such good company, can well bear my sufferings, the better that the calamities that overtook them were worse than ours. For I must enlighten you, Sancho, that wounds given with instruments already in the hand are no humiliation, as is expressly set down in the law of the duel. For example, if a cobbler strike another with a last, the recipient of the blow is not said to have been mauled thereby. This I say lest you think that, pummeled as we were, we were also in some degree insulted. The arms those men carried and wherewith they basted us were merely packstaves—not a rapier, as I remember, or sword or dagger among them.'

'They gave me no time to observe, sir, for hardly had I grasped my good weapon, when their sticks, or whatever they were, signed the cross on my shoulders in such a way as to deprive me of eyesight and the use of my legs, fetching me where now I lie, and where it gives me no concern whether stakes made it an insult or not. The pain of the blows does interest me, since they're as likely to remain as deeply impressed on my memory as on my shoulders.' 'Still, brother Sancho, you must bear in mind there's no memory time does not obliterate, no suffering death doesn't consume.' 'But what worse luck can there be than that which must wait for death to obliterate, or time to consume? Were our disaster of the kind that a couple of bandages could cure, it wouldn't be so bad, but I am beginning to think the plasters of a whole hospital won't straighten us out.'

'Enough of this, my son: pluck strength out of weakness and I'll do the same. Let us first look to Rocinante, since it appears that not the least part of this misfortune fell to him.' 'What wonder, master, since he too is an errant. The astonishing thing is that while we three came off without a rib, mine ass escaped without a rub.' 'In reverses, my son, fortune

ever leaves one door open for their relief; even as now, when this little beast, relieving Rocinante, can carry me hence to some castle where my wounds may be healed. I shall the less consider such a mount dishonour in that I remember how the good old Silenus, tutor to the merry god of laughter, entered the hundred-gated<sup>(5)</sup> city riding very pleasantly a fine-looking ass.' 'Maybe he did,' said the squire, 'but there's big difference between going mounted like a gentleman and slung across like a sack of sweepings.'

To this the master replied, 'Battle-wounds augment not lessen honour; so speak no more, Panza friend. Rise, I say, as best you can, and place me on your ass however you think well, and let us depart lest night overtake us in this wilderness.' 'I have heard you tell,' ventured the other, 'that it's quite the thing for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most of the year and that they consider it good luck.' 'That is when they cannot do better, or when they're in love. There have been knights that, unknown to their ladies fair, remained two years on a cliff exposed to the sun and the darkness and the sky's inclemency. Such an one was Amadis, who under the name of Beltenebros abode on Peña Pobre eight years or months—I am not sure which<sup>(6)</sup>. Be that as it may, he did penance there for some fault or other which the princess Oriana took exception to<sup>(7)</sup>. But let us drop this, boy, and make haste ere some disaster befall the ass similar to the one that overtook Rocinante.'

'Here would the devil be then, sure,' quoth Sancho; and with thirty ohs, sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses and plagues on the creature that had brought him to this pass, he raised himself, but only part way, unable to stand upright, bent like a Turkish bow. Yet with all this distress he managed to pannel his ass, who in the immoderate license

of that day as well had gone astray. He then helped to his feet Rocinante, who, had he possessed a tongue wherewith to complain, certainly would not have lagged a whit behind master or man. Last of all Sancho laid his lord athwart the smaller beast and tying the horse on behind took his ass by the halter and set out toward where he thought the high-road lay. As chance guided their affairs from good to better, he had gone less than a short league when he discovered the road and on it an inn, which to his sorrow and the other's joy must needs be a castle. Sancho insisted that it was an inn and his master that it was certainly a castle, and the dispute was still on when they reached it, at the gateway of which without further argument the squire entered, himself and all his retinue.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Natives of Yanguas in the province of Segovia. <sup>(2)</sup>See note 3 on I 2. <sup>(3)</sup>Not Amadis, but his squire Gandalin, was tied to a post I 18. <sup>(4)</sup>Lisuarte of Greece c 54 and Amadis of Gaul III 7 in their respective histories fell through traps, but not the Knight of Phoebus. <sup>(5)</sup>The Grecian Thebes had but seven gates; the Egyptian a hundred. Juan de Mena made the blunder before C in *copla* 38 of *Las Trecientas* 1496, and the gloss (appearing in the edition of 1499) calls attention thereto. The Egyptian Thebes was actually without walls or gates—the tradition that it had a hundred gates is due to an interpolation in the *Iliad* (9.383). <sup>(6)</sup>More nearly the latter, since his two brothers 'could learn nothing of him after wandering about for a year.' II 10. Shortly after this Amadis returns; but only a portion of the period was actually spent on Peña Pobre. <sup>(7)</sup>Oriana disdained him without just cause and soon repented.

## CHAPTER XVI

Of all that befell our visionary gentleman in the inn  
supposed to be a castle

THE landlord, on seeing our knight slung across the ass, asked the squire what was the trouble. The latter replied 'twas nothing, only his master had fallen from a ledge and bruised his ribs a bit. The innmistress, unlike most of her kind, felt for the misfortunes of her neighbours and made haste to attend to this one, making her comely young daughter assist. The only servant at the inn was an Asturian lass, one with broad face and flat head behind, snub-nosed, asquint of one eye and not cocksure with the other, though certainly the litheness of her body balanced these shortcomings, for her height was not above seven palms, and her shoulders, being a trifle heavy, made her scan the ground more than she liked.

This graceful creature helped the daughter prepare a bed in a loft that in its day had evidently served many years for straw. Here, too, a carrier had taken up his rest a little beyond our knight. Though his bed was made of packsaddles and mule-blankets, it took the shine out of Don Quijote's, consisting of four rough boards on two rickety horses, a mattress like a quilt for weight, full of little knobs shown by rents to be of wool but to the touch seeming small cobbles; and on top of all two sheets of shield-leather and a blanket every one of whose threads could have been numbered. On this wicked shakedown the knight reclined while wife and daughter plastered him from top to toe, aided with a light by the Asturian wench, Maritornes. In applying the plasters

the innmistress couldn't but notice how black and blue he was and said it looked more like a felling than a fall. 'It wasn't,' said Sancho, 'but the ledge had lots of little points and projections, each one of which left its mark. And please, lady, leave a few cloths, for there'll not lack one to use them—my loins as well pain a bit.'

'So you too had a fall, had you?' 'Not exactly a fall, but I got such a shock from seeing master go over that my body aches as though it had received a thousand bastings.' 'That may well be,' vouchsafed the daughter, 'for oft have I dreamed I was falling from a tower and never reaching the ground, and when I awoke I'd find myself as bruised and shaken as if it had really happened.' 'But the funny part of my fall was that without dreaming and more awake than I am now, I find myself with few less bruises than my master Don Quijote.' 'I didn't catch the name,' said Maritornes. 'Don Quijote de la Mancha, knight-adventurer and one of the best and bravest seen for many a day.' 'And what's a knight-adventurer?' queried the wench. 'Are you so fresh in the world as not to know what a knight-adventurer is? Then let me tell you, sister, that he's something that in two words is cudgelled and a king. To-day he's the unluckiest beggar alive but to-morrow he'll have two or three crowns to throw away on his squire.' 'Then how does it happen,' said the innmistress, 'that you, being squire to a good master haven't even a countship apparently?' 'It's too early yet; we've been out less than a month and so far haven't run across any; it sometimes happens you look for one thing and find another. But if my master gets well of his felling or fall, and if it doesn't leave me hunchback, I wouldn't exchange my hopes for the best title in Spain.'

Don Quijote lay attentive to this colloquy, but now sitting up as best he could, he took his hostess' hand and said, 'Believe me, fair lady, you may call yourself fortunate in having sheltered in your castle a person whom if I do not praise, 'tis by reason of the common saying, Self-glorification doth make vile. But my shield-bearer will tell who I am. For myself let me add that I shall ever keep writ in memory the service you have rendered, that I may thank you for the same while I live. Would to Heaven love held me not subject to its laws and to the eyes of the fair ingrate whom I name between my teeth; else those of this lovely girl would rule my liberty.' The innmistress, her daughter and good Maritornes were dumfounded by this speech, since it was so much Greek to them; but they gathered that he offered his service and attentions. Unused to such language, they stared at him in astonishment as at a different order of being. At length they got out their thanks in tavern-fashion and departed, leaving Maritornes to care for Sancho, who was in as dire straits as his lord.

Now it chanced that the carrier had arranged with this Asturian lass to be together that night, she having given her word to come when the household had retired and do his pleasure. And 'tis said of this good woman that she always kept an oath though 'twere given in the woods and without witnesses, for she prided herself on being gently born, considering it no disgrace to be serving at an inn for, she said, misfortune had brought her there. The hard, narrow, stingy and treacherous bed of Don Quijote came first, near the centre of this starlit stable. Next came Sancho's, consisting of a rush mat and a blanket plainly not wool but threadbare canvas; and just beyond these two beds was heaped the carrier's, made of the packsaddles and trappings of his best two mules. He had twelve in all it seems, every one

sleek, shiny and in prime condition, for their master was one of the richest carriers in Arévalo. At least so says the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, being his close acquaintance and even distant kinsman<sup>(1)</sup>, they say; and Cid Hamet Benengeli was most diligent and exact in all things, as may be seen by his not passing in silence even merest trifles, affording thus an example to certain grave historians whose accounts of incidents are so abbreviated that we scarce get a taste of them, while the essential part of the story, either from carelessness or malice or ignorance, is left in the ink-pot. A thousand blessings on the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*<sup>(2)</sup> and the narrator of the deeds of Count Tomillas!<sup>(3)</sup> with what pains is every smallest detail dwelt upon!

Our historian says, then, that after the carrier had visited his team and given their second feed, he stretched himself over his packsaddles and waited for the punctilious Maritornes. Sancho in plasters had already accommodated himself and was even trying to get sleep, despite the pain in his ribs, while Don Quijote with the pain in his head his eyes wide open as a hare's. The inn was all silent and dark, save for a lantern that hung in the middle of the outer gate. This marvellous stillness, added to memories of situations<sup>(4)</sup> so scrupulously recorded in the books that proved his undoing, brought to our knight's fancy one of the strangest delusions that well can be conceived. Having arrived at this famous castle, as he took this inn to be, he imagined the keeper's daughter the daughter of the lord of the place, and represented to himself that she, overcome by his graces, had fallen in love and had promised that unknown to her parents she would spend a good part of the night in his society. Holding this chimera as downright truth he began to be restless, reflecting on the dangerous



crisis his virtue was about to face. Yet in his heart he resolved to commit no treason to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though Queen Guinevere herself with her dame Quinafiona placed themselves in his power.

In the midst of this fantasy arrived the fatal hour of the quest of the Asturian who, clad in a smock, bare-footed, her hair caught up in a fustian net, with silent cautious steps entered the room where the three lay. Hardly had she gained the door when Don Quijote heard her and sitting up in bed maugre plasters and pains stretched out his arms to receive so much beauty, that stooping went quietly feeling her way toward her desired object. She thus was bound to come in contact with the arms of our knight, who seized her firmly by the wrist, drew her toward him, and without her daring to utter a syllable made her sit upon his bed<sup>(5)</sup>. First he felt her smock which, though nothing but sackcloth, seemed to him the finest and most delicate samite<sup>(6)</sup>. The glass beads on her wrists sparkled like oriental pearls; her hair, more or less resembling a horse's mane, he pictured of the most dazzling Arabian gold, obscuring the sun itself in splendour, while her breath, reeking of the stale meat-salad of the night before, came to his nostrils like sweet aromatic fragrance.

In short our knight's imagination pictured this wench in semblance of that other princess who, smit with love, came to attend the sorely wounded cavalier: to his sense this one had all her adornments of person. Such was the poor man's blindness that neither touch nor breath nor aught else undeceived him, though enough to make any but a carrier sick at the stomach. Rather he believed he had the goddess of beauty herself in his arms, and still clutching her wrist in low and amorous accent thus began, 'Would that I were in the way, fair and noble creature, to requite the favour thou hast done me in the disclosure

of thy great beauty. But fortune, never weary in the persecution of the good, has seen fit to place me where I lie so battered and broken that even were my will ready to yield to thine, such a thing could not be. But on top of this impossibility is another still greater—the faith sworn to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my secret thoughts. Were this not the state of things, I should not be such a ninny of a knight as to let slip the opportunity thy great bounty has placed in my hands.’

The lass was in mortal sweat and agony at finding herself so tightly held by this gentleman and, without comprehending or even hearing his talk and without saying a word in reply, she struggled to get free. The good carrier, whom evil desire had kept awake, from the time he heard his courtesan enter, listened to all Don Quijote said, and anxious lest the Asturian prove false, stole up to the other’s bed, waiting to discover what these unintelligible words portended. But when he saw the lass struggling to get free and the man doing his best to restrain her, he no longer fancied the joke, and raising his fist on high let fall so truly terrible a blow on the lantern-jaws of the enamoured knight as to bathe his mouth in blood.

But not content with this, the carrier mounting his ribs started a quick trot, till the weakly-supported bed, unable to bear this fresh weight, came to the floor and with such a crash that it wakened the innkeeper, who soon guessed that Maritornes had a hand in the trouble, since he called her and received no answer. In this suspicion he arose and lighting a lamp hastened to the scene of disaster. The wench, seeing him come and knowing his temper, was scared out of her wits, and, taking refuge in the bed of Sancho Panza, who had fallen to sleep, rolled herself up like a ball. The innkeeper enter-

ing called out, 'Where are you, you trollop? This is some of your doings, I'll wager.' Upon this Sancho awoke and, finding a large swelling on top of him, he took it for a nightmare and began to lay about on all sides, any number of which blows fell on Martines. She, feeling the pain they gave, dropped her gentility and delivered so many in return that in spite of himself Sancho dropped the nightmare idea. Finding how he was treated and by he knew not whom, he got up as he could and closed with the other, and then and there ensued the stormiest and most comical scuffle in the world.

The carrier, seeing by the light of the innkeeper's lamp how his lady fared, left Quijote and hastened to give the much-needed aid. The innkeeper made haste as well though with a different intention, for he meant to punish the woman, believing her the sole cause of all this harmony. As the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the stick, even so the carrier made at Sancho, Sancho at the wench, the wench at him, the innkeeper at her, and all let fly so briskly as not to grant a moment's respite. And the best of it was that the lamp went out and in the dark they struck so indiscriminately and so without pity that wherever fists lit, there was damage done.

Now chance quartered in the inn that night an officer of the ancient and holy Toledan Brotherhood<sup>(7)</sup>, who, hearing the extraordinary commotion, seized staff and tin box containing warrants and, entering the dark room, called out, 'Hold, in the name of justice! Hold, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!' The first person he laid hands on was the belted knight, lying senseless on his demolished bed with mouth in air. Catching hold of his beard as he groped about, the officer ceased not to cry, 'Help for the police!' But finding his victim did not

struggle or even stir, he called still louder, 'Close the inn-gate that none escape, for here's a man murdered!'

Every one in a fright quit sparring instantly. The keeper fled to his room, the carrier to his packsaddles, the woman to her cot—the unlucky knight and squire alone could not move from where they lay. The officer now let go the former's beard and went to get light whereby he might seize the delinquents. But no light was to be found, for the innkeeper took care to blow out the gate-lantern as he fled to his chamber, and the officer was forced to hunt amid the hearth-ashes, where at last he found fire.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>The carriers of this time were chiefly Moriscos. <sup>(2)</sup>Toledo 1513 by Nuño de Garay. <sup>(3)</sup>A leading character in *Don Henrique Fi de Oliva* Seville 1498. <sup>(4)</sup>This episode is slightly modelled on one in *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1599 I 11 8, 9; but it owes still more to a night spent at a castle by Rogel of Greece. The part here played by Maritornes is there taken by a black scullion-wench of thick lips, flat nose, wide nostrils, et cetera. Book XII of *Amadis of Gaul* in French, Paris 1556 c 33 (*Don Silves de la Silva* by Pedro de Luján Seville 1546). <sup>(5)</sup>At this point C turns to *Florambel de Lucca* 1532 IV 6, 'Toward midnight the beautiful duenna Feliciana approached, and though very quietly, yet not so quietly as not to be heard, since Florambel was so much attention. The lamentable knight...seized her hand...and found it extremely rough. Feliciana, from the great fright she was in, dared not to speak.' <sup>(6)</sup>Venus is clad in delicate samite in Camoens' *Os Lusíadas* (1572) canto 11:

Cum delgado cendal as partes cobre  
De quem vergonha he natural reparo,  
Porém nem tudo es esconde, nem descobre.

<sup>(7)</sup>See note 2 of I 10.

## CHAPTER XVII

A succession of the countless troubles that brave knight and trusty squire experienced in the inn that to his sorrow the former took for a castle

**B**y this time Don Quijote had come to and in the same aggrieved tone used by him when speaking to his squire the previous day, stretched out there in the Valley of the Stakes<sup>(1)</sup>, he now addressed him, 'Sancho friend, are you sleeping? Are you asleep, Sancho friend?' 'Curses on me,' quoth Sancho in pain and displeasure, 'how can I be when 'tis clear all the devils of hell have this night been after me!' 'You have reason to think so,' assented the other, 'and either I know very little or this castle is enchanted, for I must tell you—but first you must swear to keep it secret till I am dead.' 'I swear it.' 'I ask this,' continued Don Quijote, 'since I'm no friend to anyone's losing his or her good name.' 'I say I swear to keep it dark as long as your worship lives. God grant I may out with it to-morrow.' 'Do I work you such harm, Sancho, that you wish me so soon dead?' 'It isn't that, but I'm no friend to keeping secrets and don't want them to go rotting in my insides with too long holding.'

'Be that as it may,' said his master, 'I have sufficient confidence in your affection and respect to tell you that this night has befallen me one of the rarest adventures in the world, and trust me, I shall know how to make the most of it. To be brief, a short time back there came to me the lord of the castle's daughter, the fairest and most refined maiden to be found in the wide universe. What shall I say of her apparel! what of her brilliant

understanding! what of hidden things which, to guard my fealty to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I shall pass over untouched and in silence. This only I may reveal that, either because Heaven was jealous of the boon fortune placed in my hands or perhaps, and this is more likely, by reason that this castle is enchanted, even as I said, in the midst of most sweet and loving audience with her, without my seeing it or knowing whence it came, the fist of a monstrous giant dropped such a blow on my jaws as to bathe them in blood, followed by such a rib-roasting as to leave me worse than yesterday, when by reason of Rocinante's license we were insulted by the carriers. I gather from all this that some bewitched Moor must guard the treasure of the maiden's beauty—that it cannot be for me'<sup>(2)</sup>.

'Nor for me,' said Sancho, 'for over here more than four hundred Moors let fly, in comparison wherewith the stake-drubbing was but cakes and cookies. But tell me, señor, what sort of adventure do you call this fine rare one that has left us where we are? Your worship to be sure is less to the bad than I, since you had hold of that incomparable beauty, while I, what did I get but the heaviest slam-banging I think to receive in all my life. Unlucky Sancho and unlucky the mother that bore him, since to him, though no knight-errant and never hoping to be one, most of the hardships fall.' 'So you were basted too?' 'Didn't I say I was, curses on my line!' quoth the squire. 'Be not troubled,' said the other reassuringly, 'for now I'll make the precious balsam, which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye.'

The officer having lighted his lamp now came to look after the man he supposed dead, and Sancho seeing the ugly-looking fellow enter in shirt and nightcap whispered to his master, 'Can this be the

enchanted Moor, señor, returning to administer punishment in case any be left in the ink-pot?' 'No, for bewitched persons are never visible.' 'Not visible perhaps but feelable certainly, or let my shoulders speak a word or two.' 'Mine also could talk, but that would not suffice to prove this the enchanted Moor.' The constable drawing near was greatly surprised to hear them talk so cheerfully, especially as Don Quijote still lay there on his back, unable to stir as a result of pounding and plasters.

The officer was the first to speak, 'Well, how goes it, old fellow?' 'I would speak more respectfully, were I you; is it usual in this country so to greet knights-errant, fool?' The other finding himself abused and by so sorry an object lost his temper and raising the lamp brought it down on Don Quijote's head, leaving its mark there. Then, as all was dark again, he beat a retreat. Sancho spoke up and said, 'There can be no doubt, master, that he is the bewitched Moor, with treasures to look after for others, but for us only fisticuffs and lamp-rubbings.' 'It is ever so, and no notice can be taken of these enchantments, nor is it of any use to be put out by them, for, invisible and imaginary as they are, we could never find one on whom to avenge ourselves, however much we tried. Rise, my son, if you can, and calling the commander of this fortress, see will he give us a little oil, wine, salt and rosemary, wherewith to concoct the curative balsam. Verily, methinks I have dire need thereof, since blood is flowing copiously from that spectre's wound.'

With plenty of aches in his bones Sancho lifted himself and going in the darkness for the innkeeper stumbled on the officer, who had been listening to his enemy's plans. Sancho at once spoke out, saying, 'Señor, whoever you are, be so kind as to give me a little rosemary, oil, salt and wine, needed to

cure one of the best errants in the world, who lies on yon bed sore wounded by the enchanted Moor living at this inn.' The officer took him for frenzied, but now that day was approaching, he opened the door and calling to the innkeeper told what was wanted. The latter soon produced the articles, which Sancho then carried to his master. He found him with hands to head groaning from the pain of the lamp-blow, which had done no more than raise two fair-sized weals—what he called blood proved to be sweat caused by the agony of the late tempest. He received the ingredients and after mixing boiled them till of the proper consistency. He then asked for a phial to pour the stuff into, but as the inn furnished none, he decided to entrust it to a tin cruet, freely contributed by the landlord. And over it all he said more than eighty pater-nosters and an equal number of ave-marias, salves and credos, accompanying each word with a cross by way of benediction. Present at the ceremony were Sancho, innkeeper, and constable—the carrier had quietly gone off to look to his mules.

The moment all was said and done, the knight, wishing to test the virtue of the precious drug, tossed off near a quart that remained in the pot after the cruet had been filled. Scarce was it down when he began to vomit with a violence that clean emptied his stomach, and along with the pains and spasms of the puking he perspired most freely; so he bade them cover him and leave him alone. After a sound sleep of above three hours he wakened, feeling such renewed life in his whole system and seeming so much better of his bruises that he deemed himself quite well, attributing all to Fierabras' balsam. Henceforth, with that remedy at hand, he persuaded himself he could engage without fear in disasters, wars and scuffles, it mattered not how perilous.



Sancho regarded his master's restoration as nothing short of miraculous and asked if he might drain off what still remained in the pot—not a little. The knight gave consent and the squire, holding the receptacle with both hands, in good faith and better will poured down not much less than had Don Quijote. But his stomach must by nature have been more hardy than his lord's, for ere he vomited he suffered such pain and nausea, such sweatings and swoonings, that he thought his hour was come. He cursed the balsam and the rogue that had given it, but the latter, observing his state, remarked, 'I must believe, Sancho, that all this annoyance springs from not being knighted and I begin to think that this beverage cannot help those that are not.' 'Why did you so much as let me taste it then? Curses on me and all my kinsfolk!' The medicine however now began to act and the poor squire got relief both ways and at such a rate that the rush mat on which he had thrown himself together with the canvas blanket were put out of business. He sweated and resweated with such fits and paroxysms that not alone he but every one thought he was done for. This bad weather and going lasted upwards of two hours and even in the end he didn't come out as his master did, but too wasted and weakened to stand.

As has been said, our knight felt himself again and was ready to sally forth on his adventurous quests, since it seemed to him that time spent there was depriving the world and its needy of his favour and assistance. His confidence in the balsam made him feel this even more strongly, so he now saddled Rocinante and panned the ass of his squire, whom he helped to dress and mount. He then got upon his own steed and going to a corner seized a pike standing there to serve him as lance. More than twenty persons, all that were at the tavern, stood

watching, and among them the innkeeper's daughter from whom Don Quijote did not remove his eyes, now and again heaving a sigh, uprooted from his lowest bowels, but supposed by every one to proceed from the pain in his ribs—at least by those that had seen him plastered the night before. Now that both were mounted, the knight in calm and serious voice called from the gateway, 'Many and great, sir governor, are the favours received in this your castle, and I shall remain under the greatest obligation to your worship all the days of my life. If I can repay by taking vengeance on some coxcomb that has harmed you, know that my sole profession is to help those that cannot help themselves, to avenge the wronged, and to punish perfidy. Ransack your memory, and should you find aught of that character to give into my hands, say the word, and I promise by the order of chivalry I have received to procure you reparation to your heart's content.'

The innkeeper with the same tranquil air replied, 'Sir knight, there's no occasion to avenge grievance of mine—I know how to do that myself the moment I suffer any. My sole request is that you pay me the night's reckoning, both for the straw and barley of the two beasts and for your and your squire's supper and beds.' 'Is this an inn, then?' 'Yes, and a most respectable one.' 'Till this moment, sir,' replied the guest, 'I laboured under a delusion, for I honestly supposed it a most respectable castle. Now that it proves an inn, all you must do is to excuse the payment, for under no circumstances may I violate the rules of errant knights who, I am certain, having never read anything to the contrary<sup>(3)</sup>, not once paid for lodging or aught else at the inns where they put up. There's owing them by inalienable right whatever good accommodation is pro-

vided, in return for the insufferable hardships they undergo, seeking out adventures by day and night, summer and winter, mounted and afoot, in hunger and thirst, in heat and cold, exposed to all the uncertainties of the weather and all the certain woes of the world.' 'I can see nothing in all this,' returned the innkeeper: 'pay me what you owe, and drop your fairy-tales and chivalries. All I care about is to get what's due me.'

'You are a fool and an ostler,' came from Don Quijote; and putting spurs to steed and brandishing lance he galloped off through the gate before anyone could stop him and, not looking to see if his squire followed, soon had left the place a considerable distance behind. The innkeeper, seeing him gone and without paying, ran to get his due of Sancho Panza, who said that as his master would not pay neither would he, for the same rule and reason with regard to not paying at inns and taverns held good for the squire as for the master. The innkeeper was greatly incensed and threatened, if Sancho refused to pay, to take it out of him in a way he wouldn't relish. To this the other made answer that by the law of chivalry received of his master he'd not pay a farthing though it cost him his life. Good old usages of knights-errant should not fall into contempt through him, nor were future squires to blame him for having overstepped this most just provision. But the evil star of the unfortunate squire ordained that there should be stopping at the inn four wool-carders of Segovia, three needle-makers of the Colt Quarter of Cordova, and two lodgers from the Market in Seville—jovial, good-hearted rogues, up to all kinds of tricks, and these, as if moved by a common impulse, coming up to Sancho, removed him from his ass. One led the way in, seeking mine host's bed blanket, but when

they had thrown the squire into it, raising their eyes they marked that the ceiling was a trifle too low and decided to go out into the yard whose only upward limit was the sky. There they began to toss poor Sancho from the centre of the blanket and sport with him as with a dog at Shrovetide<sup>(4)</sup>.

The cries of the blanketed wretch were so loud they reached the ears of his master<sup>(5)</sup>, who, checking his horse that he might listen to better advantage, imagined some new adventure on the wing. But at last realizing 'twas his squire that yelled, he turned and rode back at painful gallop to the inn and, finding the gate shut, encircled the place in the hope of entrance. But he got no further than the yard-wall when he caught sight of the dirty trick they were playing. He saw his squire rise and fall, and with such grace and agility that had his rage allowed him, verily methinks he'd have laughed. He first tried to mount the wall, but, bruised and battered, he could not even dismount from his horse and so sat there hurling such insults at the blanketers as cannot be repeated. But not for this did they cease their laughter or their labour, nor the flying Sancho his complaints, mingled now with threats, now with entreaties, which availed him little, nor at all until from pure weariness his persecutors let him go.

They brought the poor man his ass and mounting him drew his long cloak over his shoulders. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so far gone, thought to relieve him with a jug of cold water straight from the well. Sancho took the jug and was raising it to his mouth when he was checked by cries from his master, 'Son Sancho, touch not that water, drink it not, my son, for 'twill kill you. Look,' he shouted, producing the cruet, 'here is the blessed balsam; with two drops you'll certainly be cured.'

Sancho eyed him askance and called out still louder, 'Can you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight, or do you wish me to vomit what bowels are left from last evening? To the devils with your liquor and leave me alone.'

The end of this speech and the commencement of the draught coincided, but finding that water it truly was, he halted at the first swallow and called to Maritornes to fetch him some wine. This she did most graciously, paying for it herself; for 'tis said that though serving in that humble appointment she dimly and distantly resembled a Christian. When Sancho had done with his draught, he dug his heels into his ass and, since the inn-gate was open, sallied forth, tickled to death at having gained his point of paying nothing, though at the expense of his usual bondsmen, his shoulders. It is true the landlord relieved him of his saddlebags but in our squire's hurried departure they were not missed. Now that he was gone, the keeper would bar the gate securely, but the tossers wouldn't hear of it, for they were of the kind that would not have cared two coppers for Don Quijote had he been of the Knights of the Table Round.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Alluding to a Cid Ballad beginning:

Por el val de las Estacas  
Pasó el Cid á mediodía.

*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 750.

<sup>(2)</sup>So Amadis concludes that the treasure of the enchanted chamber was not reserved for him. <sup>(3)</sup>In *Morgante Maggiore* 1481 st 129 Orlando is asked to leave his horse in pledge for his reckoning. <sup>(4)</sup>'The room was high and spacious; they began to toss me in the air, blanketing me like a dog at Shrovetide, until weary...' *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1599 I III 1. After the blanketing Guzmán drinks a little wine by way of refreshment, even as

Sancho does, while a still more certain token that Cervantes drew on this episode is the fact that Guzmán and Sancho both decide against the blanketers being phantoms. <sup>(6)</sup>In *Florando of England* 1545 III 8 the squire is carried through the air by phantoms, dropped from high rocks, and his flesh torn by burning pincers. He calls to his master for help; Florando knows the voice and forces back his steed toward the place. But he does not deliver his squire, being persuaded that it is a vision.

## CHAPTER XVIII

The conversation that passed between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quijote, together with a few adventures worth recording

**S**ANCHO reached his master so wan and weary he could scarce urge his ass. On beholding his condition the other said, 'Now am I sure, Sancho, that yon castle or inn is enchanted, for they that made sport of you so outrageously, what can they have been but phantoms and inhabitants of another world? I was confirmed in this by observing that when I looked over the yard-wall at the acts of your woful tragedy, I could in no way climb thereon, and still less was I able to dismount from my steed. They certainly must have bewitched me, for I swear to you by the faith of what I am that could I have climbed up or down, I should have avenged you in a way to have made those rogues and robbers remember their joke ever after; though in doing so I should have known I was transgressing the laws of mine order, which prohibit a knight's fighting with him that isn't one, as I have often told you, except it be in defence of his own life or person, and only then in cases of great and instant need.'

'Had I been able, I likewise would have avenged me, dubbed or undubbed, but it lay not in my power,' the squire protested; 'yet of one thing I'm certain, and that is that they that sported with me were not phantoms<sup>(1)</sup> or enchanted beings as your worship says, but of flesh and bone like ourselves; and all had names, for I heard them call to one another during the tossing. One was named Pedro Martínez and another Tenorio Hernández, and the innkeeper

they called Juan Palomeque, the left-handed. Therefore, señor, your inability to leap the wall and to climb down from Rocinante was caused by something other than enchantment. What I conclude from all this is that these adventures we are in search of will end in such misadventures that we shan't know our right foot from our left. 'Twould be better and more to the point, according to my little understanding, to return home, now that it's harvest-time, and mind our own affairs, and give over wandering from Zeca<sup>(2)</sup> to Mecca, from smoke to smother, as the saying is.'

'How little, how little, Sancho, do you appreciate the ways of chivalry! But peace, and have patience, for the day will come when your own eyes shall see how honourable a thing it is to exercise this my profession. If not, tell me what greater pleasure in the world can there be than winning a battle and triumphing over one's enemy? none certainly.' 'Maybe so; I cannot say. All I know is that since we have been knights-errant, or rather since your worship has been, for I have no right to reckon myself of that honourable order, not a solitary battle have we won, unless you count that with the Biscayan—even there your worship came out poorer by half an ear and helmet. Since that affair it has been naught but raps and more raps, punches and more punches, I being one ahead with the blanket-ing, administered by enchanted persons on whom I cannot avenge myself, deprived therefore of that pleasure of which your worship speaks, of triumphing over one's enemies.'

'That is a drawback which I too have to put up with; but in future I shall try to have on hand a sword of such cunning that no kind of spell can bind its wielder. It even might be that fortune presented me with the weapon used by Amadis<sup>(3)</sup> when



called He of the Burning Sword. 'Twas one of the best ever knight brandished in the world, since it also had the virtue of cutting like a razor, and no armour however strong or enchanted was proof against it.' 'But my luck is such', said Sancho, 'that even should your worship find this blade, like the balsam 'twould serve and protect dubbed knights only—the squires would still have to swallow their groans.' 'Fear it not, for Heaven will treat you more kindly.'

The two were thus in chat when Don Quijote noticed a great cloud of dust rolling toward them, and turning to Sancho said, 'This is the day, O my squire, on which is to be seen the blessings fortune keeps in store for me. This is the day I repeat, on which as on any other is to be revealed the valour of mine arm, since on it am I destined to perform deeds that shall be writ in the book of fame and abide there for the rest of time. You see yon dust cloud, Sancho? 'Tis churned up by a vast army of countless peoples in battle array.' 'Then there must be two armies,' observed the other, 'for opposite rises another dust cloud just as thick.' The knight, turning his eyes in that direction, saw that he spake true and rejoiced immeasurably, believing that two hosts were about to battle on that wide level before them. At all hours and moments his head was full of the broils, enchantments, occasions, extravagances, amours and challenges recorded in the books of chivalry, and all his thoughts, words and deeds flowed in that channel.

Now these dust-clouds actually arose from two large flocks of ewes and rams coming from opposite directions. By reason of the dust they could not be seen, and Don Quijote insisted with such ardour on their being war-hosts that Sancho came to believe it, saying, 'But what are we to do, señor?' 'What

but lend a hand and side with the weak and helpless. You should be aware, Sancho, that the force facing us is led by the great emperor Alifanfaron, governor of the large island Trapobana<sup>(4)</sup>. The other, on our left, is the army of his foe, the king of the Garamantans, Pentapolin<sup>(5)</sup> of the Sleeveless Arm, who enters every fray with his right arm bared.'

'But what are these gentlemen fighting about?' 'Their quarrel is that this Alifanfaron, a choleric old pagan, has fallen in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a most graceful and beautiful girl and a Christian, but the father is unwilling to bestow her on a pagan king unless he renounce the false prophet Mahomet and adopt his own.' 'By my beard', quoth Sancho, 'Pentapolin does quite right and I shall help him all I can.' 'In doing so, you'll do your duty, for one need not be a knight in order to participate in combats of this kind.' 'Glad am I of that,' returned the squire, 'but where shall we leave mine ass that I may find him when the thing is over? To enter a battle on such a mount has not so far been the practice, I believe.' 'True, and what you can do is to leave him to his chances, whether he come back or no, for we shall possess so many steeds when we issue victorious that even Rocinante risks being swapped. But listen now to what I say and use your eyes at the same time, since I would indicate the more important of the knights that accompany the two hosts. And that you may the better see and note them, let us retire to yon hillock, whence both armies should plainly be in view.'

The pair accordingly mounted a rise of ground, whence easily they could have seen the two flocks of sheep, represented by the knight to be armies, had not the dust they raised still blinded the eyes and obscured them. But since our hero saw in fancy

things invisible to sight and without corporeal existence, raising his voice he began, 'Yon knight in yellow armour<sup>(6)</sup>, whose shield-device is a crowned lion crouching at a maiden's feet, is the valiant Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with golden flowers on his armour and three crowns argent on his shield, is the greatly dreaded Miccollembo, Grand Duke of Quirocia. The one on the right with the giant limbs is the ever-dauntless Brandabarbaran de Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias, who comes armed in a serpent-skin and carries a gate for his 'scutcheon—a gate, 'tis said, of the temple destroyed by Samson when, at the cost of his life, he took vengeance on his foes.

'Now turn your eyes in the other direction and at that army's head you'll see the ever-victorious never-vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, whose armour is quartered azure, green, white and yellow and on whose shield is a golden cat on a tawny field and a motto reading, *Miau*—that being the first half of the name of his lady who, according to report, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of the duke Afeñiquen of Algarve. The other with arms white as snow and shield plain and no device, that presses the loins of his powerful steed, is a novice knight of France, Pierre Papin<sup>(7)</sup>, Lord of the baronies of Utrique. And the one beyond, that with iron heel digs the flank of a parti-coloured zebra and carries azure cups as his coat-of-arms, is the mighty duke of Nerbia, Espartifilardo of the Wood. On his shield is depicted the asparagus plant with the motto in Castilian, *My fortune trails.*'

In like vein Don Quijote continued improvising names for the numberless knights of first this and then the other squadron, his imagination supplying arms, colours, devices and mottoes. Swept on in

his outrageous frenzy, without pause he explained, 'Folk of divers nations compose this squadron in our front. These are they that drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; mountaineers that tread the Masilian fields; they that sift fine gold in Araby the blest; that rejoice in the far-famed green riversides of the clear Thermodon; those that drain by many and devious ways the golden Pactolus; Numidians, unsteadfast of promise; Persians, renowned in archery; Parthians; Medes that fight on the wing; there too the nomadic Arabians; Scythians cruel as they are fair of face; Ethiopians with pierced lips; and other countless peoples, whose faces I see and know, but whose names have slipped me.

'In the other host march men that drink of the sparkling currents of olive-bearing Betis<sup>(8)</sup>; that wash their shining faces in the ever-fruitful and golden Tagus; that delight in the beautiful waters of the divine Genil; that roam the pasture-abounding Tartesian plains<sup>(9)</sup>; that take their pleasure in the Elysian meadows round Jerez; Manchegans, rich in fields crowned with ruddy ears of maize; they that are encased in iron, ancient remnants of the Gothic blood; those that bathe in the Pisuerga, famed for its gentle current; that feed their flocks in the wide pastures of the tortuous Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden course. On this side too are they that shiver in the cold of the wooded Pyrenees and amid the white snowflakes of the lofty Apennines; in short, there you may survey as many nations as all Europe holds within its borders!' God help me! How many provinces did he name, how many peoples did he designate, assigning their attributes with incredible ease, saturated as he was with his fabulous lore.

Sancho Panza heard him in silence, turning his head this way and that, hoping for a glimpse of the knights and giants his master was describing. But seeing none he said, 'Señor, the devil take it! Not one of those men, giants or knights, is anywhere about; at least I cannot see one. Maybe it's all enchantment like the spectres of the inn.' 'How can you say such a thing? Do you not hear the steeds neighing, the trumpets sounding, and the rolling of the drums?' 'I hear but the loud bleat of ewes and rams,' replied Sancho, and indeed the two flocks could now be heard close at hand. 'In your fear, my son, you neither see nor hear aright. One of the effects of fear is to confuse the senses, blinding them to realities. If you be so frightened, go one side and leave me to myself, for I alone suffice to render victorious the side I favour.'

Saying this the knight clapped spurs to Rocinante and with couched pike dropped down the hillside like a thunderbolt. Sancho called after him, 'Come back, come back, Señor Don Quijote, for I swear to God 'tis rams and ewes you charge. Come back I say, cursed be the father that begat me! See for yourself there's neither giant nor knight nor cats nor arms nor shields, quartered or whole, nor cups azure or bedevilled. Sinner 'fore God that I am, what is this ye do!' His master did not turn but kept straight on, shouting, 'So ho, knights! Ye that follow and fight beneath the banner of the bold Pentalpolin of the Sleeveless Arm! Follow me and see how promptly I shall avenge him on his foe, Alifanfaron of Trapobana.' With this he dashed against the ewes and commenced to lance them with as determined courage as if mortal enemies. The herdsmen cried to him to quit, but finding him unmoved, preparing their slings they began to play upon his ears with pebbles the size of one's fist.

These, too, the knight heeded not, galloping in all directions and calling, 'Where are you, haughty Ali-fanfaron? Stand forth! For I am alone and wish to test your might and work your death in return for the scath you do the bold Pentapolin the Garamantan.'

At this point a sugar-plum struck him in the ribs, burying two in his body; and finding his thoughts in utter confusion, he believed himself dead or at least terribly wounded. Recollecting his balsam he raised the cruet to his mouth and began to load his stomach. But scarce had he swallowed what he deemed sufficient, when another almond hit his hand with such force that it smashed the cruet to smithereens, sending three or four front teeth flying along with it. Two fingers were badly bruised besides; and such impetus had the first blow and such the second that succumbing at last the poor man dropped from his horse. The shepherds, thinking him killed, speedily herded their flock, picked up more than seven dead, and left in a hurry.

The squire all this time stood upon the hillock watching the other's frenzies. He pulled his beard and cursed the hour and moment that fortune first brought them together. Seeing at last that the other lay stretched to earth and that the shepherds had fled, riding down he found his master badly off though still in his senses. 'Didn't I tell you to turn back, Señor Don Quijote? and that those whom you attacked were not armies but flocks of sheep?' 'How that thief of a sorcerer, mine enemy,' sighed the other, 'can transform things for purposes of concealment! Know, Sancho, that they can change you and me as they list, and my especial persecutor, envious of the glory he foresaw I should enjoy, changed these opposing armies into flocks of sheep. If you believe it not, that you may be disillusioned and find

that what I say is true, I swear you must mount your ass and stealthily follow them. A short space hence you'll see them change back again and from sheep become *bona fide* men, even as I described them. But don't go yet awhile, friend—I have need of your service. Kneel down and see how many front teeth and molars I lack. It feels as if not one were left.'

Sancho bent so close as almost to put his eyes into the mouth of his master, whose stomach, where the balsam was fermenting, took this chance to discharge more instantly than a gun, all onto the beard of the compassionate squire. 'Santa María! And what has happened to me! This sinner is vomiting blood and must be wounded to death.' But further observation of the colour, savour and smell told him 'twas no blood but that old balsam he had seen him drink; and his disgust thereat was strong enough to turn his stomach, making him vomit back onto his master, till both were a sight to behold<sup>(10)</sup>.

Sancho ran to the saddlebags for something wherewith to clean himself and bandage his master, and not finding them he almost lost his wits. He cursed himself all over again and in his heart resolved to quit the business and go home, even though he forfeited wages and all hopes of the government of the promised isle. Don Quijote had now risen, and putting his left hand to his mouth to keep in the remaining teeth and with the other taking the bridle of Rocinante (who not once had moved from his master's side, so loyal was he and well-bred) he went to his squire, leaning there against his ass with hand to cheek like a man in affliction. Seeing him with such a show of sorrow, the knight said, 'Learn, my son, that one man is no more than another save as he achieves more. All these squalls that struck us of late are but signs of fine weather

and fair fortune. Neither evil nor good can last for ever<sup>(11)</sup>, and evil having continued long, good must be near at hand. So take not my humiliations to heart since none of them falls to you.'

'How not to me? Belike him they tossed in the blanket was not my father's son? And perchance the saddlebags with all my valuables that have taken wing belonged to another than myself? 'What, the saddlebags are gone?' 'Thou sayest,' answered the squire. 'We have naught to eat, then?' 'That would be true were there no herbs in these meadows known to your worship as those the knights-errant like yourself are wont to use in place of food.' 'Be it so,' replied the other, 'though just now I'd sooner have a quarter-loaf or a whole and a couple of pilchards' heads than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with the annotations of Doctor Laguna<sup>(12)</sup>. But mount your ass, my good Sancho, and follow me, for God, the provider of all things, will not fail us now, especially as we do toil in his service. Mosquitoes of the air He fails not, nor worms of the earth, nor tadpoles of the water, and is so merciful that He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust'<sup>(13)</sup>. 'Your worship,' said Sancho, 'would make a better preacher than knight-errant.' 'Knightly adventurers knew and still must know all things. In days gone by there were those as ready to deliver a sermon or oration in the middle of a field as though graduated from the University of Paris<sup>(14)</sup>; whence can be seen that lance never blunted pen nor pen, lance.' 'So be it, just as your worship says,' agreed the squire, 'but let us out of here and find where we can pass the night. God grant it in a spot without blankets or tossers or phantoms or bewitched Moors, else the devil take the whole concern.'



'Ask it of God, my son, and guide us whither you will: this time I leave the lodging to you. But first feel with your finger and see how many front teeth and molars are missing from my right upper-jaw—'tis there I feel the pain.' The other obeyed and said while feeling, 'How many molars did your worship formerly have on this side?' 'Four beside the wisdom-tooth—all in first-class condition.' 'Hear what you say, señor.' 'Four I repeat or even five—in all my life not one has fallen out or been drawn, nor have any been lost through rheum or decay.' 'Well,' reported the squire, 'on this lower side your worship has just two molars and a half, but upstairs not half an one. 'Tis as smooth as the palm of my hand.' 'Woe's me!' groaned the knight at this sad news; 'I'd rather they lopped me an arm, provided 'twere not my sword-arm. You must know, friend, that a mouth without molars is a mill without stones—a tooth is more to be prized than a diamond<sup>(15)</sup>. But to all this are they subject that profess the rigid order of chivalry. Mount, Sancho, and lead the way—whatever pace you set, I follow.' The other did so, leading whither he hoped they might find accommodation without forsaking the main road, there much frequented. The pain in Don Quijote's jaw gave him considerable trouble and kept them from making haste, and as they slowly plodded on, Sancho thought to divert his master with talk and so said to him among other things what will be set down in the next chapter.

## NOTES

<sup>(15)</sup>Says Guzmán after his blanketing, 'I wondered were they phantoms... it seemed to me they would not be.' *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1599 I III 1. <sup>(16)</sup>The great mosque of Cordova. <sup>(17)</sup>Of Greece. <sup>(18)</sup>Trapobana=Ceylon. Pliny's *Natural History* VI 22. <sup>(19)</sup>Mention is made of the Garamantans, Pentapolin, and other names found here in Juan de Mena's *Las Trecientas* (1496) and

the glosses thereto added by Hernán Núñez (1499). 'Pentapolin—region of Africa which by another name is called Cyrenaica, as writes Pliny.' Gloss to *Copla* 2. <sup>(9)</sup>This description of the warring hosts is modelled on *Mirror of Princes and Knights—Knight of Phæbus* 1562 I iii 17 and on *Amadis of Gaul* IV 26, 28. See also the *Arcadia* Book III of Lope de Vega, of which this is a burlesque; and *Orlando Furioso* x 76-88. <sup>(10)</sup>Name of a French humpback, who kept a shop in Seville in the last third of sixteenth century. <sup>(11)</sup>The Guadalquivir. <sup>(12)</sup>The ancient name for the region west of Bética. <sup>(13)</sup>'My master got up and took me by the head. Presently he began to smell me, and forcing my mouth open he put his nose in. It was a long pointed nose. What with the turn I had, the choke in my throat, and the fright I was in, the sausage would not stay on my stomach, and the whole thing came back to its owner.' *Lazarillo de Tormes* 1554 First Master. <sup>(14)</sup>*Orlando Furioso* xxxvii 7.

Che, come cosa buona non si troua,  
Che duri sempre, così ancor nè ria.

<sup>(15)</sup>*Materia Medica* Antwerp 1555. <sup>(16)</sup>Matthew v:45. <sup>(17)</sup>An allusion to Saint Ignatius of Loyola, who, coming from his studies at the University of Paris, preached in the fields near Azpeitia. 'That they might see and hear him they climbed trees.' *Life of Saint Ignatius of Loyola* 1586 II 5. <sup>(18)</sup>Writing ten years after this, in the Prologue to the *Exemplary Novels* 1613 Cervantes confesses of his own teeth that they were 'not important, since he possesses but six, and those in poor condition and so ill-matched that no two of them meet.' It is with feeling therefore that he speaks here.

## CHAPTER XIX

The savoury converse Sancho had with his master,  
the adventure of the corpse and other  
noteworthy incidents

**I**T seems to me, sir,' began the squire, 'that all these mishaps befallen us of late must have come as chastisement for your sin against the order of chivalry in breaking the vow not to eat bread off a cloth or lie with the queen or any of those other things until you got possession of the helmet of Malandrino<sup>(1)</sup> or whatever the Moor's name is.' 'You are half-right, Sancho; to tell the truth, it had slipped my mind. Doubtless your negligence in not having brought it to my attention in time occasioned the blanket-episode. For myself I shall make amends, since chivalry possesses ways to smooth out all things.' 'And did I perchance also swear to something?' 'The fact that you didn't actually take oath does not matter; enough that I consider you not wholly free from complicity in my fault, and 'twill be as well that we both look to our reparation.' 'See then that your worship doesn't forget this time also; it might please the spectres to make further sport of me, or even of your worship, if they find you so heedless.'

While thus in converse and ere they reached or discovered a lodging-place, night overtook them. The worst of it was they perished of hunger, for the loss of the saddlebags meant the loss of their pantry and provender. To add to this untowardness occurred an adventure that without make-believe truly appeared one<sup>(2)</sup>. The night grew darker but they plodded on, Sancho thinking all the while that on

this the highway they were likely to find an inn after a league or two. But now, the night black, the squire famished, and the master ready to eat, they suddenly saw ahead of them a multitude of waving lights, like stars in motion. Sancho lost breath and the knight was not without fear. The one drew his ass's halter, the other his nag's bridle and together they awaited the issue. The nearer the lights came the larger they appeared, whereupon Panza began to tremble like a man dosed with mercury, and Don Quijote's hairs rose like bristles, till gathering a little courage he said, 'This must needs be a great and hazardous adventure—one wherein I shall be forced to display all my might and valour.' 'Woe's me!' cried Sancho, 'if this one be concerned with spectres, as methinks looks likely, where will be found ribs to suffer it?' 'However spectral they may be,' asserted the other, 'I'll not allow them to touch a thread of your coat. If once they abused you, 'twas because I could not climb the wall. We are now in the open, where my sword has free play.' 'But if they bewitch and paralyze you a second time, what will the open country avail?' 'Nevertheless,' returned the other, 'let your heart be brave and the event will show what mine is.' 'Please God and so I shall.'

The pair, standing a little off the road, anxiously awaited to see what this advancing illumination might portend. Soon they distinguished some twenty men in long flowing shirts, and the sight of them completely razed to the ground the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter like those of a man with the four days ague. And the chattering increased when they saw them mounted and carrying flaming torches, and that behind them came a litter covered with mourning, attended by six other mounted men clad in crepe down to the

feet of their mules, whose slow gait showed them clearly not to be horses. All these mourners were chanting in low and sorrowful tones, and their extraordinary appearance, the unseasonableness of the hour and the isolation of the spot, were indeed enough to fill Sancho's heart with terror and his master's as well and, save in Don Quijote's case, they did, for Sancho at once gave himself up for lost, himself and all his good resolves. His master however experienced just the reverse, for at that moment it flashed before his imagination that here indeed was an adventure right out of his books: the litter was a bier whereon lay some dead or sorely wounded knight whose revenge was reserved for him alone. Without a word he couched pike, secured himself in the saddle and with intrepid air and countenance took his stand in the road along which the mourners were bound to pass. And when they were now near at hand, he raised his voice and cried:

'Attend knights, whoever ye may be, and account for yourselves—whence ye come and whither bound, and name him ye carry on that bier. It looks as if either ye or he were guilty of knavery, and 'tis fitting and necessary that I know which, that I may chastise you for your crime or avenge you for the evil ye have suffered.' 'We are in haste,' answered one of them, 'the inn is far and we have no time to answer all those questions,' and pricking his mule he passed on. This of course greatly incensed our knight and seizing the man's bridle he cried, 'Stay, I tell you, and be more courteous. Ye shall answer mine enquiries or fight me, one and all.' The mule was shy and, finding herself held up so abruptly, took fright, throwing her rider back over her haunches. A foot-servant, seeing him thrown, began to revile the occasioner, who now in livid rage with

pike on rest fiercely threw himself against one of the mourners and brought him to the ground sorely wounded. He then turned himself loose upon the others and the speed wherewith he attacked and routed them was wonderful to behold. It seemed for the moment as if wings had been lent Rocinante, so lightly and swiftly did he move<sup>(3)</sup>.

All the shirted fraternity, being cowards and without arms, found it easy quickly to leave the fray and in a second were running with their torches over the plain, like masqueraders on a night of festival and rejoicing. On the other hand they that were enveloped in skirts and gowns, moved less nimbly, and our knight without danger to himself was able to drub them and drive them all off, though much against their wills, for they supposed him not man but devil come to rob them of the corpse. Looking in amazement at his lord's exploits, Sancho murmured, 'Truly this my master is as valorous and valiant as he says.' The master now observed the man that had been thrown (for his torch lay burning at his side) and riding up pointed the pike at his face, calling on him to surrender, else he would pierce him through. To this the fallen one replied, 'I am surrendered enough as it is, since my broken leg will not let me move. If you be a Christian knight, I beseech you to spare my life, else you will commit a great sacrilege, I being a licentiate of the first orders.' 'What in the devil brings a churchman here?' 'What but mine ill luck, sir?' 'Then a second time and more harshly I threaten you, if you answer not mine every question.'

'Your worship will be promptly satisfied,' began the mourner, 'for I shall tell you that though I said I had taken the licentiate degree, I am in fact but a bachelor, by name Alonso López and a native of Alcobendas. I am on my way from Baeza with

eleven other priests (they that fled with the torches) as escort to the body that lies on that litter—a gentleman that died and was buried in Baeza<sup>(4)</sup>, whose bones we are carrying to their final resting-place in Segovia, his home.’ ‘And who killed him?’ ‘God, by means of a pestilence.’ ‘In that case the Lord has relieved me of avenging his death, which I should have done had another slain him. Since it was He, there’s naught to do but shrug my shoulders and be silent, the same as though He had slain me. I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quijote hight, I would have your worship know, and mine office and profession is to go through the world redressing injuries and making crooked things straight.’ ‘I know not how that can be,’ said the bachelor, ‘since from straight you have turned me crooked, leaving me with a broken leg that will not straighten all the days of my life; and the injury you have redressed in my case is to leave me injured in such a way that I shall remain so for ever. Misadventure rather it has been to meet with one so daft on adventures.’

‘Different things have different issues,’ replied Don Quijote; ‘the mischief, señor bachelor Alonso López, lay in your coming by night, chanting, with mourning surplices and torches burning like things evil and of the other world. I could not but fulfil mine obligation to attack you, for had you been very devils of hell, as indeed I from the first supposed you were, still should I have thrown myself upon you.’ ‘Since thus my fate willed it,’ returned the other, ‘prithee, sir errant, that have erred so toward me, help me from under this mule, where one of my legs is pinned ’twixt stirrup and saddle.’ ‘How long did you think to wait before telling me? Perhaps I was speaking for to-morrow!’<sup>(5)</sup>

Sancho was now summoned but did not sweat himself for he was busy plundering a sumpter-mule

laden with provisions. First he turned his long cloak into a sack and putting therein all it would hold, he placed it on his ass and hastened, presently, to his master's call. Assisting the bachelor to extricate himself, he mounted him on his mule, handing him his torch. Don Quijote told the poor unfortunate to follow the retreat of his companions, of whom on his part he must ask pardon for the wrong which he couldn't have helped doing them. To this the bachelor replied:

'But let your worship take note that you are excommunicated<sup>(6)</sup> none the less since you laid violent hand on sacred things, according to the canon; *Siquis suadente diabolo, et cetera*'<sup>(7)</sup>. 'I know not this Latin,' returned his victor, 'but I know well that strictly speaking 'twas not my hand but this pike. Secondly I was not aware that I was offending priests and things of the church, which I regard and revere like the Catholic and faithful Christian that I am. From the first I took you for phantoms and monsters of the other world. But even so, I cannot but recall what befell Cid Ruy Díaz<sup>(8)</sup> what time he broke the royal ambassador's chair in the presence of His Holiness the Pope: he was excommunicated—yet the good Rodrigo de Bivar bore himself like a noble courageous knight that day.' And Sancho added, 'Would you and your friends know who is the dauntless one that made them what they are, inform them he's no less than Don Quijote de la Mancha, otherwise known as the Knight of Sorry Aspect.' With this the bachelor rode away.

Don Quijote asked his squire what had moved him at this particular time to call him the Knight of Sorry Aspect<sup>(9)</sup>. 'I'll tell you,' said Sancho: 'as I stood looking at you a space by the light of your victim's torch, truly your worship had the sorriest aspect ever I beheld—owing no doubt to the exhaus-



tion of this fight or maybe to the loss of so many teeth.' 'To neither, but probably the sage, whose duty it shall prove to be the chronicler of my life, thought it well that I take a professional name, like all the knights of the past. One called himself the Knight of the Burning Sword<sup>(10)</sup>, another the Unicorn Knight<sup>(11)</sup>, a third He of the Maidens<sup>(12)</sup>. This one was known as the Knight of the Phoenix<sup>(13)</sup>, the next He of the Griffin and still another the Knight of Death<sup>(14)</sup>. By these names and their appropriate insignia their fame was blown throughout the world. Likewise this sage of mine must have put it on your tongue and in your thought to call me the Knight of Sorry Aspect, by which name I think to designate myself from this day forth. The better to square with it I purpose at the earliest opportunity to have depicted on my shield a perfect scarecrow of a figure.' 'Twould be a waste of time and money,' counselled the other, 'for without shield or figure they'll call you He of the Sorry Aspect just the same. Believe that I speak the truth, sir, for I promise your worship (and in jest be it spoken) that hunger and lack of molars offer such a speaking likeness that the other may be spared.' The knight smiled at Sancho's pleasantry, yet resolved to have that emblem as soon as was permitted and thereafter to call himself by that name.

Our champion was anxious to see if the body on the litter were a skeleton as the bachelor had said, but Sancho protested, 'Your worship has just finished one the most to his safety of all the adventures I have seen. These gentlemen, though beaten and put to flight, may come to reflect how they were routed by a single hand, and in their shame may rally and give us a good deal to think about. The ass is as he should be, the mountains are near, hunger presses. There's naught to do but retire with

a graceful measure of the feet and, The corpse to the crypt and the living to the loaf, as the saying is.' Driving his ass before him he called to his master to follow, and the other obeyed without a word, thinking his leader in the right.

After journeying awhile 'twixt two low mountains the pair found themselves in a wide though sheltered valley and here they made their rest. Sancho at once lightened the ass's burden, and stretching on the green, with hunger as sauce, they breakfasted, dined, lunched and supped in one meal, satisfying their stomachs with more than one of the panniers of cold meat that the priests, who seldom restrict their rations, had brought on their sumpter-mule. But now another misfortune overtook them, by Sancho considered the worst one of all, and this was they had no wine to warm their hearts, nor even water to moisten their lips. But seeing that meadow covered with young green grass, the squire, thirst compelling him, said what will be told in the following chapter.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Highwayman. <sup>(2)</sup>This adventure is a true one to the extent that on December 14th, 1591, that great saint and poet San Juan de la Cruz died in his convent at Ubeda from a pestilential fever, whose body after a year and a half was secretly conveyed by night to Segovia by way of Madrid. Before reaching Martos on a certain height not far from the road there suddenly appeared a man who called aloud, 'Where are you carrying the body of the saint? Leave it where it was!' which caused such astonishment and fear in the bearers that their hair stood on end. *Life of Cervantes* 1819 by Martín Fernández de Navarrete p. 77-81; and *Life of Saint John of the Cross* by David Lewis London 1897 p. 292-300. San Juan was born at Fontiveros (1542), not Segovia. Martos was one of the places from which Cervantes collected stores during these years. <sup>(3)</sup>*Orlando Furioso* xvi 49:

Rotta l'asta, Rinaldo il destrier volta  
Tanto leggier, che fa sembrar c'habbia ale.

<sup>(4)</sup>Near Ubeda, in Andalusia. <sup>(5)</sup>See Appendix E. <sup>(6)</sup>See Appendix F.  
<sup>(7)</sup>Si quis suadente diabolo hujus sacrilegii vitium vel crimen incurrerit,

quod in clericum vel monachum violentes manus injecerit, anathematis vinculo subjaceat. Decree of the Council of Trent, 1545-63. <sup>(9)</sup>II 13-20 of a Cid ballad beginning *A Concilio dentro en Roma*:

En la iglesia de San Pedro	Con el pié la ha derribado;
Don Rodrigo habia entrado	La silla era de marfil,
Do vido las siete sillas	Hecho la ha cuatro pedazos.
De siete reyes cristianos.	Y tomó la de su Rey
Y vió la del rey de Francia	Y subióla en lo mas alto.
Junta á la del Padre Santo,	Habló allí un honrado duque
Y la del Rey su señor	Que dicen el Saboyano:
Un estado mas abajo.	—Maldito seas, Rodrigo,
Fuése á la del rey de Francia,	Del papa descomulgado...

*Cancionero de Romances* 1550; Durán 756.

<sup>(9)</sup>At the Fêtes held at Bins, recorded by Calvete in *Journey of Prince Philip* 1552, Juan de Saavedra appeared as the *Cavallero Triste*. Here too appeared the Knight of the Griffin and the Knight of Death mentioned below. *Figura* is the whole aspect, not the countenance alone, as witness Altisidora's remark at the end of II 60; also the use of *figura* in II 48. Note also *Orlando Furioso* xxii 19: Ad altri un cavalier di faccia rea. <sup>(10)</sup>Amadis of Greece, 'who bore on his breast a sword red as coal.' *Amadis of Greece* 1530 I 2. <sup>(11)</sup>There were several of this name. In *Belianis of Greece* 1547 III 13 are mentioned the Knight of Noble Aspect and the Unicorn Knight. <sup>(12)</sup>Florandino of Macedonia in *Lepolemo or Knight of the Cross* 1521. <sup>(13)</sup>Mentioned in *Orlando Furioso* xxxvi 17. <sup>(14)</sup>Chosen for a time by Amadis of Greece.

## CHAPTER XX

The never-seen and unheard-of adventure that Don Quijote brought to an end with less danger to himself than ever did famous knight in the world

ALL this grass, sir,' began the squire, 'betokens a spring or brook hereabouts that keeps it green<sup>(1)</sup>. 'Twill be well therefore that we move a bit further till we come to where we may slake this awful thirst of ours; 'tis certainly harder to bear than hunger.' This counsel prevailed with Don Quijote, so, leading Rocinante by the bridle and Sancho by the halter his ass, on which had been placed the remnants of their meal, they felt their way slowly up the meadow, for the darkness prevented their distinguishing anything. They had not gone two hundred paces when they heard water falling as if from a great height. Their hearts greatly rejoiced but as they halted to get direction, a hideous clangour smote their ears, dampening their pleasure, especially that of Sancho, who was by nature timid.

This sound consisted of a regular thud, thud, thud, mingled with the grating of iron and chains, which with the loud roar of the falling water would have inspired fear in the heart of any man, were he not Don Quijote. They had passed into the midst of a grove of tall trees, whose leaves now made a doleful sighing in the wind, and this souging and the sounds, the darkness and the desolation, made their flesh creep, especially when they found that neither the thuds ceased nor the wind slept nor morning came. But Don Quijote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leapt upon Rocinante, and em-

bracing his buckler, inclined his lance and said, 'Sancho friend, you must know that by the will of Heaven I was born in this our iron age to restore the age of gold or golden age as it is called. I am he for whom are reserved dangers and great and valiant deeds. I am he, I repeat, that is to revive the Knights of the Round Table, the Twelve of France and the Nine of Fame; that is to efface the memory of the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes and Tirantes, the Phœbuses and Belianises, together with the whole herd of famous knights-errant of former times, by achieving, in this mine own, feats of arms so mighty and marvellous as to eclipse the most brilliant of theirs.

'Mark well, faithful and loyal squire, the gloom of this night, its extraordinary stillness, the muffled sougling of the trees, the frightful sound of that water we are seeking, which plunges, one might think, from the lofty Mountains of the Moon<sup>(2)</sup>, and lastly that ceaseless thud, thud, thud, that so wounds and afflicts our ears. These all together and each by itself are enough to inspire fear and cowardice in the breast of Mars himself—how much more in that of one unused to such hazards and adventures. But these dangers I depict are but incentives and incitements to my courage, for even now my heart bursts in my bosom with desire to close with this one, however difficult it may prove. So tighten Rocinante's girth a bit and God be with thee. Wait for me three days, no more: if I am not here by that time, returning to our village do me the kindness and favour to go thence to El Toboso and say to that incomparable lady Dulcinea that her captive knight died in attempting things to make him worthy to be called hers'<sup>(3)</sup>.

When Sancho heard these his master's words, he began to weep<sup>(4)</sup> with the deepest, tenderest feel-

ings in the world, but at length managed to say, 'Señor, I cannot see why your worship would engage in this dreadful adventure. It is night now, none sees us, we can easily turn aside and avoid this peril, even if we shouldn't drink in three days. As there is none to observe us, the less will there be any to call us cowards. Besides, I've often heard our priest, well known to your worship, say in his sermons that he that seeks danger, perishes therein<sup>(5)</sup>. 'Twould be foolish to tempt God by engaging in this intemperate enterprise, from which you can survive only by a miracle, and Heaven has surely performed enough for you lately, in letting you off from being blanketed as I was and in bringing you forth victor, hale and whole, from amongst the many foes that followed the corpse.

'Should this not move nor soften your heart, let it relent in the thought and knowledge that scarce will you pass out of sight when I from pure terror shall deliver my soul to whoever will take it. I left my country, my children and my wife to come and serve your worship, hoping to be worth more, not less; but as covetousness they say breaks the sack, so has it broken all my expectations. Just as they were highest about getting that wretched benighted isle, so often promised of your worship, I find that by way of pay and in exchange for it you are ready to leave me in a place miles away from human traffic. By the only God, master, do me not this wrong. If you still persist in engaging in this affair, at least put it off till daylight, which the science I learned when a shepherd tells me cannot be more than three hours away, for the Horn's mouth<sup>(6)</sup> is over the head and shows midnight in the line of the left paw.'

'When the night is so black that not a star shines, how can you see where this line runs or where the

head and mouth are?' 'Fear has many eyes,' explained the other, 'and if it can see things under the earth, how much more things above in the sky. Moreover, common sense tells us it must lack little of day.' 'Lack what it may, my son, it shall not be said of me now or any other time that tears and entreaties swerved me from the duty of a knight. I beg you be still therefore, since God, having put in my heart to engage forthwith in this frightful and unparalleled exploit, will see to my safety and console your sadness. All you must do is to tighten Rocinante's girth and abide where you are, whither I am sure to return, dead or alive.'

Seeing his master's resolution and how little his own tears, advice and entreaties availed<sup>(7)</sup>, the squire decided to employ his cunning and, if possible, compel the other to wait till morn. And so, while tightening the horse's girth, skilfully and unobserved he wound the halter round the fore-feet, so that when his rider stirred him, the beast only moved by jumps. Seeing the success of his trick, Sancho said, 'Mark, señor, how Heaven, touched by my tears and prayers, ordains that Rocinante shall not budge. If you persist in spurring and striking, you'll offend fortune and kick against the pricks, as they say.' The knight was indeed dismayed, for the more he spurred, the less the nag moved<sup>(8)</sup>, till his rider, not suspecting a ruse, decided to be patient, waiting for morn or at least till the beast would travel. 'Since Rocinante can do naught but stand still,' he remarked, 'I am content, Sancho, to wait till dawn smiles, though I weep that she so long delays.'

'There's no reason to weep,' responded the other, 'for I'll divert your worship till daylight by telling stories, unless you prefer to dismount and, lying on the grass after the manner of knights-errant, snatch

a wink of sleep. You will then feel restored when the time comes to enter on the mad feat that awaits you.' 'Whom do you urge to dismount and sleep? Am I perchance of those knights that take a siesta in the midst of perils? Sleep you, that were born to sleep, or do what you please, for I shall do whatever most accords with mine aim.' 'Be not vexed, sir, for I did not mean to anger you.' And coming close the squire laid one hand on the pommel of the saddle and the other on the cantle, thus embracing his master's left thigh. Nor thenceforth did he dare move a finger's-breadth from him, so thoroughly shaken was he by the ceaseless thud, thud, thud.

The knight now called on his henchman to tell him a tale or two as he had promised, and the other said he would if only his fear at the noises would die down. 'But in any case,' said he, 'I'll pluck up spirit enough to tell a certain tale which, if I can manage to relate it and it doesn't get away, is the best story in the world. And let your worship attend now, for here I begin. What was, was, and may the good that is to come be for us all, and the evil for him that seeks it<sup>(9)</sup>. Your worship must know, my lord, that the beginning given by the ancients to their fables was not by chance, but was always a certain maxim of Cato the Senseless, which says, Evil for him that seeks it; and this fits our present strait as a ring the finger to show your worship that you should quiet yourself, nor go in search of evil in any quarter, but quit this place by some other road, since no one forces us to follow this where so many fears assault us.'

'Continue your story, Sancho, and leave the road to me,' commanded his master. 'I say then,' again began the squire, 'that in a village of Estramadura dwelt a goatherd<sup>(10)</sup>, that is to say, he tended goats, the which shepherd or goatherd, as the story goes,



was named Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess by the name of Torralva, the which shepherdess Torralva was the daughter of a rich grazier, and this rich grazier . . . 'If that's the way you tell it,' interrupted the other, 'saying everything twice over, you'll not have done in two days. Give it without these interruptions, like a man of sense, or drop it entirely.' 'I tell it in the manner all stories are told in my country,' replied Sancho, 'and I know no other way. Nor is it fair to expect me to introduce new customs.' 'Tell it as you please,' returned his master, 'and proceed, for fate wills that I must hear you out.'

'So it came to pass, lord of my soul, that, as I have already said, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess—a wild, buxom lass with something mannish about her: in fact she had little moustaches. I seem to see her now.' 'Then you knew her?' 'Nay, but he that told me this tale said it was so absolutely true that when I related it to another, without the slightest hesitation I could affirm and swear I had seen it all. Well then, as the days came and went, and the devil, who entangles all things, was not sleeping, this time he entangled them so badly that the love the shepherd bore the shepherdess turned to loathing and ill-will, and the reason, according to evil tongues, was that she played him little tricks that crossed the line and trespassed on forbidden ground.

'So strong was the shepherd's distaste that, to get out of her sight, he resolved to leave the country and go where his eyes might not rest on her again. Finding herself disdained by Lope, Torralva straight began to love him more than ever.' 'Tis women's disposition to disdain those that love them and love those that despise them. Pass on, Sancho.' 'It came about then that the shepherd carried out his re-

solve, and driving his goats before set out through the plains of Estramadura bound for Portugal. Learning of this, Torralva followed at distance on foot and barefoot with staff in hand and scrip round neck, and in the scrip she carried, according to report, a piece of looking-glass and a broken comb and some little bottle or other of paint for her face. But let her carry what she did, I shan't set about to prove it.

'All I shall affirm is that they tell how the shepherd and his flock arrived at the river Guadiana, which at that season of the year was swollen and peeped over its banks. Now at the spot where he stood was neither ferry nor boat nor anyone to carry him and his flock to t'other side. He was considerably distressed at this, since he saw Torralva coming nearer and nearer and knew she would pester him with tears and entreaties. So he kept up his search till he found a fisherman and boat, but the boat was too small to hold more than one person and one goat. Nevertheless Lope bargained with its owner to carry over the entire flock of three hundred. The fisherman stepped into the craft and rowed across with the first goat. Then he returned and took another; again came back and again went to t'other side with a goat. Let your worship keep count of the number of crossings, for if you miss a single one, the story will come to an end and it will be impossible to relate another word of it. I proceed then and I say that the landing across the river was muddy and slippery, and the fisherman lost a good deal of time every trip. Yet he returned for another goat and another and another.' 'Call them all over,' suggested Don Quijote: 'don't keep going and coming in this fashion or you won't have finished in a year.' 'How many are over there now?'

asked Sancho. 'How the devil do I know?' exclaimed the knight.

'There it is, just as I told you,' complained the squire: 'I asked you to keep an exact account, and now by God I've ended the story and there's no more to be told.' 'How can that be? Is it so essential to know just how many goats have crossed, that if one be skipped, you cannot proceed?' 'Yes, señor, quite impossible, for when I questioned your worship as to how many goats were on the further side and you answered you did not know, instantly quitted my memory whatever remained to be told; and on my faith 'twas most excellent and pleasing.' 'Then the story is really ended?' 'As ended as my mother,' replied the squire. 'Of a truth then, you have told the rarest tale, story, or history ever man conceived in the world, and such a manner of relating and concluding it will not be seen again or ever has been seen till now, though I should have expected no less from your sure understanding, somewhat excited doubtless by this unremitting clangour.' 'Maybe so,' rejoined Sancho; 'I can only say there's nothing more to tell, for the tale always ends just where the mistake in the toll begins.' 'Let it end where it will and welcome. And now let us see if Rocinante can move.' Don Quijote clapped spurs, but the beast only gave a jump and stood still, so firmly was he tied.

Whether 'twas the cold of the morning now approaching, or because he had supped on laxatives, or else, and this seems the likelier, 'twas simply nature, the desire and inclination came to Sancho just then to do what no other could do for him, but so large was the fear that had entered his heart, he dared not budge from his master's side by so much as the black of his nail. Yet to think of leaving undone what he so much longed to do, was equally

out of the question. So what to keep the peace he actually did do, was to drop his right hand from the back of the saddle and deftly and cautiously loosen the single running-cord that held up his breeches, which at once fell to the ground, hobbling his feet like Rocinante's. He next raised his shirt as best he could, exposing his buttocks, no smallish ones, to the night air. And now he trusted that the worst of escaping from his agonizing cramps was over. But at once a greater difficulty arose: it seemed to him he could not get relief without a loud report, and in fear thereof he gritted his teeth, contracted his shoulders, and held his breath all he possibly could. In spite of these precautions however, his ill-luck was such that there escaped a little low noise, quite different from the thunderous one that was causing their great terror.

Nevertheless Don Quijote heard the sound, and said, 'What rumbling is that, Sancho?' 'I cannot tell, sire; something new I guess, for adventures and misadventures never come singly.' Again the sufferer tried his luck and this time fared so well that without further sound he was delivered of his woful burden. But as his master's sense of smell was no weaker than his sense of hearing, and as Sancho was tightly sewed to him and the vapours mounted well nigh straight up, some must necessarily have reached his nostrils. Scarce did they arrive when the knight came to the rescue by pressing with his two fingers, and then, in rather nasal tones, addressed his squire, 'Methinks you are hugely frightened, boy.' 'I am indeed, but why does your worship notice it now more than formerly?' 'Because you smell worse, and not of amber.' 'Maybe I do, but the fault is not mine but your worship's, in dragging me about after hours and at this unnatural pace.' 'Remove yourself a few steps, my friend,'

quoth the knight, still holding his nose, 'and hereafter bethink you more of your own person and what is due mine. Your constant companionship with me has engendered this over-familiarity.' 'I'll wager your worship thinks I have done something with my person I should not have.' 'Talking will only make it worse,' replied the other.

In these and similar colloquies master and man spent that night, and when Sancho saw morning approach, with great circumspection he untied Rocinante's feet and retied his own breeches-cord. As soon as the horse found himself free, though nothing spirited himself, he apparently received new life from some outside source, and commenced to paw, for, begging his pardon, to caper he knew not how. When his rider perceived him stir, he took it for good omen, thinking he should at once undertake the dread enterprise. As it was day now and objects showed distinctly, he observed that 'twas among tall umbrageous chestnuts they had been enshadowed. He marked as well that the thumping did not cease and as its cause was still not apparent, without further detention he made Rocinante feel the spurs. Before going however, he turned and commanded Sancho to abide there three days at the outside as previously bidden, adding that if at the expiration of that time he hadn't returned, he would know God had been pleased that he should end his days in that perilous exploit. He again charged his squire with the embassy and message to Dulcinea; as to pay for services he need not fear, for in a testament drawn before their last setting-out he would find himself amply rewarded for the period of his office-tenure. But if, on the other hand, God delivered him from this forlorn hope safe and scot-free, the other might

think of the promised isle as more than a certainty<sup>(11)</sup>.

Sancho wept anew at these moving words of his good master and resolved in his heart not to leave till the end and conclusion of the whole affair. From this regret and honourable resolution of Panza the author of this history infers that he came of good family, must at least have been a full-blooded Christian. His tenderness softened his master somewhat but not so much that he showed hesitancy toward what lay before him. Dissimulating his feelings as he could, he rode in the direction of the sounds. Sancho followed on foot, as usual towing the ass, his constant fellow in both good and evil times. When the procession had proceeded some distance through the chestnuts and other umbrageous trees, they came to a ravine at the foot of a high cliff, over which plunged a mighty rush of water, and near where it fell stood a few rude buildings. 'Twas from these ramshackle affairs the incessant grinding and thumping proceeded. Rocinante taking fright balked, but his master quieted him, and little by little rode nearer and nearer, commending his whole heart to his lady, imploring her favour toward this dread act and enterprise, and by the way also commending himself to God not to forget him. Sancho did not quit his side but with outstretched neck kept peering 'twixt Rocinante's legs, to discover if possible what it was that held them in such uncertainty and fear.

They thus had advanced perhaps a hundred paces further when, on doubling a corner, they saw unmistakably the certain cause of the hideous and to them frightful sound that had kept them in terror and anxiety the whole night through. O reader, if you'll not be aggrieved and annoyed, 'twas naught but six fulling-hammers, pounding away, one after the

other. Our knight, on realizing this, was overwhelmed, and when Sancho looked up, his head was lowered on his breast in mortification. In turn he looked at Sancho and saw cheeks puffed out and a mouth full of laughter, almost on the point of bursting. His own feelings had no such sway over him that at the sight of his squire he could refrain from laughter himself, and when the other heard him begin, he broke forth into such a fit of roaring that he had to hold his sides lest they split. Four times he stilled himself and as many burst forth again with the same violence as before. At this the knight wished himself to the devil, especially when he heard his servant mock him, saying, 'You must know, O Sancho friend, that I was born by the will of Heaven to revive in this our iron age the golden or age of gold. I am he for whom are kept dangers, deeds and mighty feats of arms . . .' repeating all or nearly all the speech his master had delivered when first they heard those fearsome blows.

Finding himself made a fool of, our knight felt so choleric and chagrined that, raising his pike, he dropped two such whacks that had Sancho caught them on his head instead of on his shoulders, his master would have been released from any wage-settlement, unless with his heirs. When Sancho found how heavily he was paying for his fun, fearing lest his master wouldn't stop there, in real humility he thus pleaded, 'Calm yourself, señor; I was only jesting.' 'And because you were, I am not. Tell me, merry lad, had this been an adventure of wild peril, instead of fulling-hammers, think you I should not have shown courage enough to attack and achieve it? Being the gentleman I am, am I perchance supposed to recognize and distinguish noises, and be able to tell whether fulling-mills or not? Much less should I, that never have seen them

in my life, which is the truth, than you, churlish peasant, that were born and brought up amongst them. Or come, cause these six hammers to be changed into as many giants and let them attack me, one at a time or all together, and if I do not send them head-over-heels, mock me as you choose.'

'Let it be quits, master,' urged the squire; 'I confess I went a little too far. But tell me, now we're friends, and from all adventures may God deliver you as hale and whole as He has from this, was there naught to laugh at? Wouldn't it make a good story, when you think of the great fear we were, or at least I was, in? As to your worship methinks you neither feel nor know fear or fright.' 'I'll not deny that what occurred was fit subject for laughter, but 'twas certainly not good matter for a story, though all persons are not shrewd enough to know just where to place things.' 'At any rate your worship knew where to place that pike, aiming at my head but, thanks to God and the agility wherewith I dodged, striking my shoulders. But all will show in the suds, so let that pass. As I have heard say, He loves thee well that makes thee weep; the more, since a master, after harsh words to a servant, is wont straightway to hand him a pair of breeches. What they hand after blows is beyond me, unless knights-errant give them isles or kingdoms on the mainland.'

'The dice can easily fall in such a way,' said Don Quijote, 'that all you say will come true. Forgive me the past, for you are wise enough to know that his first movement lies not in the hand of man<sup>(12)</sup>, and for the future, that you may check and restrain yourself from overmuch speaking, reflect on this one thing: that in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are legion, I never met with a squire that gossiped so much with his master as you gossip with yours. And truly I hold this a large fault both in you and



in me: in you that you hold me so cheap; in me that I inspire so little reverence. Think on Gandalin, squire to Amadis and count<sup>(13)</sup> of Insula Firme<sup>(14)</sup>. One reads that he spoke to his master cap in hand, inclining his head and bending his body Turkish fashion<sup>(15)</sup>. What, too, shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so little given to speech and so self-effacing that the whole history, as tedious as true, mentions him but once?<sup>(16)</sup>

'You must see from what I say, my son, there's need to distinguish 'twixt master and man, lord and servant, knight and squire. Henceforth we must act with greater respect and not give ourselves rope; for however I may vent my wrath, 'tis bound to go hard with the jug<sup>(17)</sup>. The rewards and benefits I have promised will come in due course, and should they fail, you are sure to receive wages in the manner already outlined.' 'All you say is well and good,' responded the other, 'but in case the season for the rewards did not arrive and it became necessary to apply to the wages, how much did a squire to a knight-errant earn in the old days? And was his salary reckoned by the month, or by the day as with hod-carriers?'

'My impression is that squires never really were on salary but looked rather to favours for a living. If I remembered you in the sealed testament at home, it was with a sense of the precariousness of this mode of life, for as yet I'm not sure chivalry will succeed in these calamitous times. You yourself should know ere this that there's no more hazardous existence in this world than that of adventurers, and I'd not have my soul for petty omissions suffer in the next.' 'What you say of adventurers must be true,' remarked the other, 'since merely the sound of fulling-hammers can startle and confuse the heart of no less valiant an errant than your worship. But henceforth rest as-

sured I shall never open my lips to make light of your affairs but ever to honour you as my master and natural lord.' 'By so doing you shall live long upon the face of the earth, for masters are to be respected only second to parents and like unto them.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>This adventure is partly modelled on *Amadis of Greece* 1530 c 15 (in French translation) where Amadis of Greece and company arrive at night-fall at a delectable meadow with a clear brook and are disturbed all night by a great noise, which increases as they approach, and yet they can see nothing. But many details, such as the farewell of the master, the pleading of the squire, the becalming of the horse, are taken from the chapter of *Florando of England* 1545 III 8, that also suggested details for the blanketting; note 5 of I 17. <sup>(2)</sup>In Abyssinia, down which, according to Ptolemy *Geografia* (Book IV) the Nile plunges with deafening roar. <sup>(3)</sup>'If fortune should be wholly pleased that I here end my days, prithee forget not to present my faith before that divine princess for whose services I have desire of life that she may know I die as hers.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 III 17. So also *Amadis of Gaul* c 130, where Amadis tells his comrade to wait for him no more than three days. <sup>(4)</sup>So Olivante's squire 'Leristes, who knew his determination, weeping aloud...supplicated that he should desist from going with open eyes to his death, which should be attributed to temerity and madness rather than faith and daring; and with this he said many other things that availed not to wrest him from his resolve.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 III 2; see also note 1 above. <sup>(5)</sup>*Ecclesiastes* 3:27. <sup>(6)</sup>Ursa minor, which has somewhat the shape of a curved hunting-horn. The hour was calculated by facing the Horn and extending the arms horizontally so as to represent a cross, the time being indicated by the relative position of the Horn to the arms. Covarrubias 1611 under *bozina*, and *Hydrografia* 1585 f 20. <sup>(7)</sup>*Orlando Furioso* xxxvi 49-50

Ma poco frutto han le parole sue.

Quando pur vede che'l pregar non vale.

<sup>(8)</sup>This circumstance travesties the enchantment of Florando's horse in *Florando of England* 1545 III 8. Finding his steed will not budge, Florando ties him by the reins to a tree. <sup>(9)</sup>The old proverb 'and evil for the priest's mistress.' <sup>(10)</sup>An adaptation of the thirty-first of *Cento Novelle Antiche* (bound with the Venice 1571 edition of *Cento Novelle Scelte*) by Francesco Sansovino. <sup>(11)</sup>The narrative now turns to *Amadis of Gaul* II 2, where the hero, before going to what he thinks may prove his death, bestows an isle on Gandalin his squire, who says, 'Master, never has it been a care to you lest I be parted from you, nor now on any account shall it be: if you are to die, I do not wish to live.' <sup>(12)</sup>From *History of Charlemagne* 1525 c 14. <sup>(13)</sup>Not

count but governor. *Amadis of Gaul* II 2. <sup>(14)</sup>Connected with the mainland by a narrow neck of terra firma, and so called Insula Firme. *Amadis of Gaul* II 1. <sup>(15)</sup>This is Gandalin's general attitude toward his master, never his special act. <sup>(16)</sup>'Galaor looked for the maidens, but did not find them; in their stead he saw Gasabal his squire, and Ardian, Amadis' dwarf.' *Amadis of Gaul* II 16. <sup>(17)</sup>Whether the pitcher hits the stone or the stone the pitcher, 'tis all the same with the jug.

## CHAPTER XXI

The noble venture and rich reward of Mambrino's helmet, along with other things that befell our invincible knight

**A**T this juncture it began to rain slightly, and Sancho moved that they pass under cover of the fulling-mills, but these were invested with such abhorrence by Don Quijote that this plan was the last to which he would consent. Instead they took a road leading to the right out on to another like the one they had travelled the day before. In the near distance Don Quijote descried a man, mounted and wearing on his head something that shone like gold. Scarce had our knight sighted him when he turned to Sancho and said, 'Methinks there's no refrain that hasn't some element of truth, since all are maxims hewn from experience, the mother of all knowledge. And especially true is the one that says, When one door closes, another opens. My drift is that if last evening fortune slammed in our faces the door of the adventure we were on the track of by putting us off with fulling-mills, she now opens wide another portal to a better and surer one, which if I fail to pass through, mine the blame, since I cannot lay it to mine ignorance of hammers or to the darkness of the night. All this I say because, if I mistake not, yonder approaches one that wears the helmet of Mambrino<sup>(1)</sup>, concerning which, you remember, I took a certain oath.'

'Look well to what you say and better to what you do,' counselled Sancho, 'for I wouldn't have other mills finish the fulling of us and knock us out of our wits.' 'The devil take you, man! What have fulling-

mills to do with helmets?' 'Nothing, so far as I know,' replied Sancho, 'but by my faith if I could talk as I used to, I might say such words that your worship would see you are mistaken.' 'How can I be, malignant traitor? Tell me, see you not yon cavalier approaching on a dapple-grey steed and on his head a golden helmet?' 'What I see and discern is naught but an ordinary man riding a grey ass like mine own with something on his head that glistens.' 'Well, that is Mambrino's helmet; retire and leave him to me and you'll find how without saying a word, to save time, I shall conclude this adventure, and the long-coveted helmet will be mine.' 'I'll attend to the retiring,' rejoined the squire, 'but please God, I say again, that the adventure prove sweet marjoram and no mills'<sup>(2)</sup>. 'I have already asked you, brother, not to mention even by a thought those fulling-mills, or I swear, and I say no more, to full the very soul out of you.' Sancho held his peace, lest his master make good an oath which he had hurled at him so roundly.

Now these are the facts regarding the helmet, the horse and the cavalier seen of our Don Quijote. In that district were two villages, one of which was so small that it had neither apothecary nor barber, and since its neighbour had, the barber of the larger served the lesser; in which at this time was a man that had need to be bled and another that had need to be shaved, and the barber-surgeon was on his way thither. He carried his brass basin with him and, since it rained and he would not spoil his hat (it must have been new), in its stead he wore the basin, which being burnished shone for half a league. He rode a grey ass, as Sancho said; and thus it was that Don Quijote pictured a knight, a dapple-grey steed and a helmet of gold, accommodating everything, as he did, to the ill-starred wanderings of his unbridled thoughts.

So it befell that when the poor knight was at hand, our champion without stopping to parley put Rocinante to a gallop, lowering his pike with the evident purpose of driving it straight through him. In mid-career and without slackening the speed of his onset he cried, 'Defend yourself, base creature, or at once deliver of your free-will that which is so justly my due'<sup>(3)</sup>. The barber, beholding this sudden apparition descending upon him before he had the least thought or suspicion thereof, saw no way of avoiding the pike save by falling from his ass. Scarce had he reached the ground when he leapt to his feet more nimbly than a buck and more fleetly than the wind vanished over the plain.

In his hurried departure Mambrino left his helmet on the ground, whereat Don Quijote was wholly satisfied, declaring that the pagan had with sound judgment imitated the beaver<sup>(4)</sup>, who, on finding himself hard pressed by hunters, bites off that for which his natural instinct tells him he is pursued. He ordered Sancho to pick up the casque, in handing which the squire said, 'By God, 'tis a good basin all right enough: worth eight reals<sup>(5)</sup> if a farthing.' Placing it on his head, the knight turned it around to find the visor, but as his search was unrewarded, he observed, 'The first paynim to whose measure this famous helmet was forged, must have boasted an uncommonly large head, but worse than that it lacks a face-guard.'

When Sancho heard him speak of the basin as a helmet, he couldn't restrain his laughter, but bethinking him of his master's wrath he stopped in the midst of it. 'Why do you laugh, Sancho?' 'I was thinking what a whopping head he must have had, the pagan owner of that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's basin.' 'Do you know what I fear? It comes to me that this famous piece of enchanted helmet by an extraordinary accident fell into the hands

of some unappreciative person, who, seeing it of purest gold, ignorantly melted one half that he might realize on it, and with what was left made what looks, as you say, like a barber's basin. For all that, its metamorphosis can make no difference to me that know its true value, and in the first village that boasts a smithy I'll so rehabilitate it that the helmet made by the god of smithies for the god of battles will not surpass, nay, touch it. Till then I shall wear it as best I can; a half-loaf is better than none and even such an helmet will protect me from a random stone.'

'Unless,' excepted Sancho, 'twere thrown from a sling with the force of those thrown in the battle of the two armies, what time they signed the cross on your worship's molars and smashed the cruet containing that blessed balsam that made me vomit my insides.' 'The loss of the balsam doesn't much worry me,' returned the other, 'since as you are aware I have the recipe in my memory.' 'So have I, but if ever I try to make or taste it during the rest of my life, may this be my last hour. More by token I very much doubt whether I shall be placed in a situation to need it, for with all my five senses I intend to keep from wounds and wounding another. As to being tossed in a blanket I've naught to say, for such accidents are not easily prevented, and if they come, all you must do is to tuck in your shoulders, hold your breath, close your eyes, and let yourself go whither fate and the coverlet send you.' "'Tis a poor sort of Christian my Sancho makes, never forgetting an injury. Learn that 'tis the part of noble and generous souls to overlook trifles. What foot was lamed as a result of that incident? What rib was broken or head pounded that you forgive not this jest? Jest it was, seen in the proper light, pleasant fun, and had I not so regarded it, I should have returned and wrought

greater havoc in your vengeance than did the Greeks for the rape of Helen; of whom, were she living now or my Dulcinea then, less would be heard,' and here he drew a sigh and breathed it heavenward.

'Let the tossing be set down as fun,' retorted the other, 'since the vengeance cannot be a fact, but I know the kind of fun and fact it was. I know too it cannot be erased from my memory any more than from my shoulders. But bidding this farewell, tell me, your worship, what are we to do with this dapple-grey steed that looks so uncommonly like a common grey ass, left here to shift for itself by that Martino you unsaddled? From the way he made the dust fly and took the hose of Villadiego<sup>(6)</sup>, it looks as if he would never come back, and by my beard the grey is a good one.' 'Tis not my practice to despoil my victims, nor is it knightly to deprive them of horse and mount<sup>(7)</sup>, save where the victor, having lost his own, appropriates that of the vanquished as lawful prize of war. This being the rule, Sancho, it were better not to take this horse or ass or whatever you choose to call him, for, as soon as his owner sees us gone, he'll return for him.' 'God knows I should like to steal the brute,' complained the servant, 'or at least exchange him for mine, which seems to me the poorer of the two. Truly how strict are the laws of chivalry that allow not the swapping of one ass for another! Might I at least swap trappings, I wonder?'

'As to that I cannot advise with certainty, but in case of doubt and until better informed, I should say you might make the division were the need extreme.' 'So extreme, that were they trappings for my person, it couldn't be greater.' And sanctioned by this permission Sancho at once changed hoods<sup>(8)</sup>, as the saying is, decking his beast out in a thousand ways till he made another ass of him. This done, they breakfasted on the remnants of the sumpter-mule's larder



and drank of the brook of the fulling-hammers, not looking their way, in loathing for the terror they had inspired. And now, all melancholy and angry passions gone, they mounted and rode forth, taking, as mark of chivalry, no particular way. They followed whither led by Rocinante's will, which controlled the wills of Don Quijote and the ass, always trotting after in friendship and good company. They soon were back on the highway and pursued it without aim or object; but as they rode the squire said to his master:

'Señor, is your worship willing that I prattle a little? Since you laid that harsh ban of silence upon me, more than four things have rotted in my stomach, and I don't wish the same fate to overtake one that I now have on the tip of my tongue.' 'Out with it then, but be quick, for speech to be spicy must be brief.' 'Well, what I want to say is that for some days past I've been considering how little is gained by wandering in search of adventures out on these deserts and cross-roads where, though the most perilous occasions are met and surmounted, there's nobody around to see or learn of them. Thus are they sure to sink into everlasting silence, to the hurt of your ambition and the worship they deserve<sup>(9)</sup>. Saving your better judgment, it strikes me 'twould be more profitable to hire out to some emperor or other or a prince with a war on his hands, in whose service you could show the puissance of your person, your great prowess and greater understanding. When these are seen by our lord, of necessity he'll enrich us, each according to his merits; nor will there be lacking one to set down in writing your worship's deeds as a memorial for ever. Of mine I say nothing, since they never pass squirely bounds; though let me state right here, that were it chivalric custom to describe

the deeds of the shield-bearers, mine I believe would not be passed in silence'<sup>(10)</sup>.

'You say not ill, Sancho; but before things come to this head, 'twill be necessary by way of probation to wander the world over on adventurous quest, for then the knight by his occasional victories may win such name and fame that when he repairs to the court of some great monarch, his works will have gone before, and scarce will the children see him enter the city-gate when all will surround him, shouting, 'All hail to the Knight of Phœbus or the Serpent!' (or any other device beneath which he has achieved his great feats of arms); 'this is he,' they will cry, 'that single-handed vanquished the huge giant Brocabruno of mighty power; that delivered the great mameluke of Persia out of his heavy enchantment lasting nearly nine hundred years.' And so from youth to youth will be blown the praise of his deeds, and the king, hearing the outcry, will step to the window of the royal palace, and seeing and recognizing the cavalier by his armour and the device on his shield he is sure to cry, 'What ho! ye knights of the court! Sally forth to receive the flower of chivalry, yonder approaching.' Thereupon all will issue forth, and the king, receiving the heroic adventurer half-way down the staircase, will closely embrace him and wish him peace, kissing him on the forehead.

'His Highness will then lead him to the apartment of the queen, whom he will find with her daughter the infanta, who must needs be one of the most beautiful and discreet maidens that with difficulty can be found in the larger part of the known world. And now 'twill come about that, instantly their eyes meet, each will appear to the other a thing more divine than human, and, without knowing how, both will be entangled in the inextricable net of love. Dire distress will reign in their hearts, at a loss as to how to com-

municate and make known their pains and desires. Thence they doubtless will lead him to some richly adorned chamber where, having stripped him of his mail, they'll fetch a rich scarlet mantle and, looked he well in armour, how much finer in his doublet must he now appear!

'When evening draws nigh, he sups with the king, queen and princess, from whom he never takes his eyes, stealing glances at her; and she does likewise<sup>(11)</sup>, for, I have said, she's most discreet. The tables being removed, there enters unannounced an ugly little dwarf, and behind him, between two giants, a beautiful duenna. This turns out to be an adventure arranged by a most ancient sage, wherein whoever succeeds will be accounted the foremost knight in the world. The king will command the company to make trial of the same, but none is successful save, to the great increase of his renown, this unknown stranger; whereupon the infanta will be overjoyed, considering herself more than rewarded in having raised her thought so high. But the best of it is that this king or prince or whoever he may be is engaged in war to the death with another as powerful as himself, and the stranger-knight, after he has been at court a few days, asks leave to serve him in that strife. The king gives his sanction, in acknowledgment whereof the knight will kiss his hand.

'That same evening he bids farewell to his love the infanta through the barred gate of the garden that lies off her bedchamber (and here ere this he has often spoken with her), with a much-trusted maid-in-waiting as go-between. At this leave-taking he sighs, she swoons, the maid fetches water, frightened almost to death, since morn approaches and for the sake of her mistress's good name she would not be discovered. But the infanta now comes to and through the grating stretches forth her lily-white

hands, which the knight kisses a thousand and a thousand times, bathing them in tears. The pair will then plan how they are to inform each other of their good and evil fortunes, and the princess will plead with him not to be absent longer than there is absolute need, which the lover will promise with many vows. He kisses her hands again and bids adieu with such deep emotion that he is like to expire.

‘Repairing to his chamber he throws himself on his bed, but cannot sleep from sorrow at parting. At an early hour he goes to take leave but is told, when he has bidden king and queen farewell, that the princess is indisposed and cannot receive him. The knight imagines that she has been made ill by his going: his heart is pierced and he all but betrays his anguish. The confidante, being present, notes all and hurries to tell her mistress, who weeps, but she recovers sufficiently to confess that as much as anything her distress is caused by ignorance of her lover’s identity, whether he be of royal house or no. The confidante assures her that such courtesy, valour, and gentle bearing could obtain only in a noble and princely personage<sup>(12)</sup>. The child is eased of her burden and endeavours to rally that she may not arouse her parents’ suspicions, and at the end of the second day she again appears in public.

‘The knight in the meanwhile is off to the wars. He fights and conquers the king’s enemy, sacks many cities, is victor in countless battles; returns to court, sees his lady-love by the same means as before, and together they agree he shall ask her in marriage as reward for his services. Alas, the king refuses because he is a stranger. By stealth, however, or otherwise the infanta comes to be his bride, and in the end the father considers it a lucky strike, since he hears that the knight is the son of a valiant

king of I know not what realm, for it hardly can be on the map. The father dies betimes, the infanta inherits the throne, in two words the knight is crowned king. And now comes the rewarding of his squire and all others that have helped him rise to his present eminence. He marries off the former to one of the maids-in-waiting, the same, doubtless, that served as go-between in their intrigue, the daughter of a noble duke.'

'That would suit me,' broke in Sancho: 'fair play say I and no favour. I'll hold to that, for it's to your worship, who styles himself the Knight of Sorry Aspect, that all this is going to befall.' 'Have no doubt of it, my son, for precisely in that way and by those very steps errants have mounted and still mount to be kings and emperors. Our only need is to find the Christian or pagan king with a war and a lovely daughter on his hands. But there will be time to attend to that afterwards for, as I said, one must achieve fame in out-of-the-way parts first. This too is to be considered: supposing such a king to be found and granting that I have achieved incredible fame throughout the universe, I still do not see how it can be made to appear that I am of the line of or even second cousin to royalty, and the king will be loth to surrender his child till satisfied on this point, however much my deeds of fame deserve her. Indeed I fear that through this lack I may come to lose what mine arm has richly earned. True, I am a gentleman and of known family. I possess landed property and am of the rank that entitles me to five hundred *sueldos* in case of injury<sup>(18)</sup>. And it is quite possible that the sage-author of my life may clear up mine ancestors and find that I am fifth or sixth in descent from a king.

'For I would have you know, Sancho, that lineage is of two kinds. One class in this world derives itself

from princes and monarchs but lessens and lessens with time and ends in a point like a pyramid. The other class is composed of those that from obscure beginnings step by step mount to be great lords. The result is that the former were what now they are not and the latter are now what they were not at first. I, perchance, am of those whose origin will prove upon investigation to have been great and renowned, and with this the king, my future father-in-law, must rest content. In any case the infanta will be so far gone in love that despite her father and though she knew me the son of a water-carrier, she'll be sure to take me for lord and husband. And if not, then comes the stealing and carrying her whither I please, since time or death will reconcile the parents.'

'At this point also,' suggested the other, 'would come in the advice given by certain sharpers, Never seek as a favour what you can seize by force; though even more pat would be the saying, Better a leap o'er the hedge than the prayers of good men. I say this because, in case your father-in-law refuse to hand over my lady the princess, there's naught to do but steal and away with her, as your worship plans. But the deuce of it is that till peace is made and you enjoy the quiet possession of your kingdom, the poor squire will have to whistle for the go-between, unless she sally forth with the infanta. In that event, and until Heaven ordains some other thing, they can weather the hard times together, since his master at the very start will, I take it, offer her as his legitimate spouse.' 'There's none to prevent it,' replied the master.

'Well then, if that's the scheme, there's naught to do but commend ourselves to God and let fortune run what road it will.' 'God guide her as I wish and you require,' said Don Quijote, 'and low let him lie

that will not rise.' 'Low let him in God's name,' echoed Sancho; 'as for myself, I'm an old Christian, and to rise and be a count is all my shoulders will bear'<sup>(14)</sup>. 'And more,' added the other, 'but even so it matters not, for I, being king, can give you the rank I please, without service or purchase by you. Once a count, ever a gentleman, let them say what they will, for by my faith they'll have to address you as Your Lordship, whether they like it or not.' 'What's more,' said Sancho, 'I shall know how to support the tittle.' 'Title is the word, not tittle,' suggested his master. 'That let it be,' accepted the squire: 'I shall fill the bill all right, since once on a time I served as beadle to a fraternity, and the gown sat on me so well, everybody said I had carriage enough for a steward. What will it be when I put a duke's robe on my shoulders or dress myself in gold and pearls like a foreign count? I'll wager they'll come a hundred leagues for a look.' 'You will certainly be a fine sight, but you'll have to shave often, for your beard grows so tangled and unkempt that unless it feels the razor every other day at least, your origin will discover itself a bow-shot off.'

'What does that signify,' returned the squire, 'except that I must keep in my house a salaried barber, who, if needful, can follow me round like a nobleman's equerry.' 'And how do you chance to know that noblemen have equeries to follow them round?' 'That I shall tell you. In years gone by once upon a time I spent a month at the capital and there I noticed that whenever a certain very little lord, said to be a very great one<sup>(15)</sup>, took a turn in the streets, a fellow on horseback traipsed after him<sup>(16)</sup>; wherever he went the other followed like a tail. I asked them why he always went behind rather than before and they answered he was an equerry and that was how equeries rode. And then I learned it so

well that I never forgot it.' 'I believe you are right,' admitted Don Quijote, 'and that you can have your barber just as he did his equerry, for customs didn't originate all together nor were they established in a day. You can be the first count always to have a barber in his wake, since to shave one's beard is surely a graver trust than to saddle one's horse.' 'Leave the shaving to me,' said the squire, 'and do you attend to the kingship and making me a count.' 'Agreed,' said his master, who, raising his eyes, saw what will be described in the following chapter.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>See note 8 of I 10. <sup>(2)</sup>Alluding to the refrain, Please God it prove sweet marjoram and not turn caraway upon us. <sup>(3)</sup>This travesties the scene in *Orlando Furioso* I 26, where the shade of Angelica's brother rises from the stream and demands of Ferrau why he grieves for the loss of his helmet, 'which is so justly my due.' <sup>(4)</sup>So Mandricardo accounts to the King of Tartary for the possession of Orlando's sword:

E dicea, ch'imitato hauea il Castore,  
Il qual si strappa i genitali sui,  
Vedendosi à le spalle il cacciatore,  
Che sa che non ricerca altro da lui.

*Orlando Furioso* xxvii 57.

<sup>(5)</sup>About one shilling, eight pence. <sup>(6)</sup>Even in Cervantes' day the allusion in this proverbial saying was not known. <sup>(7)</sup>Not so. <sup>(8)</sup>An allusion to the annual changing of their hoods and cloaks of fur for those of silk by the cardinals and prelates of the Curia at Whitsuntide. <sup>(9)</sup>After *Orlando Furioso* iv 56:

Cerca (diceano) andar dove conoschi,  
Che l'opre tue non restino sepolte;  
Perche dietro al periglio, e à la fatica  
Segua la Fama, e il debito ne dica.

<sup>(10)</sup>Sancho means here (as D Q does in II 3) that the deeds of squires were not recorded in separate narratives; the exception to this would be Morgante, who graduated from being Roland's squire:

'Dimmi á Carlo,' diceva ancora Orlando,  
'Io nel mondo peregrinando,  
E di' ch'i ho sol con meco un gigante  
Ch'e battezzato, appellato Morgante.'

*Il Morgante Maggiore* 1482 II 48-49.



<sup>(12)</sup>'Olivante never took his eyes off the princes, who all the time he was there did likewise.' *Olivante de Laura* 1564 I 32. <sup>(13)</sup>So her confidante reassures the Infanta Matarrosa, in similar distress; 'How can you think that a knight of such virtues can be of low estate?' *Belianis of Greece* 1547 II 7. <sup>(14)</sup>'Gentlemen of five hundred *sueldos* for injury, means, according to the ancient codes and laws of Castile, a gentleman that can demand and receive from his adversary in satisfaction for injury done his person, honour, or estate, five hundred *sueldos*, and the peasant not more than three hundred.' *Compendium of the Chronicles—Universal History of Spain* Antwerp 1571 by Estévan de Garibay y Zamalloa. But Huarte in his *Examen de Ingenios* 1566 says it means the descendant of one that enjoyed a grant of five hundred *sueldos* for distinguished services in the field. The *sueldo*, an old coin, varied in value from a halfpenny to three halfpence. The matter is treated of at length in the false part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1602 II 11, and as C found details for his narrative from preceding and succeeding chapters to this for respectively preceding and succeeding chapters of D Q, it is more than likely that this suggestion also came from Martí's book. <sup>(15)</sup>Old Christians in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries formed a kind of second nobility, to whom alone were open not only positions in the church, court, and state, but even certain of the trades, as at Toledo where new Christians, or descendants of Moors and Jews, were forbidden to be stone-cutters. <sup>(16)</sup>Taken to be Don Pedro Tellez de Girón, Duke of Osuna, afterwards Viceroy of Naples. 'In conclusion he was one of the great men of his time, for there was nothing little about him save his stature.' Domenico Antonio Parrino in v. 2, p. 119 of *Theatre of the governments of the Viceroy of Naples*, 1692-94. <sup>(17)</sup>'When the lord walks forth to pay a visit, his equerry must follow on horseback.' *Manner of serving princes* 1614 f 84, by Miguel Yelgo de Básquez.

## CHAPTER XXII

The liberty given a number of luckless louts, that against their wills were being taken where they had no wish to go

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabic and Manchegan author, relates in the course of this weighty, high-flown, minute and cheerful fiction of his, that when the famous Don Quijote and his squire Sancho Panza ended the conversation reported at the close of the twenty-first chapter, the former lifted his eyes and saw on the road ahead near a dozen men afoot, strung together on a chain like beads on a rosary, each one handcuffed besides<sup>(1)</sup>. Two men on horseback and two on foot formed their escort, the former with firelocks, the latter with javelins and swords. As soon as Sancho descried them, he said, 'Here comes a chain of prisoners on their way to the galley by force of the king's orders.' 'By force, do you say? Is it possible the king employs force against any man?' 'I didn't say just that, but that this gang as penalty for their crimes are bound to serve the king in the galleys perforce.' 'Be that as it may, these persons, however taken, are taken by force<sup>(2)</sup> and not of their volition.' 'Well, what of it?' 'Tis the entering wedge whereby the chance is given me to exercise mine office, which is to redress wrongs and succour the oppressed.' 'But consider, sir, that justice, which is the king's self, isn't wronging or injuring these rascals, but is merely giving them their due.'

The chain-gang was now before them and in most courteous terms Don Quijote asked their custodians that they be pleased to tell him the cause or causes

inducing them to lead the persons in that manner. One of the horse-guards replied they were galley-slaves, subjects of the king, on their way to the galleys—that was all he had to say and all his inquisitor had a right to know. ‘None the less,’ asserted our champion, ‘my intention is to hear the cause of each one’s disgrace,’ and to this he added other polite phrases that he might move them to tell what he desired. At length the second mounted guard spoke up, ‘Though we have the register and warrant for each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them. Come and question the men themselves—they’ll tell you if in the mood, for fellows of this stripe love naught better than speaking and acting with double tongue.’

With this permission, which he’d have allowed himself had it not been granted, Don Quijote rode up to the leader of the line and asked for what sins he was cutting so sorry a figure. The fellow answered, for being in love. ‘And for that alone? If they lead one to the galleys for being in love, I should have rowed in them years ago.’ ‘My fancy was not of that order but for a washerwoman’s basket of clean linen<sup>(3)</sup>, which I embraced so tightly that, had not justice forced me to drop it, ’twould still be by me. But I was caught in the act, they needed not the rack, the case was done before begun, they stripped my clothes for a hundred blows, to the tubs they cried, for three years beside.’ ‘And what are the tubs?’ ‘The galleys,’ returned the prisoner—a young fellow of not more than four and twenty, who declared himself a native of Piedrahita.

The knight moved on and interrogated the second, who, sad and melancholy, had naught to say for himself; so the first answered for him, ‘He goes as a canary, sir: in other words as a musician and singer.’ ‘And do musicians and singers also have

to go to the galleys?' 'Yes, sir, for there's naught worse than singing in the throes.' 'On the contrary I've heard that he that sings scares away trouble.' 'With us 'tis the reverse, for he that sings once, weeps all his life.' 'I don't follow you,' confessed Don Quijote. At this point one of the guards broke in, saying, 'Sir knight, to sing in the throes is the phrase of this godless people for confessing in the rack. Under such persuasion this fellow acknowledged he had been a cattle-stealer and was sentenced for six years in the galleys, besides two hundred stripes which he now wears on his back. He goes ever troubled and despondent because other rogues, both these and those left behind, taunt and humiliate him, holding him of no account because he came out with it and didn't have the stuff to say nay, which has no more letters than yea, they tell him, adding that the culprit that holds his life and death on his tongue and not in proofs and witnesses has an easy chance. And I must think they are somewhere near right.' 'I too,' agreed Don Quijote.

The third man of the crew was now applied to and at once in care-free manner he answered, 'I am to be five years with their ladyships the tubs because I lacked ten ducats.' 'I'll gladly give you twenty,' offered the knight, 'if that will get you out of your trouble.' To this the galley-slave replied, 'This case is like that of a man starving at sea, who has money enough but no place where he may buy food. My meaning is that had I had these twenty ducats at the right time, I could have greased the notary's pen and sharpened the lawyer's wits in such a way that now I should be sunning myself in the Plaza de Zocodover<sup>(4)</sup> in Toledo, not travelling this road like a leashed hound. But great is God! Patience and that is enough.'

Don Quijote now passed on to the fourth, a man of venerable aspect with white beard that fell below his breast. He wept when he heard the question and answered not, but the fifth criminal, serving him for a tongue, said, 'This honoured sire will spend four years in the galleys, having already gone through the specified streets clothed in pomp and mounted.' 'By that,' suggested Sancho Panza, 'you mean he has been exposed to public shame.' 'Just so, and they gave him this punishment by reason of his having been an ear-agent, a body-agent in fact; all of which simply means that this gentleman goes as a pimp and for having the points and marks of a sorcerer about him.' 'Had you omitted the points and marks,' declared Don Quijote, 'the mere pimp of it wouldn't have warranted his being sent to row in the galleys; rather he should have been sent as their admiral to command them, for the office of pimp is no common one but properly the business of discreet persons<sup>(5)</sup>, is entirely necessary to a well-ordered community and should not be engaged in save by those of birth.

'Moreover, they should have a supercargo and examiner as do other offices, and a registry of them should be kept as of stockbrokers. Many evils would thus be prevented that will continue so long as the business is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons—low women with little or no wit, pages and jesters of slight standing and experience, who, when an important affair arises requiring the most delicate handling, permit the crumbs to freeze ere they reach the mouth and know not their right hand from the left. I should like to say more on this subject, showing why they that hold this office under the republic should do so by special appointment. But this is no place to enlarge thereupon; some day I hope to speak to one that can look to and remedy the trouble. Finally let me say that though it pains me to see

these white hairs and venerable visage suffering oppression as a pimp, the fact that he was also a sorcerer reconciles me, for certain I am there are no occult powers in the world to move and influence the will, though simple folk think so. All that these silly women and cunning charlatans do is to prepare certain poisonous concoctions wherewith they turn men mad, and then say they've forced them to desire, which would be equivalent to exercising power over their wills.'

'No different,' assented the old good fellow, 'but as a matter of fact, though I cannot deny I was employed as a pimp, a sorcerer I never was. And in my pimperly I didn't know I did harm. My sole aim was that everyone should enjoy himself and live in peace and tranquillity without strife or sorrow. Yet this goodwill hasn't prevented my going whence I cannot hope return, such my years and a bladder trouble that gives me no rest.' So saying he wept anew and Sancho felt such compassion that producing a four-real piece from his bosom he gave it to the old man out of charity. Passing to the next Don Quijote was answered with no less but rather more gaiety than before. 'I am here,' said he, 'because I fooled overmuch with two cousins of mine and two not my cousins, as a result of which playing I had such a tribe of kinsfolk on my hands they were past counting. The evidence was all against me, I lacked money and favour, I nearly lost my windpipe, they sentenced me for six years, I agreed, 'tis the punishment of my fault, I am still young, let life last and all will come straight. If your worship, sir knight, have aught wherewith to help us poor wretches, God will repay you in Heaven, and on the earth we in our prayers will ask Him for your life and health that they may continue as long and good as your presence deserves.' This speaker was dressed after the manner of a student, and one of the guards

informed him that besides being a fluent talker he was a very fine scholar.

Behind all these came a good-looking, cross-eyed fellow of thirty years, fastened somewhat differently from the others. A long chain wound around his body from one foot to a ring about his neck, about which was another ring, nicknamed keep-friend or friend's-foot. From this hung two irons with two handcuffs attached to his waist, in which by means of a heavy padlock his hands were so tied that they could not reach his mouth nor could he lower his head to them. Don Quijote asked why this one had so many more shackles than the others. The guard replied that he had committed more felonies than all the others combined; indeed such and so bold a scoundrel was he that even now they were in continual fear lest he give them the slip.

'What such dreadful crimes can he have committed,' enquired the other, 'if they have merited no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?' 'His sentence is for ten years, which amounts to civil death. As to his crimes, you need only be told that this good-fellow is the notorious Ginés de Pasamonte<sup>(6)</sup>, alias Ginesillo de Parapilla.' 'Mister deputy,' interposed the prisoner, 'let's go slow, and not try to refine on names and surnames. Ginés is mine and not Ginesillo, and Pasamonte is my family, not Parapilla as you say. Let every man first look to himself and all will be well.' 'Speak with less impudence, you arch-thief, or I'll hush you in a way that won't please you.' 'Man proposes, but God disposes,' returned the slave, 'yet sometime some one will know whether my name is Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.' 'Don't they call you that, you liar?' 'They do now, but I shall see to it that they don't, or I'll pluck their—but never mind. Sir knight, if you have aught to give us, out with it and God be with you for you bore me with

all your questions into other persons' lives. Would you know mine, that of Ginés de Pasamonte has been written by his own thumbs'<sup>(7)</sup>.

'The fellow says true,' offered the guard: 'he has written a biography that leaves naught to be desired; the manuscript is at the prison in pawn for two hundred reals.' 'And I should hope to redeem it though it stood at as many ducats,' said its author. 'Is it as good as all that?' asked Don Quijote. 'So good, that deuce take *Lazarillo de Tormes*'<sup>(8)</sup> and all'<sup>(9)</sup> books of that kidney that have been or ever shall be. Mine rehearses facts, I want you to know, and facts so pleasant that fictions couldn't match them.' 'What is the title of the book?' again enquired Don Quijote. '*The Life of Ginés de Pasamonte.*' 'And is it finished?' 'How can it be when I am not? It covers the period from my birth down to the time I was last up for the galleys'<sup>(10)</sup>. 'So you have been there before?' 'For four years, in the service of God and the king. But though I know what hardtack and courbash are, I do not mind going again, since there I shall have ease wherewith to finish my book. In the galleys of Spain there's leisure and to spare. I shall not need much however, for though there's plenty to tell, I know it by heart.'

'You seem clever enough,' ventured Don Quijote. 'And cursed; but ills ever follow on the heels of genius.' 'And of vice,' the deputy tacked on. 'I urged you, mister deputy, to go slow. The governors didn't give you that staff to maltreat poor fellows on the road but to lead us whither His Majesty commands. If you think not, by the life of me! but stay—for some fine day the stains you got at the inn'<sup>(11)</sup> yonder will show in the suds. Let everybody hold his tongue, live well and speak better, and let us jog on, for we've had enough of joking.' The deputy lifted his staff and was about to give Pasamonte an



answer to his threats when Don Quijote rode between them, bidding him withhold, since it was natural that one with hands tied should have tongue loose<sup>(12)</sup>. And now turning to the line of prisoners he said, 'From what you have told me, my dear brothers, I at least have gathered this, that though you are being punished for crimes, the trials you are to undergo are little to your taste and that you go to them with no pleasure, in fact quite against your will. Moreover, most likely the cowardice of this one on the rack, the want of money on the part of the second, the little favour possessed by the third, in each case the perverted judgment of the magistrate, caused your downfall and failure to obtain the justice that was yours.

'Now all this memorializes itself and keeps petitioning, nay, forcing me to exemplify through you the purpose for which Heaven launched me in the world, making me profess the order of chivalry which I now profess and take the vow I have now taken—the vow, namely, to champion the needy and those oppressed by the stronger. But as it's a mark of prudence not to force matters that may be settled peaceably, I am about to ask these custodians that their pleasure may be to unchain and set you free, for there'll not be wanting other men to serve the king and on better occasions, and it seems unjust to make slaves of those God and nature made freemen. How much more does this appear, gentlemen, if you stop to consider 'tis not yourselves these poor fellows have harmed. Let each answer for his sins in the hereafter. God's in his Heaven and forgets not to punish the wicked and reward the good, nor is it fitting that just men lay heavy hands on those that have worked them no injury. I speak with this assurance since if you comply, I shall have cause to thank you, while if you don't of your own free will, this lance and sword with

the valour of mine arm will lead you to do so under pressure.'

"A fool's jest!" laughed the guard: 'fine piece of pleasantry is this he has delivered himself of at last. He asks us to leave him the king's prisoners; as if we had the authority to free them or he to order us! Let your worship go your way and God be with you. Straighten that basin on your head and don't go looking for three feet on a cat.' "'Tis you are the cat, the rat, and the rascal,' was hurled the reply, and combining action with word Don Quijote closed with him so instantly that he had no chance to defend himself and one pike-stroke sent him flying. There the fellow lay sorely wounded and fortunately for his opponent 'twas the one that bore the musket. The other guards were completely taken aback by this sudden assault, but the mounted ones, gathering their wits, clapped hand to sword and those on foot clutched their javelins, together making at our knight, who awaited them in perfect composure. And now surely it would have gone hard with him, had not the prisoners availed themselves of this opportunity to break the chain that strung them together; and in attending now to them and now to their attacking foe, at no point were the guards effective. Sancho on his part helped Ginés de Pasamonte, who, being the first to be rid of his chains, immediately made for the fallen deputy. Snatching his sword and musket, by aiming at this one and pointing at that without once pulling the trigger, he left not a guard in all the countryside. Every one of them sought safety in flight, as well from Pasamonte's firelock as from many stones hurled at them by the others, now no longer prisoners.

This outcome was not to the taste of Sancho, who feared the guards would notify the Holy Brotherhood to come, at the sound of the tocsin, and look for

the delinquents. He communicated this fear to his master, advising that they clear out at once and hide in the neighbouring hills. 'You are right,' said Don Quijote, 'but I know of something that should be attended to before that,' and calling the galley-slaves, who by this time had eagerly stripped the remaining deputy to the skin, he addressed them as follows, 'Tis a mark of good birth to render thanks for benefits received, for ingratitude is one of the sins that most offendeth God. I say this since you yourselves, gentlemen, by actual experience can bear witness to the favours received at my hands, and in their requital I wish and 'tis my will that, taking up the chain I loosed from your necks, you walk to the city of El Toboso, and presenting yourselves before the lady Dulcinea and saying that by these her Knight of Sorry Aspect commends himself, proceed to give her a detailed account of this famous adventure and of how it gave you your desired freedom. You then may go where you will and good-luck attend you'<sup>(13)</sup>.

To this Ginés de Pasamonte replied for them all, saying, 'Tis not in the region of the possible to comply with your request, sir liberator, for we must not be seen on the road in company. Each must take a different way and conceal himself in the bowels of the earth if he can, for the Holy Brotherhood will unquestionably come in our search. What your worship may and fittingly should do is to change this toll and service on behalf of the lady Dulcinea into a certain number of ave-marias and credos, which we will repeat with your worship in our thoughts. They are a thing that can be executed by night or day, at rest or flying, in peace or war. But to imagine that we shall willingly go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt<sup>(14)</sup>, take up our chain, I mean, and set out for El Toboso, is to think it night though

not yet ten in the morning: to ask this of us is to ask pears of the elm.'

Don Quijote waxed white with rage at this speech and in reply called out, 'Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or however you style yourself, you son of a bawd<sup>(15)</sup>, I swear by all, that I'll make you go alone with chain upon back and tail between legs!' Pasamonte had already gathered that Don Quijote was not over-shrewd, else he'd not have attempted giving them liberty, and naught too patient himself he gave the wink to his comrades who dropping back a little began to rain so many and such large pebbles that the knight's shield was of slight protection, especially as poor Rocinante gave no more response to the spur than as if bronze. As for Sancho, he fortified himself behind his ass, which served as a bulwark against this driving hail-storm.

The knight shielded himself so poorly indeed that innumerable little crystals struck his body with sufficient force to knock him overboard. Scarce had he touched the ground when the student was upon him, giving him with the basin three or four rat-a-tat-tats on the shoulders and as many more on the ground with it till 'twas nothing but bits. They as well relieved him of a jacket from over his armour and would have appropriated his hose had not the greaves prevented. They then stripped Sancho of his long cloak, leaving him fairly trimmed, and dividing the other spoils of battle made off each in a different direction, more eager to escape the Holy Brotherhood than to take up chains and present themselves before Dulcinea at El Toboso. None but the ass, Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quijote remained: the ass crest-fallen and sad, turning his ears from time to time lest the squall of stones might not be over; Rocinante lying at full length beside his master—the horse too having been bowled over; Sancho disfurnished and in

terror of the Holy Brotherhood, and lastly the knight himself, hotly incensed that those on whom he had showered favours, upon him should have showered stones.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>'They strung us on some chains with rings at our necks and handcuffs at our wrists.' False second part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1602 III 11. This freeing of the galley-slaves is in part a burlesque of the freeing of Zerbino from his chains by Roland in *Orlando Furioso* xxxiii 53-63. <sup>(2)</sup>'And it had to be by force, since we (galley-slaves) were not able, though we wished, to arbitrate and choose.' *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1605 II iii 8. <sup>(3)</sup>The brother of Juan Martí, the author of the false second part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1602, written under the pseudonym Mateo Luján de Sayavedra. Under the name of Sayavedra, Mateo Alemán introduces his brother as his lacquey in the true second part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1605, and makes him tell the story of his roguish life, one of the episodes in which is this stealing of a washerwoman's fine linen, the dropping of it, and the punishment of the culprit with lashes. II ii 4. <sup>(4)</sup>The old square of Toledo, a great resort for idlers. <sup>(5)</sup>Parodying the doctrine set forth in:

No me engaña afición. Usar debiera  
Este ejercicio afable dignamente  
La gente en ciencia y calidad primera.  
Un examen discreto y diligente  
Se había de hacer para otorgar el grado,  
Y un colegio también para del gente.

given by Pellicer as in the Biblioteca Real, shelf M, cod. 82, p. 72.

<sup>(6)</sup>Pasamonte is a giant, brother to Morgante, in *Il Morgante Maggiore* 1482. <sup>(7)</sup>Here C has in mind the true *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1599-1605 by Mateo Alemán. This picaresque tale is told in the first person, is said to have been written in the galleys, the hero relates his roguish life from the time of his birth down to the time of his release from the galleys and, at the end, promises, God consenting, a continuation. Guzmán is frequently addressed as Guzmanillo. On their way to the galleys the commissary allows them to steal some pigs from a small boy and when they come to an inn asks for his share in the theft. See Introduction, sub-heading, *Guzmán de Alfarache*. <sup>(8)</sup>Burgos 1554, the first of the picaresque tales. <sup>(9)</sup>These would be the two parts of *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1599 and 1605, which would be considered as false second parts of *Lazarillo de Tormes* Antwerp 1555, the first and second separate books, and fifthly the false second part of this last, 1602. <sup>(10)</sup>In c 7 and 9 of the third book of the true second part, 1605. <sup>(11)</sup>'When we arrived at the inn for the siesta, the deputy asked that we divide the stolen goods with him: as he had been an assentor, so his was the same share as

each aggressor.' *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1605 II III 8. <sup>(12)</sup>'A man goes so well tied with chain and handcuffs that only his tongue remains loose.' False second part of *Guzmán de Alfarache* 1602 III 11. <sup>(13)</sup>So Esplandian (1510 c 44) asks the prisoners he has freed from the giant Bramato's cave to take a trip to Constantinople to report to emperor and daughter of their good fortune, if they did 'not consider it too much trouble.' <sup>(14)</sup>Guzmán (I III 7) uses the expression somewhat more aptly, 'I was trained to the flesh-pots of Egypt; my centre was the pot-house; the tavern the point of my circle.' C employs the phrase strictly at the end of II 21. <sup>(15)</sup>Such was Guzmán.

## CHAPTER XXIII

Don Quijote's sojourn in the Sierra Morena, affording  
one of the rarest adventures of this  
truthful history

OUR hero, marking the sorry plight he was in, thus addressed his trusty squire, 'I have always heard, Sancho, that to do a rogue kindness is to pour water into the sea. Had I listened to what you said, I had avoided this declension, but it's over with now, so patience and heed for the future.' 'Your worship will as much take heed as I am a Turk. But since you say this trouble would have been avoided had you listened to me, escape a greater one by listening now. I want you to realize that the Holy Brotherhood have no use for chivalries and wouldn't give two coppers for all the knights-errant in the world, and even now I seem to hear their darts whizzing past mine ears'<sup>(1)</sup>. 'You are a coward by nature, Sancho, but lest you say I am stubborn and unheeding, this once am I willing to follow your advice, getting out of the range of the vengeance whereof you stand in such terror, on the condition that never in life or death you say to anyone that I retired from this imaginary danger for other reason than to still your entreaties. Should you ever put another face on the matter, you will lie, and once for all I denounce and call you liar every time you think or speak it'<sup>(2)</sup>. Not a word more, for the very suggestion of my intentional withdrawal before a supposed peril, especially one that like this may have something back of it, tempts me to remain and take my stand not merely against this bugaboo of a Holy Brotherhood but against the brothers of the Twelve Tribes of Israel and the Seven Macca-

bees, against Castor and Pollux, indeed against all the brothers and hoods there are in the world.'

'Master, to retire is not to flee, nor is delay prudence when the danger outweighs hope. 'Tis the mark of wisdom to take thought to-day for the morrow and not risk all on an hour. And since I have a little of what they call circumspection about me, though but a countryman and boor, repent no more of taking my advice, but mounting Rocinante if you can (and if you can't, I'll help you), follow whither I lead, for a little bird tells me feet will be more useful now than hands.' Without a word the master mounted and with the squire on his ass in the lead, they entered the neighbouring Sierra Morena. Sancho intended to pass through between the hills and coming out on the other side at the village of El Viso or Almodóvar del Campo, hide some days amid the crags thereabouts, thus escaping detection. His resolve was strengthened by finding that the provisions on the ass had come out unharmed from the recent fracas with the galley-slaves; which he took for a miracle when he considered how they pillaged right and left.

Don Quijote was all happiness at finding himself in the midst of the hills, for such places seemed to invite the adventures he rode in search of—there came to his memory the marvellous occurrences that had overtaken knights-errant in similar wild solitudes. Musing on these things he rode along, so intoxicated and transported that he was oblivious of all else, nor did his squire, now they were out of harm's way, have any care save that of satisfying his hunger with what was still left of the clerical store. Seated sideways on his ass, woman-fashion, he jogged on after his master, emptying the sack and filling his paunch; while thus employed he wouldn't have given a sou to find another adventure be it what



it might. But happening now to raise his eyes he saw that the other had halted and was trying to raise something from the ground with the point of his pike. He made haste to help him and as he came up discovered 'twas a saddle-cushion with a large valise attached, half-rotten, in fact quite in pieces from decay; together they weighed so much that it became necessary for Sancho to dismount and give his master a lift. He was told to look and see what the valise contained, and obeying with alacrity, though it was bound by chain and padlock, through the rents and holes soon espied four soft holland shirts, together with other pieces of linen no less delicate than clean, and a little heap of gold crowns tied in a kerchief.

When Sancho beheld those last, he exclaimed, 'Blessed be Heaven that has furnished us with an adventure worth something!' Examining further he found a richly bound note-book, which Don Quijote at once demanded, telling his squire he could keep the crowns. Sancho in gratitude kissed his hands and emptying the valise stored the linen away in his pantry-sack. His master on seeing the quantity of things observed, 'It looks, indeed I do not think it can be otherwise, as if some traveller had lost his way in these hills and having been attacked and killed by robbers, was brought to this remote spot for burial.' 'That cannot be,' replied the other, 'for thieves wouldn't have left these crowns.' 'True,' agreed the knight, 'and indeed I cannot make out how it happened. But stay: belike there's something in this little book will tell.' He opened it and found the first draft of a sonnet, which he read aloud.

'The verse shows nothing,' declared the squire, 'unless by the clue mentioned there the whole reel of the matter may be discovered.' 'What clue do you mean?' 'I thought your worship spoke of a clue.' 'Chloe, I said, which is the name of the lady of whom

the poet complains, and indeed he is something of a poet or I am no judge of the art.' 'Does your worship know about rimes too?' 'Yes, and more than you think, as you'll see when you carry a letter all in verse to my lady Dulcinea. I'd have you know, squire, that all or most errant knights of former times were great musicians and troubadours, and that these two gifts (or graces 'twere fitter to call them) are bred in the bone of lovers-errant, though I confess their rimes breathe more passion than true poetry.' 'Read more, sir, for you may yet find something to satisfy us.' 'This next is prose, a letter apparently.' 'The kind you post?' enquired Sancho. 'From the way it begins I should judge it a love-letter.' 'Then let your worship read it aloud,' asked the squire; 'there's nothing I like better than these love-doings.' 'Willingly,' replied his master and read as follows:

'Thy broken promises and my broken hopes have led me to a region whence the news of my death will reach thee ere the words of this complaint. O ungrateful heart, thou didst leave me for one richer, not more virtuous than I, though if virtue were the kind of riches that could be valued, I know I should not envy another's fortune or weep mine own disgrace. What thy beauty exalted, thy works have cast down: by that I felt thee an angel, by them I know thee for a woman. May peace pursue thee, prompter of my war, and may Heaven grant that thy husband's guile remain unrevealed that thou mayst not repent thee of thine action and that uncoveted redress may not be mine.'

Don Quijote on finishing said to Sancho, 'There is even less to be gathered from this than from the verse: merely in fact that the writer is a disdained lover.' He now turned nearly all the leaves, some of which were decipherable and others not, but met with

nothing but complaints, lamentations, misgivings, fancies and disaffections, favours and discouragements, some ecstatic, others sad. As he ran through them, his squire ran through the valise: no corner of it or of the cushion that he did not rip open, or tuft of wool he didn't comb, lest something escape through want of care or pains—such was the covetousness awakened by the discovery of the crowns. These amounted to over a hundred, and though this was all, Sancho considered himself more than even with the blanket-tossings, balsam-vomitings, stake-benedictions, carrier-cuffs, loss of saddlebags, stripping of his cloak, and all the hunger, thirst, weariness suffered in the service of his worthy lord.

The Knight of Sorry Aspect longed to know who the owner of the valise could be, gathering from the sonnet and the letter, from the money in gold, and from the fineness of the shirts, that he must be some lover of distinction whom the scorn and cruelty of his lady had driven to some desperate course. But as in that rude and desolate region there was none of whom he might learn, he saw nothing else for it but to push on, taking whatever road Rocinante chose—which was where he could make his way—imagining all the while that in these wilds he must meet with some strange adventure. Ambling along with this idea, he saw on the top of a little knoll that rose before their eyes a man leaping from crag to crag and from tussock to tussock with great agility. He appeared to him half-naked, with a thick black beard, long tangled hair, and bare legs and feet, while his thighs were covered by breeches apparently of tawny velvet but so ragged that they showed his skin in several places. He was bareheaded, and though he ran as swiftly as has been said, the Knight of Sorry Aspect observed and noted all these details. But

though he tried, he could not follow him, since it was not granted to Rocinante's impotence to make way over such rough ground, the less in that he was by nature slow-paced and sluggish.

Don Quijote at once surmised that this was the owner of the cushion and the valise, and he resolved to go in quest of him, though he should have to wander in these mountains a whole year. So he ordered Sancho to dismount from his ass and to take a short-cut across one side of the mountain while he would go by the other, and perhaps by this means they might meet with the man who had passed so quickly out of their sight. But Sancho demurred, 'This is beyond me, for once I am apart from your worship, fear at once lays hold of me and assails me with a thousand bogies and bugaboos. Let this be a warning that from this time forth I stir not a finger's breadth from your presence.' 'So let it be,' replied He of the Sorry Aspect, 'and happy am I that you should wish to rely on my courage, which shall not fail you though the soul in your body fail you. So follow me step by step as well as you can and make lanterns of your eyes. We will encircle this little hill and perchance meet with the man we saw, who without a doubt is the owner of our treasure-trove.' To this Sancho made answer, 'Far better it were not to look for him, for if we find him and he happens to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it. It were more prudent, therefore, that, without taking this needless trouble, I keep it in good faith until by some other way, less meddlesome and officious, the owner appear, and perhaps by that time I shall have spent it, in which case the king will hold me blameless.' 'You are wrong there, Sancho, for now that we suspect who the owner is and have him almost before us, we are bound to seek him and make restitution. If not, the strong presumption we have

as to his being the owner makes us as guilty as if he were so. Ergo, friend Sancho, let our search for him give you no anxiety, seeing that mine will be relieved if we find him.'

So saying, the knight gave Rocinante the spur, and Sancho followed on foot and loaded, thanks to Ginesillo de Pasamonte. Having encircled part of the hill, they came upon, in the dry bed of a stream, the body of a mule, saddled and bridled but half-devoured by dogs and pecked by crows, which still further strengthened their suspicion that he who had fled was the owner of the mule and the cushion. As they stood looking at it, they heard a whistle like that of a shepherd watching his flock, and suddenly on their left appeared a great number of goats, and behind them on the summit of the hill the goatherd in charge of them, a man advanced in years. Don Quijote called to him, begging him to come down to where they stood. He shouted in return, asking him what had brought them to that spot, seldom or never trodden save by the feet of goats or wolves or other wild beasts that prowled around. Sancho in return bade him descend and they would explain all.

The goatherd descended and reaching the place where Don Quijote stood, he said, 'I will wager that you are looking at that hack-mule that lies dead in yon ravine; i' faith, it has been lying there these six months. Tell me, have you met with its master hereabouts?' 'We have met with nobody,' answered the knight, 'nor with anything save a saddle-cushion and a little valise that we found not far hence.' 'I found them also,' said the goatherd, 'but I refused to touch them or even approach them for fear of some ill luck or of being charged with theft, for the devil is sly and under one's feet things arise to make one trip and fall without our knowing how at all.' 'I say so too,' said Sancho, 'for I also found them and would

not come within a stone's throw of them. There I left them and there they lie just as they were, for I don't want a dog with a bell.' 'Tell me, good man,' enquired Don Quijote, 'do you know who is the owner of these articles?'

'All I can tell you,' began the goatherd, 'is that some six months ago more or less, there arrived at a shepherd's hut about three leagues hence a youth of genteel figure and bearing, mounted on the mule that lies there dead, and with the cushion and valise which you say you found but did not touch. He asked us what part of this sierra was the most rugged and retired; we told him that it was where we now are; and so truly it is, for if you push on half a league further, it well may be that you would not find your way out again, and I am wondering how you managed to reach here, for there is no road or path that leads to this spot. I say, then, that on hearing our answer the youth turned about and made for the place we pointed out, leaving us all charmed with his good looks, but wondering at his question and the haste with which we saw him depart in the direction of the sierra. That was the last we saw of him, until some days afterwards he crossed the path of one of our shepherds, and without saying a word he came up and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and then, turning to the ass with our provisions, he took all the bread and cheese it carried and made off again into the sierra with extraordinary swiftness. When some of us heard of this, we went in his search for about two days through the most remote portion of this range, and finally found him lodged in the hollow of a large thick cork-tree.

'He came out to meet us with great gentleness, with his clothes torn and his face so disfigured and baked by the sun that we hardly knew him, save that his dress, though torn, convinced us from the re-

membrance we had of him that he was indeed the person we were looking for. He saluted us courteously and, in few and civil words, told us not to wonder at seeing him going about in that guise, since it was binding upon him in the working out of a certain penance that had been imposed upon him. We asked him to tell us who he was, but we were never able to learn this from him. We also begged of him, when he was in want of food, which he could not do without, to tell us where we should find him, as we would bring it to him with all good-will and readiness; or if this were not to his taste, at least to come and ask it of us and not to take it by force from the shepherds. He thanked us for our offer, begged pardon for the late assault, and promised for the future to ask in God's name without doing violence to anybody. Touching the place of his abode, he said he had no other than that which chance offered wherever night might overtake him.

'His words ended in an outburst of weeping so bitter that we who listened to him must have been very stones had we not kept him company, comparing what we saw him the first time with what we saw then, for, as I said, he was a graceful and gracious youth, and in his courteous and well-ordered speech showed himself to be of good birth and courtly breeding. Rustics though we were, his good manners sufficed to make this plain. But in the midst of his talk he stopped and became silent, keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground for some time, while we also stood silent and still, waiting anxiously to see what would come of this abstraction, and with no little pity, for by his behaviour, now staring at the ground with fixed gaze and eyes wide open without moving an eyelid, again closing them, compressing his lips and arching his eyebrows, we easily guessed that some fit of madness had come upon him. And he soon

showed that what we imagined was true, for he rose in a fury from the ground where he had thrown himself and attacked the first he found near him with such rage and passion that, had we not dragged him off, he would have beaten or bitten him to death, all the while exclaiming, 'O treacherous Fernando, here, here, shalt thou pay for the wrong thou hast done me. These hands shall tear out that heart of thine, wherein are lodged and harboured all the vices but especially fraud and deceit.' And to these he added other words all in abuse of this Fernando and branding him traitor and perjurer.

'No sooner had we forced him to release his hold with no little difficulty than without another word he left us, plunging in along these briars and brambles, so as to make it impossible for us to follow him. We gather that his fits come upon him at odd times and that someone called Fernando must have done him a grievous wrong such as the condition to which he is brought seems to show, all of which has been confirmed by the many times he has crossed our path, now to beg food of the shepherds, now to take it from them by force, for when the fit is on, even though the shepherds offer him food freely, he will not receive it from their hands but snatches it from them by dint of blows, whereas when he is in his senses, he begs it for the love of God, courteously and civilly, and receives it with many thanks and not a few tears. And to tell you the truth, sir,' finished the goatherd, 'it was only yesterday that we resolved, I and four of the lads, two of them our servants and the other two friends of mine, to go in his search until we found him, and when we do, to take him, whether by force or of his own consent, to the town of Almodóvar, eight leagues hence, and there strive to cure him (if indeed his malady admits of a cure), or at least learn who he is when in his senses



and whether he has relatives whom we may advise of his misfortune. This, sirs, is all I can say in answer to what you have asked me; you may be sure that the owner of the articles which you found is he whom you saw dart by so nimbly and so naked.' Don Quijote had already told him that he had seen the man leaping among the rocks.

The knight stood amazed at what he heard from the goatherd, more eager than ever to learn who the unhappy madman was, and in his heart determined, as he had done before, to search for him all through that sierra, not leaving a cave or corner unexplored until he had found him. But chance ordered it better than he had expected or hoped, for at that very moment, through a gorge of the mountain, which opened towards where they stood, the youth himself appeared, muttering to himself words which could not be understood nearby, much less at a distance. His apparel was such as has been described, save that, as he drew near, Don Quijote perceived that his tattered doublet was amber-scented, whence he concluded that one who wore such garments could not be of very low rank. Approaching, the youth saluted them with a voice harsh and unmusical but with great courtesy. Don Quijote returned his salutation with equal politeness, and, dismounting from Rocinante, advanced with gracious mien and pleasing air to embrace him, and held him for some time clasped tightly in his arms, as though he had known him for a long time. The other, whom we might name the Tattered One of Evil Aspect, as Don Quijote He of the Sorry Aspect, after having suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, placing his hands on Don Quijote's shoulders, stood gazing at him, as if anxious to call to mind whether he knew him, being no less amazed perhaps at the face, figure

and armour of the knight than the knight was at the sight of him. In short, the first to speak after the embracing was the Tattered One and he said what will be told farther on.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Officers of the Holy Brotherhood carried cross-bows, wherewith they were privileged to execute highwaymen caught in the act and string up their bodies as a warning. <sup>(2)</sup>'I say that you lie and will lie every time that you say it.' *Tirante the White* 1490 I 72.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### The continuation of the Adventure of the Sierra Morena

**T**HE history relates that Don Quijote listened with the greatest attention to the ill-starred knight of the Sierra, who began by saying, 'Assuredly, señor, whoever you are, for I know you not, I thank you for the proofs of kindness and courtesy you have shown me, and would I were in a position to requite with something more than good-will the kind reception you have given me, but my fate does not afford me any means of returning kindnesses save the hearty desire to repay them.' 'Mine', interrupted Don Quijote, 'is to serve you, and so much so, that I had resolved not to quit these mountains until I had found you and learned of you whether any relief can be found for the sorrow under which from the strangeness of your life you seem to labour, and to search therefor with all possible diligence, if search had been necessary. And in case your misfortune be one of those that shut the door against any sort of consolation, it was my purpose to share your weeping and lamentation so far as I could, since it is ever a comfort in vicissitudes to find one who can feel for them. And if my good intent deserve to be acknowledged by any kind of courtesy, I entreat you, sir, by all that I perceive you to be possessed of, and likewise conjure you by whatever you love or have loved best in life, to tell me who you are and what has brought you to live or die in these solitudes like a brute beast, dwelling in their midst in a manner so alien to one such as your garb and your person denote you to be. And I swear by the order of knighthood which I, though unworthy

and a sinner, have received and by the office of knight-errant, that, if you gratify me in this, to serve you with all the zeal my calling demands of me, either in relieving your fortune, if it admits of relief, or in sharing your lamentation, as I promised to do.'

The Knight of the Thicket, hearing him of the Sorry Aspect talk in this strain, did nothing but stare at him, and stare at him again from head to foot, and when he had finished looking him over, he said, 'If you have anything to give me to eat, in the love of God give it, and when I have eaten, I will do all that is asked of me in recognition of the good-will here shown me.' Sancho from his sack and the goatherd from his pouch then furnished the Tattered One with the means of satisfying his hunger. He ate what they gave him like a half-witted person, so hurriedly that he took no time between mouthfuls, rather gorging than feeding, and while he ate neither he nor his observers spake a word. As soon as he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did, and he led them round a rock to a little green plot. He there stretched himself upon the grass and the others followed suit, all keeping silence, until the Tattered One, settling himself in his place, began as follows:

'If it is your pleasure, señores, that I relate to you in few words the greatness of my misfortune, you must promise not to break the thread of my sad tale with any word or question, for the instant you do so the story I tell will come to an end.' These words of the Tattered One reminded Don Quijote of the tale his squire had told him, when he missed keeping count of the goats that had crossed the river and his story remained unfinished. But to return to the Tattered One, who went on to say, 'I give you this warning, since I wish briefly to pass over the story of my

misfortunes, for recalling them to memory only serves to add fresh ones, and the less you question me the sooner shall I end the recital, though I shall not omit anything of importance that your curiosity may be fully satisfied.' Don Quijote gave the promise for himself and the others, and with this assurance the Tattered One began:

'My name is Cardenio, my birthplace one of the best cities of Andalusia, my family noble, my parents rich, my misfortune so great that my parents and my family had to lament over it without being able by their wealth to lighten it, for the gifts of fortune can do little to relieve reverses sent by Heaven. In this same land there dwelt a heaven where love had placed all the glory I could covet—such was the beauty of Lucinda, a maid as noble and as rich as I, but of better fortune and of less constancy than was due so worthy a love as mine. This Lucinda I loved, worshipped, and adored from my earliest and tenderest years, and she loved me in all the innocence and sincerity of childhood. Our parents knew of our inclinations and were not sorry, for they saw clearly that, as they advanced, they could only end in marriage, a thing that seemed almost prearranged by the equality of our families and wealth. We grew in years and with them grew our mutual love, so that Lucinda's father felt bound for propriety's sake to refuse me admission to his house, in this perhaps imitating the parents of that *Thisbe* so celebrated by the poets. This refusal added love to love and flame to flame, for though they could impose silence upon our tongues they could not impose it upon our pens, which can make known the heart's secrets to a loved one more freely than tongues, since often the presence of the object of love shakes the firmest will and strikes dumb the boldest tongue. Ah, heavens! how many

letters did I write her, and how many dainty modest replies did I receive!

How many ditties and love-songs did I compose, in which my soul revealed and declared its feelings, described its ardent longings, revelled in its recollections and dallied with its desires!

'At length, growing impatient and my heart consumed with the longing to see her, I resolved to put into effect what seemed to me the best mode of winning my desired and deserved reward: to ask her of her father for my lawful wife, which I did. He answered that he thanked me for the desire I showed to honour him and to seek to honour myself with his loved treasure, but that, as my father was alive, it was his by right to make this demand, for if it were not with his full will and pleasure, Lucinda was not to be taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his kindness, reflecting that there was reason in what he said and that my father would assent as soon as I should tell him. With this view I went the very same instant to let him know what my desires were. When I entered the room, I found him with an open letter in his hand, which, before I could utter a word, he gave me, saying, 'By this letter thou wilt see, Cardenio, the desire the Duke Ricardo has to serve thee.' This Duke Ricardo, as you, señores, probably know already, is a grandee of Spain who has his seat in the best part of this Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was couched in terms so flattering that even I felt it would be wrong in my father not to comply with the duke's request, which was that he should send me at once to him, as he wished me to become the companion, not servant, of his eldest son, charging himself with placing me in a position corresponding with the esteem in which he held me. On reading the letter my voice failed me, and still more when I heard my father say, 'Two days hence thou wilt de-

part, Cardenio, in accordance with the duke's wish, and give thanks to God who is opening a road to thee whereby thou mayst attain what I know thou dost deserve,' and to these words he added others of fatherly counsel. The time for my departure arrived; I spoke one night to Lucinda; I told her all that had passed, as I also did to her father, entreating him to allow some delay and to defer the disposal of her hand until I should see what the Duke Ricardo wanted of me; he gave me the promise and she confirmed it with a thousand oaths and as many fainting-fits.

'Finally I arrived at Duke Ricardo's, and was so well received and treated that very soon envy began to do its work, the old servants growing jealous of me, since the tokens which the duke gave me of his favour seemed to them an injury to themselves. The one most pleased with my coming was the duke's second son, Fernando by name, a gallant youth of noble, free and amorous disposition, who soon made so intimate a friend of me as to be noted by all, for though the elder was attached to me and showed me kindness, he did not go the length of his brother. It so happened then, that as between friends no secret remains unshared, and as the intimacy with Don Fernando quickly ripened into friendship, he made all his thoughts known to me, and especially a love-affair which caused him a little anxiety. He loved dearly the daughter of a peasant, one of his father's vassals. Her parents were very rich and she so beautiful, modest, discreet and virtuous, that none who knew her could decide in which of these qualities she was most highly gifted or most excelled. The charms of the fair peasant so inflamed the passions of Don Fernando that he resolved, in order to achieve his end and overcome her virtue, to pledge his word to her to be-

come her husband, for to attempt it in any other way was to attempt an impossibility. Bound to him as I was by friendship, I tried by the best arguments and by the most forcible examples I could think of to restrain and dissuade him from such a course, but, seeing that I produced no effect, I resolved to make his father acquainted with the matter.

‘But Don Fernando, being sharp-witted and shrewd, foresaw and apprehended this, knowing that by my obligation as a good servant I was bound not to keep secret a thing so much to the prejudice of my lord the duke’s honour. And so, to mislead and deceive me, he told me that he could find no better way of effacing from his mind the beauty that held him in thrall than to absent himself for some months, and he wished this to be done by our going together to my father’s house, under the pretext (which he would offer to the duke) of going to see and buy some fine horses that were in my city, which breeds the finest in the world. When I heard him say this, even though his design had been worse, prompted by my own love I should have hailed it as one of the happiest imaginable, since it offered a favourable opportunity of my seeing my Lucinda. With this thought and wish I commended his idea and abetted his design, advising him to put it into effect as quickly as possible, for absence would certainly produce its result, in spite of inclinations the strongest. At the time when he spoke to me, as I afterwards learned, he had already, under the title of husband, enjoyed the country-girl, and awaited the chance of making it known with safety to himself, fearful of what the duke his father would do when he came to know of his folly. And so it happened that as love in young men is for the greater part not love but appetite, which, as its real object is gratification, comes to an end in obtaining



it, and what seemed love turns back, since it cannot pass the limit fixed by nature, whereas true love knows no limit, so after Don Fernando had enjoyed this peasant girl, his passion subsided and his eagerness cooled, and if at first he feigned a wish to leave in order to cure his love, he now in earnest sought to go in order to avoid giving it effect.

‘The duke gave him leave and ordered me to accompany him. We arrived at my native city and my father gave Don Fernando the reception due his rank. I presently saw Lucinda and my passion quickened, though in truth it had neither been dead nor dulled. To my sorrow I spoke of it to Don Fernando, for I thought by the right of the great friendship he bore me, I was bound to conceal nothing from him. I extolled her beauty, grace and wit so warmly that my praises stirred in him the desire to see a damsel adorned with such attractions. To my misfortune I yielded, showing her to him one night by the light of a candle at a window where we were wont to converse. She appeared to him in her loose dress, so beautiful as to erase from his memory all the beauties he had ever seen. He stood mute, he lost his senses, he was spell-bound, and in brief so enamoured as you shall see in the course of the story of my misfortune. And the more to inflame his passion (which he concealed from me and revealed only to the stars), it so happened that one day he found a letter of hers, praying me to ask her of her father in marriage, a letter so sensible, so modest and so tender, that on reading it he said to me that in Lucinda singly were contained all the charms of beauty and understanding that were shared by all the other women of the world. Though I knew with what just cause Don Fernando praised Lucinda, I confess it vexed me to hear these praises from his mouth, and I began to fear, and with reason began to suspect him, for not a

moment passed in which he did not wish us to talk of Lucinda, and himself would start the conversation, even though he had to drag the subject in by the hair, a circumstance which caused in me a certain amount of jealousy: I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of my lady-love, yet my fate made me tremble at the very thing which she assured me against. Don Fernando contrived always to read the letters I sent to Lucinda and her answers to me, under pretext that he much enjoyed the wit of us both. It so happened, then, that Lucinda, having asked of me a certain book of chivalry, one that she was fond of, *Amadis of Gaul* . . .'

Scarce did he hear him mention a book of chivalry than Don Quijote exclaimed, 'Had your worship told me at the beginning of your story that your lady Lucinda was fond of books of chivalry, no other praise would have been necessary to convince me of the superiority of her understanding, for it could not have been of the excellence you describe, had she lacked a taste for such delightful reading. As far as I am concerned, you need not waste words in declaring to me her beauty, worth and intelligence, since from merely hearing of this her inclination, I declare her to be the most beautiful and the most intelligent woman of the world. Yet along with *Amadis of Gaul* I would your worship had sent her *Don Rugel of Greece*,<sup>(1)</sup> for I know that the lady Lucinda would greatly relish Daraida and Garaya, together with the shrewd conceits of the shepherd Darinel and the admirable lines of his bucolics, sung and delivered by him with all grace, wit, and freedom. But a time may come when this omission may be made good, and for the amending thereof naught more is needed than that your worship be good enough to come with me to my village, for there I can give you more than three hundred

books, which are the joy of my soul and the entertainment of my life—though now, come to think of it, I have not one, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, señor, for having broken the promise we made not to interrupt your discourse, but on hearing of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can no more help talking about them than the sun's rays can help giving heat or those of the moon moisture. Forgive me, therefore, and proceed, for that is more to the purpose now.'

While Don Quijote was saying this, Cardenio held his head down upon his breast, seemingly plunged in profound thought, and though the knight twice urged him to go on with his story, he neither raised his head nor answered a word. But at the end of a long pause he looked up and said, 'I cannot get rid of the idea, nor will another remove it for me, or make me think otherwise, and he would be a blockhead to hold or believe the contrary—that Master Elisabat, the arrant knave, was the paramour of the Queen Madásima.'<sup>(2)</sup> 'Not so, by all that's good,' cried Don Quijote in great wrath, bursting out as his custom was; 'and it is a monstrous libel or rather villainy. The Queen Madásima was a most noble lady, and it is not to be presumed that so exalted a princess should be the leman of a mountebank. Whoever maintains the contrary, lies like a great scoundrel, and I will make him know it, on foot or on horse, armed or unarmed, by day or by night, or as he likes best.' Cardenio stood looking at him very intently, for now the fit was upon him. He was in no mood to pursue his story nor Don Quijote to listen to it, so disgusted was he at what he had heard about Madásima. Strange case! that he should stand up for her as if she were his true and natural mistress, so possessed was he by his accursed books.

Cardenio, being now mad, as I have said, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other like insults, took the jest in ill part, and seizing a stone gave Don Quijote such a blow with it on the breast that he laid him on his back. Sancho, seeing his master so treated, attacked the madman with clenched fist, but the Tattered One received him in such a way that with one blow he laid him at his feet, and then mounting upon him crushed his ribs to his own content. The goatherd, who thought to defend him, shared the same fate, and having beaten and belaboured them all, Cardenio left them and calmly withdrew to his mountain-retreat. Sancho rose and, with the rage he felt at finding himself so pummelled and so undeservedly, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, accusing him of not having warned them that the man was given to these fits of madness, for had they known it, they would have been on their guard. The goatherd replied that he had warned them, and that if Sancho had not heard him, the fault was not his. Sancho retorted, the goatherd rejoined, and the altercation ended in their seizing each other by the beard, and exchanging such fisticuffs that had not Don Quijote calmed them, they would have knocked each other to pieces. 'Leave me alone, Sir Knight of Sorry Aspect,' cried Sancho, holding fast of the goatherd, 'for of this fellow, who is a churl like myself, and no dubbed knight, I can safely take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, fighting him hand to hand like a man of honour.' 'True,' replied Don Quijote, 'but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened.' With this he calmed them and again enquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find Cardenio, as he had the greatest longing to know the end of his story. The goatherd repeated what he had told him at first, that there was no knowing for

certain where his lair was, but that if he wandered about much in that neighbourhood, he could not fail to fall in with him, mad or sane.

#### N O T E S

<sup>(1)</sup>Or *Florisel de Niquea* Part III Seville 1535 by Feliciano de Silva.

<sup>(2)</sup>Cervantes is thinking of the infanta Grasinda, in whose household Elisabat was physician. *Amadis of Gaul* III xi.

## CHAPTER XXV

The strange things that befell the valiant knight  
of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena and the  
penance he there performed in  
imitation of Beltenebros

**D**ON Quijote took leave of the goatherd, and once more mounting Rocinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, who did so upon his ass but with no very good will. The pair advanced slowly into the mountain wilderness, Sancho was dying to talk but wished his master to say the first word in order not to override his injunction of silence. At length, unable to suffer the stillness longer, he said to his leader, 'Señor Don Quijote, may your worship bestow upon me your blessing and my discharge. I wish to go home to my wife and children, with whom I at least can talk and gossip all I please. To want me to follow you through the solitudes night and day without speaking when I have a mind to, is to bury me alive. If fate pleased to have animals talk these days as they did in the time of Æsop, I could converse with mine ass, saying to him whatever came into my head, and so make the best of it. But 'tis poor business and cannot be borne with patience, this seeking adventures all one's life and finding naught but kicks, blanketings, brickbats and rib-roasts, one's mouth sewed up all the while, not daring to say what a fellow has in his heart, just like a dumb man.'

'I catch your meaning, my son. You are dying to have raised the embargo I placed upon your tongue. Consider it raised then and out with what you please, on condition that this immunity obtains

only during our passage through these hills.' 'Very good, and I will begin at once, for God knows what will be. Taking advantage of my passport I ask your worship why you stood out so for Queen Magímasa<sup>(1)</sup> or whatever her name. What was it to you if the abbot<sup>(2)</sup> was her lover or no? Had you but let that pass (and your worship was no judge), the mad one would have continued with his history, and we should have escaped the pebble-tattoo, the kicks and more than a half-dozen of the back-handers.'

'Ah, if you but knew as I know, Sancho, how high and honourable a lady Queen Madásima was, I am sure you'd say I displayed great forbearance in not smashing the mouth uttering such blasphemies; for greatly he blasphemes that says or thinks a queen is intimate with a surgeon. The truth is that the leech Elisabat, a most prudent and wise man, served as counsellor and physician to her highness, and to think she was his leman is falsehood deserving the severest chastisement. Would you be further convinced that this fellow knew not what he said, remember that he was in a frenzy.' 'Exactly my point,' said the other: 'it was foolish to heed the words of a madman. For had not fortune favoured you, and had the pebble instead of landing on your breast dropped on your head, sweet fellows we should have been to stand up for my lady, confound her, while he of course would have been acquitted as a lunatic.' 'Against the mad or sober,' answered the don, 'every knight is bound to defend the reputation of women whoever they be, especially of queens of the station and character of Madásima, whose excellent qualities lead me to hold her in the greatest esteem. She possessed not alone beauty, but wisdom, and fortitude under adversities. Of these she had many and the surgeon Elisabat's counsel and society were of immense help to her in supporting

them with reason and resignation. This has led the ignorant and low-minded to think her his leman, but I say again they lie and they will lie two hundred times all that think and say so.'

'I neither say nor think it, 'Sancho responded: 'let themselves look out yonder; with their bread let them eat it. They have rendered account to God ere this whether they loved or no. From my vineyards I come, I have no information; others' lives are nothing to me<sup>(3)</sup>. He that buys and lies, feels it in his purse. Naked I was born, I am naked still: I neither win nor lose. Suppose they were lovers, what is that to me? Many think there are flitches where there's not even a hook. Who can put gates to the open country? What's more, they said it even of God. . . 'May He help me!' cried Don Quijote, 'what stuff is this you roll off? what have these refrains to do with the subject? Peace, man, on your life; prod your ass and henceforth do not mix with what does not concern you. Understand with all your five senses that everything I have done, am doing, or shall do is wholly within reason and in perfect accord with the rules of chivalry, of which I have more knowledge than all the knights that ever professed them.' 'Is it a good rule, then, that lets us wander bewildered through these mountains without road or path, hunting for a crazy man, who when caught will most likely wish to finish what he has begun, and that not his story but your head and my ribs, breaking them to pieces?'

'Again I say hold your tongue,' quoth the knight, 'for I'd have you know 'tis not so much to find the madman that brings me here as that I would perform a certain exploit to win me lasting fame and worship throughout the world: a performance that will set the seal on all that can make a knight-errant perfect and renowned.' 'And is it very peril-



some?' 'No, though we may throw a blank instead of sixes; it all depends on your diligence.' 'On my diligence?' questioned Sancho. 'Yes,' said the other, 'for if you return quickly from where I think to send you, straightway my griefs will end and my glory begin. And since 'tis not fair to hold you longer in suspense, I'd have you know, boy, that Amadis of Gaul was one of the most perfect of all knights-errant. I wrong him in saying one: he stood alone, the peerless, the lord of the knights of his time. A lean year and month for Don Belianis and all others that say or think that in certain respects he was Amadis' equal, for on mine oath they deceive themselves.

'Now when a painter wishes to achieve fame in his calling, he strives to imitate the originals of the most skilful masters he can find, and the same holds true for all the more important crafts and professions that serve to adorn the state. Thus he that would be deemed prudent and long-suffering must and does imitate Ulysses, in whose person and labours Homer gives us a living example of those qualities. Likewise Virgil in the character of Æneas showed the goodness of a pious son and the sagacity of a brave and masterly captain. They did not describe them as they were but as they should have been, that we coming after might emulate their virtues. Amadis similarly was the north, the morning-star, the sun, of brave enamoured knights; and all that fight beneath the banners of love and chivalry must follow his lead. This being the case I consider that the knight-errant imitating him most closely will be surest of reaching chivalric perfection.

'Now one of the circumstances wherein this knight's prudence, might, valour, patience, fortitude and love appeared to advantage, was when<sup>(4)</sup>,

disdained by the lady Oriana, he banished himself to Peña Pobre<sup>(5)</sup> to do penance under the name Bel-tenebros<sup>(6)</sup>—certainly a suggestive title and eminently suited to his chosen life. And since 'tis easier to imitate him in this penance than in cleaving giants, decapitating serpents, slaying dragons, putting armies to flight, scattering armadas and breaking up enchantments, why should I, especially as this region is eminently fitted for penances, let slip an occasion that lays its forelock in my hand?

'In a word what is it your worship has a mind to do in this God-forsaken spot?' 'Haven't I this minute told you that I wish to imitate Amadis and play the victim of despair, the wild, the furious lover, like the worthy Roland what time he discovered at the spring the marks that compromised Angelica the fair with Medoro<sup>(7)</sup>. His grief addled his wits and in his frenzy he uprooted trees, roiled brooks, slew shepherds, destroyed their flocks, burned their huts, levelled houses, dragged mares after him<sup>(8)</sup> and worked a hundred thousand other infamies worthy of record and eternal fame. Though I look not to imitate Roland or Orlando or Roto-lando (he was known by the three names) in all his mad acts, words and thoughts, as far as I am able I shall fill out the sketch in the essentials. It may be that in the end I shall content myself with Amadis, who, though mad merely to the extent of tears and wild talk, and not to the point of devilry, achieved as much fame as the best of them.'

'According to my way of thinking,' said the other, 'the knights that performed these tricks had some sort of provocation for working penances and pil-lages, but your worship, what reason have you to turn stark mad? What fair one has scorned you or what marks have you found that lead you to think Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been trifling with

Moor or Christian?' 'Just there lies the beauty of it, for no thanks or value attaches to a knight when actually driven to insanity. The thing is to go mad of myself, making my lady wonder, if so I act when dry, what will I do when drenched. Besides, my long separation from Dulcinea is cause sufficient, since an absent lover, as the shepherd Ambrosio was telling us the other day, fears and experiences every evil. So, friend Sancho, do not waste time in vainly persuading me to abandon so singular, lucky and unheard-of an imitation as I am about to observe. Mad I certainly am, mad I shall continue until you return with reply to the letter I purpose to send by you to my gracious lady. If the answer be worthy my constancy, instantly cease my wildness and penance, but if not, mad then in earnest I shall not know I suffer. So in either case only good can result from the dire struggle wherein you leave me, for if in my right mind, I shall enjoy the good you bring, but if the news be bad, I shall not feel it being mad. But tell me, Sancho, have you Mambrino's helmet well in your care? I saw you pick it up when the ingrate was trying to break it in pieces but could not, so fine its temper.'

'By the living God, Sir Knight of Sorry Aspect, no longer can I suffer patiently or in any way put up with certain things your worship says. Through them indeed I come to think all you say, whether of chivalries, getting kingdoms and empires or of bestowing isles and other favours and dignities after the manner of knights-errant, is naught else but wind and whoppers, or an airy or a fairy-tale or however they are named. For who could listen to your worship calling a barber's basin the helmet of Mambrino for more than four days running, and not think that a man that says such a thing and sticks to it has his brains musty. The basin is here

in my sack, considerably battered to be sure, but I hope to round it out at home and shave me the beard in it, if one of these days God shall let me find myself with wife and children.'

'By the same oath wherewith you began, my son, take note I swear in return that yours is the dullest understanding ever squire owned or owns in the world. Is it possible, long as you have served me, that you have failed to notice how all an errant's affairs look chimerical, stupid and wild, and how with him everything goes by contraries? Not that things really are so but ever in our midst flits a host of magicians<sup>(9)</sup>, to alter, disguise and transform our effects, as their pleasure and inclination are to favour or destroy us. Thus what appears to you a barber's basin to me appears Mambrino's helmet and to another some other thing. Indeed the sage my champion showed rare forethought in making what really and truly is his worship's headpiece look to all save myself like a vessel for shaving. Otherwise they'd hunt me down and rob me of it, such is its value. Taking it for a common copper bowl, what do they care, as shown clearly enough when that fellow left it on the ground after trying to smash it, which surely he'd not have done had he known what it was. Guard it, friend, though at present 'tis superfluous, since I am soon to strip me of all armour, standing naked as I was born, if in the penance my pleasure prove to copy Roland<sup>(10)</sup> rather than Amadis.'

Late<sup>(11)</sup> in the evening they reached the heart of the Sierra Morena, and there Sancho resolved to pass that night and other succeeding days as long as their stores held out. They, therefore, took up their rest between two cliffs and amid a grove of cork-trees. But necessity, which, according to those that lack the true faith, guides, adjusts and orders

things at will, brought it about that Ginés de Pasamonte, notorious rogue and thief, having escaped his chains through the might and madness of our champion, was also led by proper fear of the Brotherhood to bury himself in these hills, and his fate and fear guided him to the very region whither Sancho and Don Quijote had been led by theirs, and early enough for him to recognize them just as they were falling to sleep. The wicked are ever ungrateful, need furnishes them with temptations, present advantage veils all thoughts of the future. Being therefore neither appreciative nor principled, Ginés ventured to steal Sancho Panza's ass, considering Rocinante worthless equally for pawn or sale. Sancho slumbered, the thief moved quietly and before daylight was miles away.

Aurora dawned, bringing gladness to the countryside and sadness to Sancho, who, not finding his dappled beast<sup>(11)</sup>, began the most pitiful weeping and lament in the world. Don Quijote awakened at the sound in time to hear him cry, 'O child of my bowels, born in my very house, plaything of my children, pride of my wife, envy of my neighbours, easer of my burdens, indeed the support of half my person, since with the twenty-six farthings you daily earned me I replenished half my store!' Seeing the weeping and hearing the cause, his master endeavoured to console him with the best reasonings at his command, telling him to have patience if he could and promising to make out a bill of exchange, ordering that three ass-colts of the five he had at home be given him. Comforted by this Sancho dried his tears, choked his sobs, and thanked his master for the promised favour.

They soon had reached the foot of a high and somewhat isolated mountain<sup>(12)</sup>, at whose base a gentle rill watered a meadow rich and green and

enchanting to the eye, while round about were groves of forest trees, and plants and flowers that made the spot all-beautiful. This the Knight of Sorry Aspect chose as his penance-place. Beholding it outspread before him, in the high-keyed voice of an idiot he cried, 'This is the spot I commission and choose, O heavens, for weeping the outcast state wherein you have placed me. Here shall the water of mine eyes increase that of yon little brook, and my deep unending sighs unremittingly stir the leaves of this wildwood, in token of the pain of my persecuted heart. O ye rural deities<sup>(13)</sup>, whoever ye be that in this uninhabitable wilderness have dwelling, listen to the complaints of a spurned lover, whom long absence and imagined causes of jealousy lead hither to decry the cruel nature of that fair ingrate, the crown and limit of all human grace. Wood-nymphs and dryads, whose lot it is to abide in these mountain-fastnesses with gay and wanton satyrs by whom ye are vainly beloved, let them not trouble your sweet repose, that ye may be unwearied in your attendance.

'And thou, O Dulcinea del Toboso, day of my night, glory of my grief, north of my wandering, star of my fortune, so may Heaven grant all thou seekest, bethink thee of the place and point to which thine absence has brought me, and bestow some favour commensurate with my deserving loyalty. O solitary trees, that now shall keep me company in my loneliness, let your boughs manifest by gentle motion that my presence is not distasteful. And do thou, my squire, welcome comrade alike in fortune and misfortune, fix well in thy memory what thou seest me do, that thou mayst relate and report it to its cause.' After the delivery of this speech the knight dismounted from Rocinante, in a moment had bridle and saddle off, and giving the beast a slap

on the croup said to him, 'Liberty<sup>(14)</sup> he gives thee that lacks it himself, thou steed consummate in feats as thou art cursed in fortune. Begone where thou wilt, for on thy forehead is writ that neither Astolfo's hippogriff<sup>(15)</sup> nor the renowned Fronto<sup>(16)</sup>, that cost Bradamante so dear, could have equalled thee in speed.'

Observing this last action Sancho said, 'Good-luck to him that saved us the trouble of unpanneling my Dapple, or there would not be lacking little slaps and things to be said in his praise. But were he here, I shouldn't allow the pannel to be removed: the practices of love and despair do not apply to him, since they do not to his master, which I was while it pleased God. But in truth, Sir Knight of Sorry Aspect, if my journey and your jeopardy are surely to occur, it might be as well to resaddle the horse, in the absence of the ass, and shorten the time of my trip. If I go afoot, I don't know when I shall arrive or return, for, to tell the truth, I'm not much at hoofing it.'

'I promise it shall be as you wish,' replied the other, 'and I think well of the plan, Sancho friend. Three days hence you shall start out, and in the meantime I want you to note the things I say and do on her account, that you may relate them precisely as they occurred.' 'What have I to witness more than what I've seen already?' 'How much you know about it!' returned Don Quijote; 'why, I have yet to rend my garments, scatter mine armour, and bruise my head against these rocks, with more of that stripe that will set you gaping.' 'In God's love, take care how you give those bruises: 'tis possible to knock your head on such a rock and at such a point that with the very first bruise this business of the penance will come to a standstill. Indeed I am almost of the opinion that since these head-raps

seem to you essential for perfecting this exploit, you should be content to give them against water in the brook or something soft like cotton, since the whole affair is make-believe and jest. Leave me the burden of it, for I shall tell my lady that you knocked your head for her on the point of a rock harder than diamond.'

'I appreciate your thoughtfulness, Sancho friend, but these actions of mine are no jest, I'd have you know, but sober earnest, else I should be overriding the rules of mine order, which tell us not to lie under pain of apostasy; and to do one thing in place of another is the same as lying<sup>(17)</sup>. Nay, my head-knocks must be genuine and hard, without air of sophistry or pretence. And 'twill be necessary that you leave thread to sew wounds, now that fate has lost us the balsam.' 'The ass was the greater loss of the two, since with the ass went thread and all. And I must beg of your worship not even to suggest that cursed potion, the bare mention of which turns my soul, not to say my stomach. Furthermore I ask that we consider the three days allotted to my viewing your idiotic pranks as past and over, for I shall take the pranks as seen and judged and tell wonders to my lady. Write the missive and send me off, for I long to return and deliver you from this purgatory.'

'Purgatory! say hell rather, or worse if such there be.' 'But in hell,' said Sancho, 'there's no retention, at least so have I heard'<sup>(18)</sup>. 'I do not catch your meaning.' 'No retention,' explained the squire, 'means that a body once in there can never get out, which will not be true in your worship's case or little shall I have plied my feet, supposing I have spurs to revive Rocinante. Once set me down in El Toboso and before my lady Dulcinea, and I'll give her such reports of your follies and frenzies



(for they're all one) that, though I find her tougher than a cork-tree, I'll make her softer than a glove and with her honey-sweet answer return through the air like any wizard, setting you free from this purgatory, that seems a hell, but is not, since there's hope of escape, which there isn't from hell, even as I have just spoken. And your worship will, I think, agree with me in all.'

'True,' said He of Sorry Aspect, 'but how shall we manage to write the letter?' 'And the warrant for the ass-colts,' added the other. 'All will be included. It might be well to write after the manner of the ancients on the leaves of a tree or on tablets of wax, only wax is as scarce as paper hereabouts. But now I have something as good or even better—the mad-man's note-book! You can get it copied on writing-paper in the first village that boasts a schoolmaster, or if not he, any sacristan will do. On no account give it to a notary—that class write a law-hand<sup>(19)</sup> Satan himself could not decipher.'

'What about the signature?' enquired Sancho. 'Amadis' letters were never signed'<sup>(20)</sup>. 'Maybe so,' admitted the squire, 'but the warrant must be, and if it be copied, they'll say the signature is false and I shall have no ass-colt.' To this his master replied, 'The warrant will be written and signed in the book itself, and on seeing it my niece will put nothing in the way of its execution. Touching the love-letter, have my signature read thus: Thine till death, The Knight of Sorry Aspect. 'Twill matter little if it's writ in a strange hand, for Dulcinea, if my memory serve me, can neither read nor write, nor has she ever seen letter or handwriting of mine. My love and hers has ever been of the Platonic order, amounting on my side to no more than a virtuous glimpse now and then, so seldom indeed that I dare swear to the truth of what I now say, that in the

twelve years I have loved her more than the light of these eyes which some day will close in the earth for ever, not four times have I seen her, and I very much doubt that she was once aware of my gaze—such the seclusion wherein her father Lorenzo Corchuelo and her mother Aldonza Nogales have reared her.’

‘Ah ha!’ exclaimed Sancho, ‘and is Lorenzo Corchuelo’s daughter, the one they call Aldonza Lorenzo, the same as my lady Dulcinea del Toboso?’ ‘She is, and she deserves to be mistress of the universe’<sup>(21)</sup>. ‘I know the wench well,’ affirmed the squire, ‘and let me tell you she can pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the village. Giver of all good, but she’s a lass to be reckoned with—sound as a roach, tough as a nut, and can pull the beard out of the mire of any knight-errant now or to come that wants her for wife. O the baggage, what marrow she has! and what lungs! One day, they tell me, she climbed the village-belfry to call her father’s labourers who were sowing in a field half a league off, and they heard her as plainly as if right at hand. But the best of her is there’s nothing overnice about her: she has plenty of the coquette and jokes with everybody—there’s nothing from which she doesn’t get gaiety and a grin. Indeed, Sir Knight of Sorry Aspect, not only can and should your worship play the idiot for her, but with good reason you can be desperate and hang yourself, since all that hear of it will say you did better than well, though the devil come to fetch you.

‘I’m eager to be off, for ’tis many a day since I saw the wench and by this time she must be changed—a woman’s face loses its freshness if she’s always in the fields, exposed to sun and weather. To be honest with you, Señor Don Quijote, till this moment I stood in grave ignorance, thinking all the

while that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess—at any rate a person of sufficient quality to deserve the valuable presents you have sent her, the Biscayan for instance and the galley-slaves, with many others necessarily, since many must have been your victories ere I became your squire. But all things considered, what good can it do Aldonza Lorenzo, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso I should say, to have the vanquished you send, now or in future, come and bend the knee before her? It might be they'd find her combing flax or threshing in the barn—they would be mortified and she take them for a huge joke and poke fun at your gift.'

'More than once have I called you a great babbler, Sancho; and your wit, though dull, bites sharply enough at times. That you may see however what a fool you are and how wise am I, listen to this little tale. A certain widow, fair and free, above all wealthy and winsome, fell in love with a fat young lay-brother, whose superior, hearing of it, said to the good woman by way of pastoral remonstrance, 'Madam, I am astonished and not without reason that a lady of your rank, so rich and so beautiful, should be enamoured of so worthless low-lived an ass, when many masters are there in this community, graduates and students of theology, among whom your ladyship could choose as among pears, saying, This and not that I prefer.' With great spirit and candour she replied, 'Your reverence, my dear sir, is behind the times and much mistaken if you think I have made a bad choice in that fellow, fool as he seems. For the purpose I wish him he knows as much philosophy as Aristotle, and more.' Likewise, Sancho, for the purpose I wish Dulcinea del Toboso she's worth as much as the greatest princess living.

'Moreover, 'tis not to be supposed that all the poets that have praised women under fictitious

names, had these women as loves. Think you the Amaryllises, Phyllises, Silvias, Dianas, Galateas, and the rest, with whom books, ballads, barber-shops and theatres are crammed, were truly women of flesh and bone, sweethearts of those that praise them now and of old? Certainly not, for the poets created them to give body to their verse and that themselves might pass for beaux, that could inspire the tender passion in others. Ergo, 'tis enough that I think the deserving Aldonza Lorenzo fair and chaste—her lineage matters little, for none will investigate it with the view of conferring an order<sup>(22)</sup> upon her and personally I regard her as the most exalted princess in the world. For you should know, squire, if you don't already, that two things above all incite affection: great beauty and good name—which attributes are conspicuously exemplified in Dulcinea, for none is her rival in beauty and in virtue few approach her.

'To sum up then once for all, I make myself believe that all I say of her is gospel, neither more nor less, and I paint her as I picture her both as to beauty and rank. Helen does not equal her nor Lucretia come near, nor any other of the famous women of olden times, Greek, Roman, or barbarian. Let men say what they please—if my idealizing of Dulcinea shall be censured by simpletons, I shall not be condemned by just judges.' 'Your worship is right,' declared Sancho, 'and I am the ass—ass did I say! alack that I should put the word in my mouth—never mention rope in a hanged man's house. But now for the letter, and then good-bye, I am off.'

Don Quijote produced the memorandum-book, and going aside he calmly began to write. When he had done, he called his squire and told him he would read the missive aloud that the other might be able to repeat it from memory in case he lost it by the

way—such was his ill-luck, anything might be feared. To this Sancho responded, 'Write it two or three times there in the book and give it to me. I'll take good care of it, and it's a mistake to suppose that I can keep the letter in my memory, which is so poor that now and again mine own name slips me. Tell it all the same, since I should like first-rate to hear: it must read as good as print.' 'Listen then, for this is what it says:

Missal of Don Quijote to Dulcinea del Toboso

Serene and sovereign lady:

The pierced by the dart of absence, the wounded to the heart's core<sup>(23)</sup>, sends thee, most sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, the health himself possesses not<sup>(24)</sup>. If thy beauty disdain me, if thou be not for me, if thy scorn be still to persecute me, though I be as patient as patient I can be, hardly shall I bear up under this affliction, which is both heavy and prolonged. My good shield-bearer Sancho will give thee, O fair ingrate, fond enemy, full account of what for thy sake I am come to. Shall it please thee to deliver me, I am thine; if not, do what thou wilt, for by my death I shall satisfy thy cruelty and my desire.

Thine till then,  
The Knight of Sorry Aspect.'

'By the life of my father,' exclaimed Sancho, 'but that is the loftiest thing I ever heard. Body of me, how you say just what you wish, and how neatly you tuck in The Knight of Sorry Aspect. Verily I believe your worship is the devil himself and that there's nothing you don't know.' 'My profession is all-exacting,' assented the other. 'Now then,' said Sancho, 'let your worship write on the other page the order for the three colts, signing in a clear hand

which they will recognize at once.' 'That I will,' said the knight. And when he had it written, he read it to his squire:

'My dear niece:

By this first of ass-colts please deliver to my squire, Sancho Panza, three of the five I left in your charge, which three colts I promise shall be duly delivered and paid for by the like number received here, and this with his receipt shall be your quittance. Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena, this twenty-second day of August of the present year'<sup>(25)</sup>.

'Good,' said Sancho; 'now sign it.' 'That is superfluous for three ass-colts, or for three hundred indeed were that the number: my flourish'<sup>(26)</sup> is as good as my signature.' 'I leave it to your worship; and now let me saddle Rocinante and give me your blessing. I am off at once without seeing those mad capers, for I shall say I saw you do so many that she'll have her fill.' 'This one thing I desire, Sancho, indeed I must ask and command that you see me perform a dozen or two naked. I shall have done with them in less than an half-hour, and when you have seen some with your own eyes, you can safely swear to as many as you wish. I am certain you'll not describe as many as I think to do.'

'By the love of God, master mine, let me not see you unclothed: 'twould grieve me sorely. I shall not be able to check the tears, and I have such a headache from weeping for Dapple last night that I'm in no shape for another outburst. If you insist that I see some of your capers, cut them with your clothes on, and make them brief and to the point, especially as they will be wasted on me, and their omission would hasten my return, which must be with the news your worship desires and deserves. If her an-

swer be not as it should be, let the lady get ready, for I swear as solemn an oath as I know that I'll fetch a good one out of her stomach with kicks and buffetings. For how is it permitted that a knight-errant as famous as your worship should lose his wits without rime or reason for a . . . <sup>(27)</sup>; let the lady not force me, for by God I'll rattle on and out with it though it spoil the sale. I am a great hand at calling names, though she little knows it or she'd fear me.'

'Upon my soul, boy, one would think you more crazy than I.' 'Not so crazy but more cross. But setting that aside, what's your worship going to live on while I am gone? Will you leap out on the road and rob shepherds like Cardenio?' 'Rest easy on that score,' replied the master: 'though I had else, I should eat naught but fruits and herbs afforded by this meadow and these trees, since fasting and like austerities are proof of my profession.' Sancho now asked, 'Does your worship know what I fear? It is that I can't find my way back again, this spot is so hid.' 'Fix it well in your memory, for I shall make a point of staying where you see me,' answered Don Quijote, 'or better still, I'll climb yon height to watch for your return. To make it even more certain that you do not miss your way, cut some of the many reeds growing hereabouts and drop them at intervals till you come out on the open plain <sup>(28)</sup>. They'll serve like the thread in Theseus' labyrinth for your home-journey.'

'That I will,' assented the squire; and cutting a few he asked his master's blessing, and not without tears each bade the other farewell. Mounting Rocinante, whom the knight strongly commended to his care saying he should look out for him as for his own person, Sancho set out for the plain, strewing the reeds as advised. And so he was gone, though his master importuned him to delay and witness a couple of

capers if no more. But now, when he had travelled a hundred paces or so, the squire returned, saying, 'I see, sir, you were right: in order that I may swear with a clear conscience that I observed you act the fool, 'twill be well for me to see you throw a fit or two, though one of the worst is your being here.' 'What did I tell you! wait, boy, and I'll do them in the saying of a credo,' and dropping his breeches, in naught but skin and shirt, the penitent twice kicked his hands in the air, following this with two somersaults and such a display that, to avoid a second, Sancho turned Rocinante, fully satisfied he could swear to his master's idiocy. So shall we part with him until his return—which was not long delayed.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Madásima. <sup>(2)</sup>Meaning Elisabat. <sup>(3)</sup>An allusion to the eighty-second *cuento* (as numbered in Aribau) of Juan de Timoneda's *El Sobremesa y Alivio de Caminantes* 1563 Part I. <sup>(4)</sup>As related in *Amadis of Gaul* II 1-9. <sup>(5)</sup>He went in company of a hermit who said to him, 'My son, I dwell in a place very cold and forbidding: a hermitage situate on a very high rock full seven leagues out at sea... Peña Pobre (Poor Rock) is it named, since none can live there save in great poverty.' II 8. <sup>(6)</sup>The hermit says to Amadis, 'I would give you a name appropriate to your person and the strait you are in... I would that you call yourself Beltenebros.' II 5 (*bel*=beautiful, *tenebros*=dismal). <sup>(7)</sup>Orlando found their names and the tale of their loves writ by Medoro. This was the immediate cause of Orlando's rage. *Orlando Furioso* XXIII 100-20. <sup>(8)</sup>As described in XXIII 130—XXIV 13. <sup>(9)</sup>*Orlando Furioso* VIII 1:

O quante sono incantatrici, oh quanti  
Incantator tra noi, che non si sanno!

<sup>(10)</sup>As described in *Orlando Furioso* XXIII 132-3. <sup>(11)</sup>See Appendices G and H and note 1 of II 4. See also note 16 below. *Rucio*=more properly silver-grey, but Dapple has been consecrated by usage as the name of Sancho's ass. This is the first mention of him in the original under his new name.

<sup>(12)</sup>So Amadis disarmed himself 'in a great meadow at the foot of a mountain, where were two high trees shadowing a rill.' II 5. This was before he came to his penance-place proper on Peña Pobre. <sup>(13)</sup>This imitates the invocation to rural deities, wood-nymphs and dryads by the despairing shepherd



Albanio, in *Eclogue* II 1574 of Garcilaso de la Vega. <sup>(14)</sup>Parodying the liberty given to Frontino by Ruggiero in *Orlando Furioso* XLV 92-3:

Entra nel folto bosco, oue più spesse  
L'ombre frasche, e più intricate uede,  
Ma Frontin prima al tutto sciolto messe  
Dase lontano, e libertà li diede.  
O mio Frontin (li disse) se a me stesse  
Di dare a'merti tuoi degna mercede,  
Hauresti quel destrier da inuidiar poco,  
Che uolò al cielo, e fra le stelle ha loco.

Cillaro so non fu, non fu Arione  
Di te miglior, nè meritò più lode,  
Nè alcun' altro destrier, di cui mentione  
Fatta da' Greci, ò da Latini s'ode.

<sup>(15)</sup>A useful monster in *Orlando Furioso*, got by a griffin out of a mare. He was winged and could in a moment be lost to view, XXIII 16. <sup>(16)</sup>See note 14 above. Ruggiero's mistress, Bradamante, had the care of him, at her own cost, XXIII 27:

Ruggier quel dì, che troppo audace scese  
Su l'Ippogrifo, e uerso il ciel leuosse,  
Lasciò Frontino, e Bradamante il prese;  
Frontino, che'l destrier così nomosse.  
Mandollo à Mont'Albano, e à buone spese  
Tener lo fece; e mai non caualcosse,  
Se non per breue spatio, e à picciol passo;  
Sì ch'era, più che mai, lucido e grasso.

The theft of Dapple by Pasamonte is modelled on the theft of Frontino by Brunelo, XXVII 84. <sup>(17)</sup>'Every knight must keep from saying one thing for another, since the thing in the world that most pertains to chivalry is to speak the truth.' *Doctrinal of Knights* 1489 III 5. <sup>(18)</sup>Perhaps alluding to the story told of Michael Angelo, who put a troublesome cardinal among the damned in the Last Judgment. The cardinal complained to the Pope, who replied, 'Should he paint you in Purgatory, I might draw you out by force of intercessions, but in hell, nulla est redemptio.' <sup>(19)</sup>Written without raising pen from paper—Cervantes was a notary. <sup>(20)</sup>True—his letters were known by superscription, contents and handwriting. 'Read this letter and you will see if Amadis wrote it with his own hand.' *Amadis of Gaul* II 11. <sup>(21)</sup>'She deserves to be mistress of the world for her beauty and rank.' *Tirante the White* 1490 III 28. <sup>(22)</sup>There were certain orders, such as those of the Golden Fleece and of San Juan de Calatrava, for which none was eligible whose genealogy could not stand a satisfactory examination. <sup>(23)</sup>So Oriana's letter to Amadis had the superscription, 'I am the maiden wounded by the point of a sword through the heart.' II 2. <sup>(24)</sup>'Health to thee he sends who neither has nor seeks it.' *Diana* 1564 by Alonso Pérez Book II. Also consider the beginning of the letter written by Don Florisel de Niquea to the Queen of

Guindaya: 'Sovereign and beautiful queen: The breath of which thou robbest me, I send thee.' <sup>(25)</sup>See Appendix I. <sup>(26)</sup>Or *rúbrica*; it often took the place of the signature in the case of illustrious persons. <sup>(27)</sup>So the hermit who leads Amadis to his penance counsels him 'to desist from his madness,' the more that it is through the deed of woman 'who lightly is lost and won.' II 5. <sup>(28)</sup>Don Quijote gets his idea from the ballad from which he so often quotes, *De Mantua salió el Marques*, II 101-2:

Las ramas iba cortando  
Para la vuelta acertare.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Further antics of the knight, playing the lover  
in the Sierra Morena

COMING to relate what He of the Sorry Aspect did when he found himself alone, the story says that as soon as Don Quijote, clad from the waist up and naked from the waist down, had ended his somersaults and tumblings, finding that Sancho tarried not to see more, he climbed a high cliff, where on the top he stayed to consider the matter that had so often occupied his thoughts, though to no conclusion: namely, whether or no 'twere more feasible and fit to imitate Roland in his lawless vagaries than Amadis in his temperamental ones. In this debate with himself our knight reasoned as follows:

'Granting that Roland was the valiant and worthy cavalier they say, what wonder since he was enchanted and none might put an end to him save by sticking a farthing-pin through the bottom of his foot, and he all the time wearing boots with seven iron soles?<sup>(1)</sup> Yet how slightly his charm availed when Bernardo del Carpio, seeing through all, squeezed the life out of him at Roncesvalles<sup>(2)</sup>. But setting aside the question of his courage, let us pass to his loss of reason, for he surely did lose it, as a result of the evidence he discovered at the spring, and the news the shepherd brought him that Angelica had slept through more than two siestas with Medoro<sup>(3)</sup>, a little curly-headed Moor, page to Agramante<sup>(4)</sup>. But were he convinced of this, 'twas no great matter to lose his head.

'And as regards myself, how can I imitate him in his frenzies, unless I share the occasion? For I am ready to take oath that my Dulcinea del Toboso in

all the days of her life has not so much as laid eyes on a Moor as he is in the garb of his race<sup>(5)</sup>, and is this day as her mother bore her<sup>(6)</sup>. Obviously I should wrong her if, imagining otherwise, I became demented like the furious Roland. I find that Amadis of Gaul, on the other hand, without going mad or behaving outrageously, acquired as great reputation as a lover as the best of them. Rejected by his lady Oriana, who enjoined him not to appear in her presence till she willed<sup>(7)</sup>, according to his history all he did was to hie to Peña Pobre<sup>(8)</sup> in the company of a hermit and there have his fill of weeping, till Heaven finally came to his rescue at the height of his great grief and need<sup>(9)</sup>.

'If this be true, and it is, why should I go to the trouble of divesting myself further, or why should I harm these trees that have done me none, or muddy the clear water-brooks that at any time will slake my thirst? Long live the memory of Amadis! let him be the pattern, so far as is possible, of Don Quijote de la Mancha, of whom 'twill be said what was said of another<sup>(10)</sup>, that if he failed to achieve great things, he died attempting them. And if I have not been scorned or rejected by my Dulcinea, it is enough, as I said before, that I am absent from her. Come then, all hands to work! Let the deeds of Amadis leap to memory and teach me how I may begin their imitation. I recall that his chief employment was to pray: even so shall I, yet what am I to do for a rosary?'

But it occurred to our knight how to make one: by tearing off the tail of his shirt and tying eleven knots in it, one larger than the others. This served him during his sojourn in the wilderness and on it he repeated countless ave-marias<sup>(11)</sup>. But he was grieved not to find thereabouts another<sup>(12)</sup> hermit to confess him and give him consolation. He solaced himself however by strolling about the little meadow and

writing numerous verses on the barks of trees and in the fine sand, some in praise of Dulcinea and all appropriate to his sorrow. In this exercise, in sighing and in calling on the fauns and satyrs of the wood, the nymphs of the water-brooks and on plaintive tearful Echo, to listen and answer and console him, and in seeking out herbs for his bodily sustenance, he managed to beguile the time of the absence of his squire. But had the latter tarried three weeks instead of three days, the Knight of Sorry Aspect would have grown so unlike himself in looks, his own mother would have passed him by<sup>(13)</sup>. Enveloped in poetry and sighs he may safely be left that we may relate what befell his errant squire.

On reaching the high road Panza set out for the one leading to El Toboso and the next day arrived at the inn where he had met with the blanket-disgrace. On sighting it he again felt himself sailing through the air and therefore did not choose to enter, though 'twas an hour when he naturally could and would, being dinner-time, and he longed to taste something hot, it having been cold comfort for many a day. This drew him nearer, doubtful whether to enter or not, and at that moment, two persons, coming out, recognized him, and one of them said, 'Tell me, Señor Licentiate, isn't that fellow on horseback the Sancho Panza that, according to our adventurer's housekeeper, went off with her master as squire?' 'It is, and that is Don Quijote's nag.' They knew the man this well because they were the village-priest and barber, the same that examined and passed judgment upon the books. They immediately came forward, eager to learn of Don Quijote, and the priest, calling the squire by name, said, 'Friend Sancho Panza, where did you leave your master?'

Sancho, at once recognizing them, decided to conceal the place and plight of him for whom they asked,

so said in reply that his master was engaged in a certain place on certain business of importance, which he couldn't discover for the eyes in his head. 'Nay, nay, Panza,' replied the barber, 'if you refuse to tell us, we shall think, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you ride his horse. In short, if you don't produce the nag's owner, it's all up with you.' 'Threats are of no use with me,' said Sancho: 'I'm no man to rob or murder. Let each meet his death through his fate or the God that made him. My master does penance in the heart of these mountains and all very much to his liking,' and without a stop Sancho rattled on about the knight's present condition, past adventures and how he, the squire, was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom his master was in love down to his lights.

The two were amazed at all this news for, though aware of their friend's perversion, they were ever taken aback when they heard of it afresh. They asked his squire to produce the letter. The other said 'twas written in a note-book but that his master required him to get it copied on plain sheet at the first place he came to. The priest said to show it them and himself would copy it in a fair hand. Sancho searched his bosom but in vain, nor would he have succeeded had he sought till now, for 'twas still with his master. When he found he hadn't it, his face took on a deathly hue; again he felt quickly all over his body, and finding it nowhere about him, clutched his beard with both hands and after plucking out half thereof gave his nose and face six punches, bathing them in blood<sup>(14)</sup>. The priest and barber asked what had occurred that he treated himself thus cruelly. 'What has occurred but that I have lost in a trice from one hand to t'other three ass-colts, each worth a castle!' 'How have you?' enquired the barber. 'I've lost the

notebook that contained Dulcinea's letter and an order signed by my master in which he directed his niece to give me three of the four or five ass-colts he has at home to make up for the loss of my Dapple.' The priest tried to comfort him, saying that on meeting with his master he would have him reissue the warrant, this time on paper as was customary and proper: warrants writ in memorandum-books were never honoured.

With this Sancho took heart and said that in that event the loss of Dulcinea's letter did not worry him, since he knew it almost by heart and they could transcribe it when and where they chose. 'Repeat it, then,' said the barber, 'and afterwards we'll put it on paper.' Panza stopped to scratch his head in order to recall the letter; first he stood on one foot, then on the other, one moment gazing at the ground, the next at the sky, till at last, having bit off half his finger and kept them long in suspense, he said, 'My God, señor licentiate, the devil take me if I can remember the thing, but it began, 'Serene and scrubbing lady.' 'Not scrubbing surely,' said the barber, 'superhuman perhaps or sovereign.' 'Sovereign it was,' answered Sancho, 'and then if I recollect rightly and my memory serve me not ill, it proceeded with, 'The wounded, the wanting of sleep, and the pierced kisses your ladyship's hand, hateful and ungrateful one,' and then it said something about sickness and health he was sending her and went sliding along till it ended up with, Thine till death, The Knight of Sorry Aspect.'

The two listeners were not a little amused at the squire's excellent memory and gave it generous praise. They asked him twice more to repeat the letter that they might get it by heart and transcribe it at leisure. Sancho thrice repeated it and uttered three thousand new absurdities in the process. He

then went on to tell them of their fortunes, keeping quiet however about the blanketing at the inn he now declined to enter. He confided to them also that provided a favourable answer came from El Toboso, Señor Don Quijote was going to put himself in the way of becoming an emperor or at least a monarch—it had all been arranged between them, as a thing easy of accomplishment, such the worth of his master's person and the might of his arm; and that when that far, the knight was to make a marriage for him his squire, who would in the course of events by that time be a widower, and his new wife was to be a maid-in-waiting to the empress, heiress to a large and rich estate on the mainland, without isles or islands—he had had enough of them.

Sancho said this with so much seriousness, wiping his nose from time to time, and with so little sense, that they marvelled anew: how violent the madness of the master to draw in its wake the wits of the man. However, they cared not to free him of his delusion, feeling that so long as it did not hurt his conscience, 'twere better to leave him where he was, especially as their pleasure in listening to his credulous talk would be so much the greater. They told him to pray God for the welfare of his master, who feasibly and deservedly might become an emperor in course of time, as he had said, or at least an archbishop or like dignitary. Upon this Sancho replied, 'My masters, if fortune so whirl things round that my sire prefers to be archbishop rather than emperor, I should like to ask what archbishops-errant are in the habit of giving their squires.' 'Usually,' the priest answered, 'some simple benefice or cure, or post of sacristan, which affords a good fixed income plus altar-fees, which commonly bring in as much again.' 'The squire must be unmarried then and should know enough to help read mass; worse luck to me that am



married and don't know the first letter of the A B C. What will become of Sancho, should his master take it into his head to turn archbishop, and not emperor as is the habit and custom of all errant knights?

'Don't worry, Panza friend,' said the barber: 'we shall ask and advise your master, nay, we shall lay it before him as a matter of conscience, not to be an archbishop but an emperor, which will come easier to him being more the soldier than the student.' 'So it would seem to me,' agreed the squire, 'though I vow he's qualified for any office under the sun, and my prayer with Our Lord will be that He shall send him where he can best serve himself and win most favours for his henchman.' 'You talk like a man of sense,' said the priest, 'and you will be acting like a Christian. But first we must devise how to deliver him from his present bootless penance. That we may better consider the *modus operandi*, let's enter the inn, the more that it's dinner-time.' Sancho said they might enter but he would remain outside, telling them afterwards why he refused to go in and why it wasn't fitting that he should. He added a request for something to eat, hot if possible, and barley for Rocinante. They left him and entered, and the barber shortly brought him a smoking-hot dinner.

The two long consulted within as to how they might accomplish their purpose, and at last the priest thought of a plan admirably suited both to the knight's humour and their own scheming. He himself was to go dressed as a maid-errant and the barber was to try and pass himself off as her squire, and so going to their friend, he should represent himself as an afflicted damsel that sought of him a boon, which, a gallant knight, he could not deny her. This was that he should follow her whithersoever she led, in order to right a wrong done her by a certain treacherous cavalier. She would beseech him as well

not to ask her to lift her veil or enquire aught as to her rank in life till he had avenged her on that scoundrel. The priest felt sure Don Quijote would respond to such a call, and thus they would deliver him from his present plight and taking him home see if his aberration admitted of cure.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Seven iron plates protected Ferrau's navel, not Roland's foot. But the comparative invulnerability of the one is likened to that of the other, so the slip was an easy one for C to have made. Roland could only be wounded in the sole of the foot. *Orlando Furioso* XII 48-9. <sup>(2)</sup>See Appendix B. <sup>(3)</sup>See note 7 of I 25. <sup>(4)</sup>Not to Agramante, but to Dardinel de Almonte, one of the African princes. <sup>(5)</sup>A large portion of the population of El Toboso at this period were Moriscos, in Christian dress. <sup>(6)</sup>So said of Roland's Angelica *Orlando Furioso* I 55. <sup>(7)</sup>'And since this treachery is already manifest, you are not to appear before me nor in any place where I may be.' II 1. There is no limit to this mandate—Oriana expected to die before seeing Amadis again. <sup>(8)</sup>See note 5 of I 25. <sup>(9)</sup>He was rescued by the damsel of Denmark. 'When most without hope, when already at the very threshold of death, the Lord of the world miraculously sent him reparation.' II 5.

<sup>(10)</sup>Hic situs est Phaëton, currus auriga paterni,  
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

*Metamorphoses* II 327-28.

<sup>(11)</sup>See Appendix J. <sup>(12)</sup>Amadis of Gaul had the other on Peña Pobre, yet he too 'consumed his days in tears and continual weeping.' II 5. <sup>(13)</sup>So the Knight of Phœbus during his two years of penance on the island Solitario, 'Naught had he eaten save the fruits of the forest and roots of herbs, wherewith with great distress he was able to sustain life. Wherefor, as well as for the great sorrow and sadness of his heart, he was now so thin and yellow that none would have recognized him... Indeed he was so far gone, that had relief delayed, he could not have lasted much longer.' *Mirror of Princes and Knights—Knight of Phœbus* 1562 I III 28. See also c xv of this book for setting his steed at liberty, laying aside his armour, writing on trees, and other similarities. <sup>(14)</sup>This incident travesties a scene in the chivalric poem *Celidón de Iberia* Alcalá 1583, where a maiden bearing a letter would show it to a knight that has rescued her from peril.

Diciendo así, llegó la mano al seno,  
Quiriendola sacar, mas no la halla.  
Quedóse tan turbada y de tal suerte  
Que ventura será escapar de muerte.

Después á voces dice: 'Ay pena esquivá!  
Perdí la cosa mas encomendada...  
Que cuenta habre de dar de mi entretanto?'  
Esto diciendo, acrecentaba el llanto.

## CHAPTER XXVII

The success the priest and barber met with in their plan, together with other things worthy to be set down in this great history

THE barber did not think ill of the priest's idea: indeed it so much pleased him that at once they proceeded to execute it. They begged a gown and head-dress of the innkeeper's wife, giving her the priest's new cassock as security. The barber made himself a beard out of a red and grey ox-tail, which served the landlord as holder for his comb. The wife questioned their wish for the use of these things and in few words the priest described the hallucination from which their friend suffered and their plan for getting him away from the backwoods where now he was. The keeper and his wife immediately recognized in this mad person their guest of the balsam, the master of the blanketed squire, and they thereupon related to the priest their experiences with him, not suppressing what Sancho had been so careful to conceal.

The wife then dressed the priest in a manner that left nothing to be desired. She put on him a slashed cloth petticoat with black velvet bands a palm wide, together with a bodice of green velvet bound with white satin, looking, both it and the petticoat, as if made in the time of King Wamba<sup>(1)</sup>. The priest refused to wear a woman's head-dress, and instead donned his own little quilted night-cap, slipping one of his black silk garters round his forehead and veiling his face and beard with the other. On top of all he placed his hat, which was broad enough to serve for parasol, and wrapping his cloak about him, seated

himself woman-fashion on his mule. The barber likewise mounted his, with his red and grey beard reaching to his waist, the beard being nothing more or less, as I have said, than the tail of a pied ox.

The two then bade farewell to all, not forgetting Maritornes, who promised though a sinner to pray a rosary that God would grant success in their arduous and Christian enterprise. But scarce had they quit the inn when it struck the licentiate that 'twould not become him as a priest to be seen in such a guise, however much depended upon it. He therefore asked the barber to swap rigs, since it was fitter that he, the barber, should play the afflicted damsel, and himself the squire, which would less profane his office. He added that were the barber averse to the change, he was determined not to proceed, though the devil fetched Don Quijote, for he saw that Sancho, whom they now approached, could not check his laughter. The barber finally agreed, and when the swap had been made, the priest undertook to tell his friend how he should conduct himself and what to say in trying to induce the knight to quit the wild haunt of his fruitless penance. The barber informed him he could act his part well enough without coaching and, not caring to don the costume till they drew near the knight, did it in a bundle. The priest put away the beard and the pair followed the lead of Sancho Panza.

The latter told them about the mad lover they had met in these mountains but said nothing about the discovery of the valise of precious contents, for simple as he was, the fellow was a little covetous. The following day they arrived at the spot where Sancho had deposited his last reed, marking the route to his master, and on meeting with it Sancho told them this was the approach, advising them to assume their disguises if they were really necessary

for his master's deliverance. The rescuers had previously informed their guide that the reason of their novel dress was that they might liberate their friend from his miserable mode of life, carefully warning him not to disclose to Don Quijote who they were, nor that he knew them, and that should he question, as he was sure to do, whether or no the letter had been handed to Dulcinea, he must answer yes, it had, but that as she knew not how to read, her answer was by word of mouth, saying that she charged him, on pain of her displeasure if he failed, to appear before her instantly. They urged this upon Sancho as most important to him, for by his so speaking and with what they thought to say themselves they felt sure of returning their friend to a better life and inducing him to put himself in the way of becoming an emperor or monarch of some kind; that he would ever become an archbishop, his squire need not have the shadow of a fear.

Sancho heard them through, committing all to memory, and replied that he was grateful for their intention to urge his master to become emperor and not archbishop, for in his opinion the former really could do more than the latter in the bestowal of favours. He suggested that he go first and give Señor Don Quijote his mistress's answer, which alone might be enough to get him out of there. The others thought well of this and agreed to wait till he returned. So the squire plunged into the mountain-gorge, leaving the priest and barber in a smaller ravine where flowed a gentle brook, for which rocks and trees made a cool and pleasant shade.

It was an August day with all the heat of one, and the heat in those parts is wont to be intense, and the hour was three in the afternoon, all which made the spot the more inviting and tempted them to wait there for Sancho's return, which they did. The two

were reposing, then, in the shade, when a voice, unaccompanied by the notes of any instrument but sweet and pleasing in its tone, reached their ears, at which they were not a little astonished, as the place seemed ill-suited for one who sang so well, for though they are wont to say that in the woods and fields are found shepherds with rare voices, this is rather a poet's fancy than the truth. And still more surprised were they when they became aware that what they heard sung were the verses, not of rustic shepherds, but of polished wits of the city. The hour, the summer season, the solitary place, the voice and skill of the singer, all contributed to the wonder and delight of the two listeners, who remained hoping to hear more. But the silence continuing for some time, they resolved to go in search of the musician who sang with so fine a voice. As they were about to do so, they were again arrested, this time by a sonnet.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and the pair again waited attentively for the singer to resume, but finding that the music now turned into sobs and heart-rending moans, they resolved to learn who the unhappy being could be whose voice was as rare as his sighs were piteous, and they had not gone far, when on turning the corner of a rock they saw a man of the same figure and aspect as Sancho had described to them when he told them the story of Cardenio. He, perceiving them, showed no surprise, but stood still with his head bowed down on his bosom, like one in deep thought, without raising his eyes to look at them after the first glance when they suddenly came upon him. The priest, being aware of his misfortune, since he had recognized him by the description, being a well-spoken man approached him and in a few sensible words entreated him to quit that wretched life, lest he should end it there, which of all miseries would be the greatest.

Cardenio was then in his right mind, free from any attack of that madness which so often carried him away, and seeing the pair in an attire so unusual among those who frequented those wilds, could not help showing some surprise, especially when he heard them speak of his case as of a thing well known, for the words of the priest gave him to understand as much.

He therefore replied to them in this manner, 'Whoever you be, sirs, I see clearly that Heaven, whose care it is to succour the good and often the wicked, sends to me, unworthy that I am, in this spot so desolate and remote from the haunts of human kind, persons who, showing me with various and lively arguments how irrational is the life I lead, seek to draw me from it to a better retreat. But as they know not what I know, that in flying from this evil I must fall into one greater, they may set me down as a man of weak intelligence, or, what is worse, for one devoid of reason. Nor would it be strange, for I am conscious that the force of the remembrance of my misfortune is so great and so potent for my ruin that in spite of myself I become at times like a stone, without feeling or consciousness. And I become aware of this when they tell me and show me tokens of things that I have done while the terrible fit mastered me. So all I can do is idly to bewail and uselessly to curse my lot, excusing my madness by telling of its cause to as many as are willing to hear it, for men of sense when they hear the cause, will not wonder at its effects, and if they cannot help me, at least they will not blame me, and the impatience they feel for my conduct will turn into pity for my woes. If it be, señores, that you are come with the same intention that has led others, before you proceed farther with your

sage advice, I beg you to listen to the story of my misfortunes, for perhaps when you have heard it you will spare yourselves the trouble you would take in offering consolation for a grief that admits of no solace.'

As both of them desired naught else than to learn from his own lips the cause of his sorrow, they prayed him to recount it, promising to do naught for his relief or comfort that he did not wish. Thereupon the unhappy youth began his piteous tale, almost in the same words and in the same manner in which he had told it to Don Quijote and the goatherd a few days before, when, by reason of Master Elisabat and Don Quijote's scrupulous observance of what was due to chivalry, the tale was left unfinished, as this history has recorded, whereas now happily the mad fit kept off and allowed him to tell it to the end. And so, coming to the incident of the note which Don Fernando found in the book of *Amadis of Gaul*, Cardenio said that he remembered it well and that it was in these words:

Lucinda to Cardenio

Every day I discover in thee qualities that bind and compel me to hold thee in higher esteem, so if thou desire to relieve me of this debt without cost to my honour, thou mayst easily do so. I have a father who knows thee and loves me dearly, and who without forcing my inclination will grant what thou reasonably demandest, if thou value me as thou sayest and as I believe thou dost.

By this letter I was moved to ask for Lucinda for wife, as I have already related, and by it also Lucinda came to be regarded by Don Fernando as one of the most discreet and prudent women of the day, and this letter it was that kindled in him the desire



to ruin me before mine could be accomplished. I told Don Fernando that all Lucinda's father was waiting for was that mine should ask her of him, which I dared not mention to my father, fearful lest he should refuse his consent—not because he was ignorant of the condition, the goodness, the worth, the beauty of Lucinda, that she had qualities that would do honour to any family in Spain—but because I was aware that he did not wish me to marry so soon, before seeing what the Duke Ricardo might do for me. I told him, in short, that I could not venture to speak to my father about it, as well on account of that difficulty as of several others that made a coward of me, without knowing what they were, save that it seemed to me impossible that my desires could ever be fulfilled. To all this Don Fernando answered that he would take it upon himself to speak to my father and persuade him to speak to Lucinda's. O ambitious Marius! O cruel Catiline! O wicked Sulla! O perfidious Ganelon! O traitorous Vellido! O vindictive Julian!<sup>(2)</sup> O covetous Judas! Traitor, cruel, vindictive and perfidious! What disloyalty had this wretch done thee, he who so openly revealed to thee the secrets and joys of his heart? What offence did I commit? What words did I utter or what counsels give thee, which were not all aimed at the advancement of thine honour and thine interest? But woe is me, why do I complain! for it is certain that when misfortunes come from the stars, descending from on high they fall upon us with such fury and violence that no power on earth can check their course nor human device stay their coming. Who could have believed that Don Fernando, a high-born gentleman, intelligent, bound to me by gratitude for my services, one that could win the object of his love wherever he set his affections,

should so bemean himself, as they say, as to rob me of my one ewe-lamb that was not yet mine?

But leaving these reflections as idle and vain, let us resume the broken thread of my hapless story. I repeat, then, that Don Fernando, finding my presence an obstacle to the execution of his false and wicked design, resolved to send me to his elder brother under pretext of asking money from him to pay for six horses which he purposely bought on the very day he professed to speak to my father. Could I foresee this treachery? Could I by any chance have suspected it? So far from that, I offered with the greatest good will to go at once, glad of the fine purchase he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, telling her what had been arranged between me and Don Fernando and bidding her have firm hope that our good and righteous desires would be fulfilled. She, as unsuspecting as I of Don Fernando's treachery, bade me return with all speed, for she believed that the crowning of our affections would be delayed only so long as my father put off speaking to hers. I know not why it was that on saying this her eyes filled with tears and a lump in her throat prevented her from uttering a word of the many which methought she strove to say. I was surprised at this new emotion, till then never seen in her, for, as often as good fortune and my ingenuity had permitted me to speak with her, we always conversed with the greatest gaiety and cheerfulness, without mingling tears, sighs, jealousies, doubts or fears with our words, I, for my part, was all for extolling my happiness that Heaven should have given her to me for my mistress: I would magnify her beauty, praising her worth and understanding; and she paid me back by praising in me what in her love for me she thought worthy of praise. Besides we had a hundred thousand trifles

and doings of our neighbours and acquaintances to talk about. And the utmost extent of my boldness was to take, almost by force, one of her fair white hands and carry it to my lips as well as I might for the narrowness of the low grating that separated us. But the night before the sad day of my departure, she wept, she sighed, she moaned, she fled, leaving me filled with confusion and alarm, overwhelmed at the sight of such strange and affecting signs of grief and tenderness in my Lucinda. But not to dash my hopes, I ascribed it all to the force of the love she bore me and to the sorrow which absence causes in true lovers. In short, I departed, sad and pensive, my heart filled with fancies and suspicions, but not knowing well what I suspected or fancied—clear tokens presaging the dark event and fate awaiting me.

I reached the town whither I was sent, delivered the letter to Don Fernando's brother, and was kindly received but not promptly dispatched, for, much to my disgust, he bade me wait eight days in a place where the duke his father was not likely to see me, since his brother wrote that the money was to be sent without his knowledge. All this was a scheme of the false Don Fernando, for his brother had no lack of money with which to dispatch me at once. The command was such as tempted me to disobey it, as it seemed to me impossible to endure life so many days absent from Lucinda, especially after leaving her in the sorrowful mood I have described to you. Nevertheless as a dutiful servant I obeyed, though I thought it must be at the risk of my health. But four days later there came a man in search of me with a letter, which by the address I knew to be from Lucinda, for the handwriting was hers. Before reading it I asked the man who had given it to him and how long he had been upon the road. He an-

swered that as he happened to be passing through one of the streets of the city at the hour of noon, a very beautiful lady called to him from a window and, with tears in her eyes, said to him hurriedly, 'Brother, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, for the love of God I entreat you to have this letter dispatched without a moment's delay to the person named in the address, all of which is well known, and thereby you will render a great service to Our Lord. And that you may not lack the means of doing so, take what is in this handkerchief,' and, he added, 'with this she threw me a handkerchief out of the window, wherein were tied up a hundred reals and this gold ring, which I bring here together with the letter I have given you. And then without waiting for an answer she left the window, though not before she saw me take the letter and the handkerchief, and I had by signs let her know that I would do as she bade me. And so, seeing myself well paid for the trouble of bringing it, and learning by the direction that it was to you she sent it (for, señor, I know you very well), and also unable to resist that beautiful woman's tears, I resolved to trust to no one else but to come myself and give it to you, and in sixteen hours from the time when it was given me I have made the journey, which, as you know, is eighteen leagues.'

While the good-natured improvised courier was telling me this, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling under me so that I could scarcely stand. Finally I opened the letter and read these words:

'The promise Don Fernando gave thee to urge thy father to speak to mine, he has kept more to his own liking than to thy benefit. Know, señor, that he has asked me for wife, and my father, carried away by what he considers Don Fernando's superiority over thee, has agreed to his wishes so cor-

dially, that two days hence the wedding is to take place so secretly and privily that the only witnesses are to be the heavens above and a few of the household. Picture to thyself the state I am in; judge if it behooves thee to come; the issue of the affair will show thee whether I love thee or not. God grant that this may reach thine hand ere mine is linked to his who keeps so ill his plighted faith.'

Such, in substance, were the words of the letter, words that made me set out at once without waiting longer for reply or money, for I now saw clearly that it was not the purchase of horses but that of his own pleasure that had caused Don Fernando to send me to his brother. My rage against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had won by so many years of love and devotion, lent me wings, and almost as though I had flown I reached home the same day at the hour most suited to speaking with Lucinda. I arrived unobserved and left the mule on which I had come at the house of the worthy man who had brought me the letter, and fortune was pleased to be for once so kind that I found Lucinda at the grating that was the witness of our loves. She knew me at once and I her, but not as we ought to have known one another. But who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed or understood the doubtful mind and unstable nature of a woman? Assuredly none. To proceed: as soon as Lucinda saw me, she said, 'Cardenio, I am in my bridal dress, and the false Don Fernando and my covetous father are waiting for me in the hall with the other witnesses, who shall be the witnesses of my death before they witness my betrothal. Be not troubled, friend, but try to be present at this sacrifice, and if that cannot be prevented by my words, I bear a concealed dagger which shall avail me against more resolute force,

putting an end to my life and giving thee a first proof of the love I have borne and still bear thee.' I replied to her distractedly and hastily, fearing I should not have time to reply, 'May thy words be verified by thy deeds, señora. If thou hast a dagger to defend thine honour, I have a sword to defend thee or to kill myself if fortune be against us.'

I think she could not have heard all these words, for I perceived that she was called away in haste, as the bridegroom was waiting. Here the night of my sorrow set in; the sun of my joy went down. I remained without light in my eyes, without sense in my mind. I could not enter the house, nor was I capable of any movement. But reflecting how important was my presence at the coming crisis, I aroused myself as well as I could and went in, for I knew well all the exits and entrances. With the confusion that prevailed within, no one perceived me, and so, unnoticed, I found an opportunity of posting myself in a recess formed by a window of the hall itself, covered with the ends and folds of two tapestries, through which I could (without myself being seen) see all that took place in the room. Who could describe the agitation of heart I suffered as I stood there, the thoughts that assailed me, the reflections that passed through my mind? They neither can nor should be told. Enough that you should know that the bridegroom entered the hall in his usual garb, without ornament of any kind. As groomsman he had with him a cousin of Lucinda, and no one else was in the room but the servants of the house. Soon after Lucinda appeared from an ante-chamber, attended by her mother and by two of her maids, as richly attired and adorned as became her rank and beauty, like one that was the perfection of fashion and courtly splendour. My anxiety and distraction did not let me observe particularly what

she wore: I could only notice the colours, which were crimson and white, and the glitter of the gems and jewels on her head-dress and over all her apparel, surpassed by the rare beauty of her auburn hair, which, vying with the precious stones and the light of the four torches that stood in the hall, shone more brilliantly before the eyes. O memory, mortal foe of my peace! why bring before me now the incomparable beauty of mine adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to recall and present to me what she then did, that, moved by a wrong so flagrant, I may strive, if not for vengeance, at least to rid me of life? Be not weary, señores, in listening to these digressions; my sorrow is not one of those that can be told lightly and briefly, for each incident seems to call for many words.

To this the priest replied that they were not weary of listening to him—on the contrary the details he gave interested them greatly, being of a kind not to be omitted but deserving the same attention as the main story. To proceed then, continued Cardenio, all being assembled in the hall, the priest of the parish entered, and as he took the pair by the hand to perform the requisite ceremony, upon his asking, ‘Will you, señora Lucinda, take señor Don Fernando, here present, for your lawful husband, as the holy Mother Church directs?’ I thrust my head and neck out from between the tapestries and with eager ears and troubled soul listened for Lucinda’s answer, awaiting in her reply the sentence of death or the grant of life. Oh, that I had but dared at that moment to rush forth crying, ‘Lucinda, Lucinda, have a care what thou dost! remember what thou owest me; bethink thee that thou art mine and canst not be another’s. Reflect that thy utterance of ‘yes’ and the end of my life will come in the same instant. O false Don Fernando! robber

of my glory, death of my life! What wouldst thou? what seekest thou? Consider that thou canst not as a Christian attain the object of thy wishes, for Lucinda is my bride and I am her husband! Fool that I am! now that I am far away and out of danger, I say I should have done what I did not do: now that I have allowed my precious treasure to be robbed from me, I curse the robber on whom I might have taken vengeance had I as much heart for it as I now have for repining. In short, as I was then a coward and a fool, little wonder is it if I am now dying shame-stricken, remorseful and mad.

The priest stood waiting for the response of Lucinda, who delayed long in giving it, and just as I thought she was taking out the dagger to save her honour, or loose her tongue to speak some truth, or make some confession on my behalf, I heard her say in a faint and feeble voice, 'I will.' Don Fernando said the same, and giving her the ring they stood linked by a knot that never could be loosed. The bridegroom then approached to embrace the bride, and she, putting her hand to her heart, fell fainting in her mother's arms. It only remains for me to tell what state I was in when in hearing her consent I saw all my hopes mocked, the words and promises of Lucinda proved falsehoods, and myself disabled for ever to recover the good which in that instant I had lost. I stood stupefied, wholly abandoned, it seemed, by Heaven, proclaimed enemy of the earth that sustained me, the air refusing me breath for my sighs, the water moisture for my tears. Fire alone gained strength, so that my whole frame burned with rage and jealousy. They were all thrown into confusion by Lucinda's fainting, and as her mother unlaced her to give her air, a folded paper was discovered in her bosom. This Don Fernando seized at once and began to read by the light



of one of the torches. As soon as he had read it, he seated himself in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand in the attitude of one deep in thought, without taking any part in the efforts made to recover his bride from her swoon.

Seeing all the household in confusion, I ventured to come forth, not caring whether I were seen or not, and determined if I were, to do some frenzied deed that would prove to all the world the righteous indignation of my breast in the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and even of the fainting traitress. But my fate, doubtless reserving me for greater ill, if such there be, so ordered it that my reason, which has since failed me, prevailed, and so, without seeking vengeance on my greatest enemies, which was easy to do, seeing they little guessed my presence there, I resolved to take it upon myself and on my own head to inflict the pain they deserved, and perhaps with greater severity than I had meted out to them had I slain them then and there, for sudden pain is soon over, but that which is long drawn out with tortures is ever slaying without ending life.

In short, I quitted the house and reached that of the man with whom I had left my mule. I made him saddle it for me, mounted without bidding him farewell, and rode out of the city like another Lot, not daring to turn my head to look back upon it, and when I found myself alone in the open country, screened by the darkness of the night and tempted by the stillness to give vent to my grief without fear of being heard or seen, I loosed my voice and untied my tongue in countless cursings of Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if thus I could avenge the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, ungrateful, false, thankless, but above all covetous, since mine enemy's wealth had blinded the eyes of her affection,

turning it from me and transferring it to one to whom fortune had been more generous and liberal. And yet, in the midst of this torrent of malediction and upbraiding, I found excuses for her, saying it was no wonder that a young girl in the seclusion of her parents' house, trained and schooled to obey them always, should have yielded to their wishes when they offered her for husband a gentleman of such distinction, worth and noble birth that, if she had refused him, she would have been thought out of her senses or to have set her affection elsewhere, a thing which would have reflected seriously upon her honour and good name. But then again, I said, had she declared that I was her husband, they would have seen that in choosing me she had not chosen so ill but that they might excuse her, for before Don Fernando had made his offer, they themselves could not have desired, if their desires had been ruled by reason, a more eligible husband for their daughter than I was. And she, before taking the last fatal step of giving her hand, might easily have said that I had already given her mine, for I should have come forward to support any assertion of hers to that effect. In a word, I came to the conclusion that feeble love, little judgment, great ambition and a craving for rank had made her forget the words with which she had deceived, encouraged, and supported me in my firm hopes and honest desires.

With these words and in this troubled state of mind I journeyed the rest of the night and at dawn had reached one of the passes of these mountains, among which I wandered for three days more without taking road or path, until I came to some meadows lying on I know not which side of the mountains and there I enquired of some herdsmen where lay the ruggedest part of these ranges. They told me that it was hereabouts and I at once directed my

course hither, intending to end my life here. But as I entered among these crags, my mule dropped dead through fatigue and hunger, or, as I think more likely, to rid herself of so useless a burden as she carried in me. I was left on foot, worn out, famishing, without any one to help me and without any thought of seeking help. In this state I continued I know not how long, stretched out on the ground. At length I rose, without feeling any hunger, and found beside me some goatherds, who doubtless were the persons who had relieved me in my need, for they told me how they had found me and how I had been uttering follies and extravagances as plainly showed I had lost my wits. And since then I am conscious that I am not always in full possession of them but at times so feeble and deranged that I do a thousand mad things, tearing my clothes, crying aloud in these solitudes, cursing my fate and idly repeating the beloved name of mine enemy and only seeking to end my life in lamentation. And when I recover my senses, I find myself so exhausted and weary that I can scarcely move.

Usually my dwelling is the hollow of a cork-tree large enough to shelter this miserable body; the cowherds and goatherds who frequent these mountains, moved by compassion, provide me with food, leaving it by the wayside or on the rocks, where they think I may perhaps pass and find it. And so, even when my reason fails, the wants of nature teach me what is required to sustain me and make me crave it and eager to take it. At other times, so they tell me when they find me in a rational mood, I rush out upon the road and take from them by force, though they would gladly give it me, what the shepherds bring from the village to the folds. Thus do I pass the wretched life that remains to me, until Heaven shall bring it to a close or cause my mind

to forget the beauty and the treachery of Lucinda and the wrong done me by Don Fernando. Should it do this without depriving me of life, I will turn my thoughts into some better channel; if not, I can only implore it to have mercy on my soul, for in myself I feel neither strength nor courage to release my body from this strait in which of my own accord I have chosen to place it.

Such, señores, is the bitter story of my misfortune. Say if it could be told with less emotion than you have seen in me. Trouble not yourselves to counsel or persuade as to that which reason may suggest to you as good for my relief, for it will avail me as much as medicine prescribed by a wise physician avails the sick man who will not take it. I care not for health without Lucinda, and since it is her pleasure to be another's, when she is or should be mine, let it be my pleasure to be a prey to misery when I might have enjoyed happiness. She by her fickleness strove to make my ruin irretrievable; I, by seeking my destruction, will strive to gratify her wish. And it shall be a lesson to all in the future that to me alone there lacked what to all other unfortunates there is in abundance, for to them the very impossibility of relief is a consolation<sup>(3)</sup>, while to me it is the cause of greater sorrows and sufferings, for not even in death itself do I believe they will end.

Here Cardenio brought to a close his long discourse and his woeful and passionate story, but just as the priest was about to address to him some words of comfort, he was checked by a voice that reached his ears, which, in pitiful accents, said what shall be told in the Fourth Part of this narrative, for here the wise and considerate historian Cid Hamet Benegeli brought the Third to a close<sup>(4)</sup>.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>The last of the Gothic kings of Spain, who reigned 672-82. <sup>(2)</sup>Ganelon or Galalon, who betrayed Roland and the Twelve Peers at Roncesvalles; Vellido Dolfos, who treacherously slew Sancho the Second at the siege of Zamora in 1072; and Count Julian, who admitted the Arabs into Spain to revenge himself upon Roderic. <sup>(3)</sup>A reminiscence, probably of Virgil: *Aeneid* II v 354: Una spes victis nullam sperare salutem. <sup>(4)</sup>See note 16 of I 8.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

The strange and delightful adventure that befell the priest and the barber in the same sierra

**H**APPY and fortunate were the times when that most daring knight Don Quijote de la Mancha was sent into the world, since by reason of his honourable resolve to revive and restore to the world the lost and well-nigh defunct order of chivalry, we may now enjoy in these our times, so lacking in light entertainment, not only the charm of his own true history but also the tales and episodes contained therein, which are scarcely less agreeable, ingenious and veracious than the story itself, which, resuming its carded, twisted and reeled thread, relates that just as the priest was about to offer consolation to Cardenio, he was checked by a voice that fell upon his ear, saying in plaintive tones, 'O God! is it possible that I have at last found a place that may serve as a secret grave for the weary load of this body that I sustain so unwillingly? If the solitude of these mountains deceive me not, it is so. Ah, woe is me! how much more grateful to my mind will be the society of these rocks and brakes that permit me to complain of my misfortune to Heaven, than that of any human being, for there is none on earth to look to for counsel in doubt, comfort in sorrow, or relief in distress!'

All this was heard distinctly by the priest and those with him, and supposing that he who thus bewailed was close by, as was the case, they rose to seek him, and before they had gone twenty paces, they discovered from behind a rock, seated at the foot of an ash-tree, a youth in the garb of a peasant,

whose face they could not see as he was leaning forward, bathing his feet in a brook that flowed past. They approached so softly that he did not perceive them, nor was he intent on aught but the bathing of his feet, which were so fair that they looked like two pieces of pure crystal embedded among the stones of the brook. The whiteness and beauty of these feet struck them with surprise, for they did not seem to be made to crush clods or to follow the plough and the oxen as their owner's dress suggested. And so, finding that they had not been noticed, the priest, who was in the lead, made signs to the other two to conceal themselves behind some fragments of rock that lay there. This they did, observing closely what the youth was about. He was clad in a short grey cape of two folds, girt tightly to the body with a white linen cloth. He also had on breeches and gaiters of grey cloth and on his head a grey cap. His gaiters were turned half-way up the leg, which verily seemed to be of white alabaster. As soon as he had done bathing his beautiful feet, he wiped them with a kerchief which he took from under his cap. In doing this he raised his face, and those who were watching had the opportunity of seeing a beauty so incomparable that Cardenio whispered to the priest, 'As this is not Lucinda, it is no human creature but a divine.'

The youth then removed his cap, and as he shook his head from side to side, there broke loose and spread out a mass of hair that the beams of the sun might have envied, and by this they knew that he who seemed a peasant was a lovely woman, yea, the most beautiful the eyes of the pair had ever beheld, even those of Cardenio, if they had not seen and known Lucinda, for he afterwards declared that only the beauty of Lucinda could compare with this. The long auburn tresses not only covered her shoulders,

but so long and abundant were they, they hid her all about, so that except her feet nothing of her form was visible. She now used her hands for a comb, and if her feet seemed like pieces of crystal in the water, her hands seemed like flakes of driven snow among her locks,—all of which increased not only the admiration of the three beholders but also their anxiety to learn who she was. With this object they resolved to show themselves, and at their movement in rising to their feet the fair damsel raised her head, and parting her hair from before her eyes with both hands, she looked to see who had made the noise, and the instant she perceived them, she started to her feet, and without waiting to put on her shoes or gather up her hair she hastily snatched up a bundle of clothes and full of confusion and alarm betook herself to flight. But she had not gone six paces, when, her tender feet being unable to bear the sharpness of the stones, she fell to the ground. Seeing this, the three came out, and the priest was the first to address her, ‘Stay, señora, whoever you may be, for those whom you see here only desire to serve you. You have no need to take to this vain flight, which neither can your feet endure nor we permit.’

To all this she answered not a word, bewildered and confused. They, however, approached, and the priest, taking her hand, went on to say, ‘What your garb would hide, señora, is made known to us by your hair, a clear proof that no trifling cause has disguised your beauty in a garb so mean and sent you into a solitude like this where we have had the good fortune to find you, if not to relieve your distress, at least to offer you comfort, since no distress, so long as life lasts, can be oppressive or reach such a height as to make the sufferer refuse to listen to comfort offered with good-will. And so, dear sir or dear lady or whatever you choose to be, dismiss the fears which the



sight of us has caused you and make us acquainted of your good or evil fortunes, for from all of us together, or from each of us singly, you will receive sympathy in your trouble.' While the priest was uttering these words, the disguised damsel stood as if spell-bound, looking at them without opening her lips or speaking a word, like a village rustic to whom something strange has been shown that he has never seen before. But on the priest addressing to her further words to the same effect, sighing deeply she broke silence and said, 'Since the solitude of these mountains has not availed to conceal me, and the unloosening of my disordered tresses will not let me lie, it were vain for me to feign anew what, if you believed, it would be rather out of courtesy than for any reason. This being so, I say I thank you, señores, for the offer you have made me, which places me under the obligation of complying with your request, though I fear that the account I shall give you of my misfortunes will excite in you as much concern as compassion, for you will not find cure to cure them or counsel to alleviate them. However, that my honour may not be left a matter of doubt in your minds, now that you have discovered me to be a woman and see that I am young, alone, and in this garb, things that taken together or separately would be enough to destroy my good name, I feel bound to tell what I would willingly keep secret if I could.'

All this she, now seen to be a lovely woman, spoke without hesitation and with so much ease and in so sweet a voice that they were not less charmed by her intelligence than by her beauty, and as they again repeated their offers and entreaties to her to fulfil her promise, she, without further pressing, first modestly covering her feet and gathering up her hair, seated herself on a stone with the three placed around her and after an effort to restrain some tears

that started to her eyes, in a clear and steady voice began her story:

In this Andalusia is a city from which a duke takes a title that makes him one of those that are called *Grandees of Spain*. This nobleman has two sons, the elder heir to his rank and apparently to his good qualities, the younger heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido and the falsehood of Ganelon. My parents are this lord's vassals, lowly in origin but so wealthy that if birth had conferred on them as much as fortune, they would have nothing more to desire, nor should I fear to see myself in the trouble wherein I am now, for it well may be that my ill fortune springs from theirs in not being nobly born. It is true that they are not so low as to be ashamed of their condition, but neither are they so high as to remove from my mind the belief that my mishap comes of their humble birth. In short, they are farmers, plain homely people, without any mixture of ill blood, and, as the saying is, old rusty Christians, but so rich that from their wealth and free-handed way of living they are coming by degrees to be considered gentlefolk by birth and even by position, though the wealth and nobility they thought most of was having me for their daughter. And since they had no other child to be their heir and are the most affectionate of parents, I was of all daughters the most indulged that parents ever spoil.

I was the mirror wherein they saw themselves, the staff of their old age, the object towards which all their hopes tended, divided with Heaven, to which mine entirely corresponded, for I knew them to be good. And as I was mistress of their hearts, so was I also of their possessions. Through me they engaged or dismissed their servants; through my hands passed the accounts and returns of what was sown and

reaped; the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the count of the flocks and herds, the bee-hives, all in short that a rich farmer like my father could and did possess, I had under my care, and I acted as steward and mistress with an assiduity on my part and satisfaction on theirs that I cannot easily exaggerate. The leisure-hours left me after I had given the requisite orders to the overseers, head-men and labourers, I passed in employments permitted as needful for young girls, such as are afforded by the needle, the lace-cushion, and oft-times the distaff.

And if to refresh my mind I left them for a while, I had recourse to reading some devotional book or playing the harp, for experience taught me that music soothes the troubled mind and relieves weariness of spirit. Such was the life I led in my parents' house, and if I have depicted it minutely, it is not out of ostentation or to let you know that I am rich, but that you may see how, without any fault of mine, I have fallen from that happy state to my present misery. The truth is that while I was leading this busy life, in a retirement that might be compared with that of a convent, and unseen as I thought by any save the servants of the house (for when I went to mass it was so early in the morning and I was so closely attended by my mother and the women of the household, and so thickly veiled and so shy, that my eyes scarcely saw more ground than I trod on), in spite of all this, the eyes of love, or rather to say of idleness, sharper than those of the lynx, espied me, set in the importunity of Don Fernando, for that is the name of the younger son of the duke I told you of.'

The moment the speaker mentioned the name of Don Fernando, Cardenio changed colour and broke into such a sweat and agitation that the priest and the barber feared that one of his fits of madness was

coming upon him, but Cardenio did nothing more than tremble and remain silent, fixing his eyes upon the peasant-girl, suspecting who she was. She, on the other hand, without noticing Cardenio's excitement, continued her story, 'And scarce had they discovered me when, as he owned afterwards, he was smitten with a violent love for me, as his actions speedily showed. To shorten the long recital of my woes, I will pass over in silence the devices employed by Don Fernando for making his love known to me. He bribed the household, he gave gifts and favours to my kinsfolk; every day was a festival and holiday in our street; by night no one could sleep for the music; innumerable were the letters that came to my hand, I know not how, full of declarations and pledges of love, containing more promises and vows than there were syllables in them. All this did not soften me but hardened my heart against him, as though he had been my mortal enemy, and as if all that he did to reduce me to his will, had a contrary effect. Not that the gallantry of Don Fernando was disagreeable to me nor that I found his importunities wearisome, for it gave me a certain pleasure to find myself so sought and prized by a gentleman of such distinction, and I was not displeased at seeing my praises in his letters, for we women, however ugly we may be, seem always to love to hear men call us beautiful. But opposed to all this was my own sense of right and the continual admonitions of my parents, who now very plainly perceived Don Fernando's purpose, for he cared very little if all the world knew it. They told me they trusted and confided their honour and good name to my virtue and goodness and bade me consider the disparity between Don Fernando and myself, from which I might conclude that his intentions, whatever he might say to the contrary, were directed to his own pleasure rather than to my advantage, and if I

wished to place an obstacle to his unreasonable suit, they were ready to marry me at once to anyone I preferred, either among the leading people of our own town or of any of those in the neighbourhood, for with all their wealth and good name a match might be looked for in any quarter. This offer and their sound advice, strengthened my resolution, and I never gave Don Fernando a word in reply that could hold out to him any hope of success, however remote.

All this caution of mine, which he must have taken for disdain, only served to inflame the more his wanton appetite—for that is the name I give to his passion for me; had it been what he declared it to be, you would not know of it now, since there would have been no occasion to tell you of it. At length he learned that my parents sought to marry me in order to end his hopes of possessing me or at least that I might have better guardians for my security, and this intelligence or suspicion made him act as you shall hear. One night as I sat in my chamber with no other companion than a damsel who waited on me, with the doors carefully locked lest my honour should be imperilled through any negligence, in the midst of these precautions, in the silence and the solitude of my retreat, I found him standing before me, a vision that so affrighted me that it deprived my eyes of sight and my tongue of speech. I had no power to utter a cry, nor do I think he would have let me do so, for he ran to me quickly, and, catching me in his arms (for, overwhelmed as I was, I was powerless to help myself) he began to make such professions to me that I know not how falsehood could have framed them to look like truth. And the traitor contrived that his tears gave credit to his words and his sighs to his sincerity.

I, a poor young creature, the only daughter of the house, ill versed in such things, began, I know not

how, to think all these perjuries true, though without being moved by his sighs and tears to anything more than pure compassion. And so, as my first alarm passed away and I recovered my lost spirits, I said to him with more courage than I thought I could command, 'If, as I am now in your arms, sir, I were in the claws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance could be procured by doing or saying anything to the prejudice of my honour, it would no more be in my power to do it or say it than that it would be possible that what was should not have been. If, then, you hold my body clasped in your arms, I hold my soul secured by my good resolves, very different from yours, as you will see if you attempt to put them into effect by force. I am your vassal but I am not your slave; your nobility neither has nor should have any right to dishonour or degrade my humble birth. And low-born peasant though I am, I have my self-respect as much as you, a lord and gentleman. With me your violence will be to no purpose, your wealth will have no weight, your words no power to deceive, nor your sighs or tears, to soften me. Were I to see any of the things I speak of in him whom my parents gave me as a husband, his will would be mine and mine would be bounded by his. And my honour being preserved, even though my inclinations were not gratified, I would willingly yield him what you, señor, would now obtain by force. And this I say that you may not think to obtain aught of me but as my lawful husband.' 'If that,' exclaimed this disloyal gentleman, 'be the only obstacle, fairest Dorothea (for such is the name of unhappy me), see here I give you my hand to be yours, and let Heaven, from which nothing is hid, and this image of Our Lady you have here, be witnesses of this pledge.'

When Cardenio heard her say that she was called Dorothea, he showed fresh agitation and felt con-

firmed in the truth of his first suspicion, but he was unwilling to interrupt the story, that he might hear the end of what he already all but knew, so he merely said, 'What! lady, is Dorothea your name? I have heard another of the same name who can perhaps match your misfortunes. But proceed: the time will come when I may tell you things that will amaze you as much as they will excite your pity.' Dorothea was struck by Cardenio's words no less than by his strange and miserable attire and begged him if he knew anything concerning her to tell it to her at once, for if fortune had left her any blessing, it was courage to bear whatever disaster might befall her, as she felt sure in her own mind that nothing could happen that could increase in any degree what she endured already. 'I would not let the occasion pass, lady,' replied Cardenio, 'of telling you what I think, if what I suspect be the truth, but thus far there has been no occasion, nor does it concern you to know it.' 'Be it as it may,' returned Dorothea, 'to go on with my story.'

Don Fernando, taking an image that stood in the chamber, placed it as a witness to our betrothal and with the most binding words and most extravagant vows gave me his promise to become my husband, though before he had made an end of pledging himself I bade him consider well what he was doing and to think of the anger his father would feel at seeing him married to a peasant-girl and one of his vassals. I told him not to let my beauty, such as it was, blind him, for that was not a sufficient excuse for his error, and if in the love he bore me he wished to do me any kindness, he should let my fortune run even with my birth, for unequal marriages are never happy, nor do they continue long in the enjoyment wherewith they began. All this that I have now repeated I said to him, and much more that I do not now recollect, but

it had no effect in inducing him to forego his purpose: he who has no intention of paying does not haggle about the price when he is striking a bargain.

At the same time I argued the matter briefly with myself, saying, I shall not be the first who has risen through marriage from a lowly to a lofty station, nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty, or as is more likely a blind affection, has led to mate himself below his rank. Since, therefore, I am making neither a new world nor a new custom, it were well to embrace this honour that chance offers me, for even though his passion should not outlast the attainment of his wishes, I shall be, after all, his wife before God. If, on the other hand, I strive to repel him by scorn, I can see that, fair means failing, he is prepared to use force, and I shall be left dishonoured and without excuse for the fault which will be laid against me by those who cannot know how innocently I have been brought to this strait, for what arguments could persuade my parents and others that this gentleman entered my chamber without my consent?

All these questions and answers passed through my mind in a moment, and above all I began to be impelled and moved (to what, without my suspecting it, proved my ruin) by the vows of Don Fernando, the witnesses he invoked, the tears which he shed, and finally by his spirit and high-bred grace, which, accompanied by so many signs of true love, might easily conquer a heart as free and innocent as mine. I called my waiting-maid to me, that there might be a witness on earth besides those in Heaven, and again Don Fernando renewed and repeated his oaths, invoked new saints for witnesses, called down upon himself a thousand curses should he fail to keep his promise, shed more tears, redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer in his arms, from which he had



never loosed me. And so I was left by my maid and ceased to be one, and he became a traitor and a perjured man. The day following the night of my undoing came not methinks so quickly as Don Fernando desired, for when the appetite has been satisfied, its greatest pleasure is to fly from the scene of pleasure. I say this because Don Fernando made haste to part from me, and by the connivance of my maid, the same that had admitted him, gained the street before day-break. On taking leave he told me, though not with the same fervour as before, that I might rest assured of his good faith and of the sanctity and sincerity of his oaths, and to confirm his words he drew a rich ring off his finger and placed it upon mine. In fine, he went away and I was left, I know not whether sad or joyful. All I can say is that I was troubled and anxious and almost beside myself at this strange event, and I had not the spirit or else I forgot to chide the maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in hiding Don Fernando in my chamber, for as yet I could not make up my mind whether what had befallen me was good or evil.

I told Don Fernando at parting, that as I was now his, he might see me on other nights in the same way, until it should be his pleasure to let the matter become known, but save for the following night he came no more, nor for more than a month could I catch a glimpse of him in the street or in church, while I wearied myself with watching for him, although I knew he was in the town and almost every day went out hunting, a pastime he was very fond of. I remember well how sad and dreary those days and hours were to me. I remember well how I began to doubt as they went by and even to lose confidence in the faith of Don Fernando. And I remember, too, how my maid heard those words in reproof of her presumption that she had not heard before and how

I was forced to put a constraint on my tears and so compose my face, lest I give my parents cause to ask me why I was so melancholy and drive me to invent falsehoods in reply. But all this suddenly came to an end, when that happened which bore down all considerations of honour and caution, which caused me to lose patience and brought to light all my secrets. And this was that a few days later it was reported in the town that Don Fernando had been married in a neighbouring city to a maiden of rare beauty and of noble parents, though not so rich that her portion would entitle her to look for so brilliant a match. It was said, too, that her name was Lucinda and that at her wedding surprising things had happened. Hearing the name of Lucinda, Cardenio did naught but shrug his shoulders, bow his head, bite his lips, knit his brows, and after a while let fall from his eyes two streams of tears. Dorothea, however, did not interrupt her story, but continued, saying:

This sad news reached my ears, but instead of being struck with a chill, with such wrath and fury did my heart burn that I scarcely restrained myself from rushing out into the streets and proclaiming aloud the perfidy and the treason of which I was the victim. Yet this transport of rage was for a time checked by the resolve to do that which I carried out the same night, which was to clothe myself in this garb, which I got from a servant of my father's, one of the zagals as they are called in farm-houses, to whom I confided the whole of my misfortune, and whom I entreated to accompany me to the city where I heard my enemy was. Though he remonstrated with me for my boldness and condemned my resolve, seeing by my looks that I was determined, he offered to bear me company, so he said, to the end of the world. I at once packed up in a linen pillow-case a woman's dress and some jewels and money to provide for emergencies,

and in the silence of the night, without letting my treacherous maid know, I sallied forth from the house, attended by my servant and many troubled fancies, and on foot set out for the city, borne on the wings of my eagerness, if not to frustrate what had already been done, at least to ask of Don Fernando with what conscience he had done it.

In two days and a half I arrived at my destination and on entering the city enquired for the house of Lucinda's parents. The first person I asked gave me more in reply than I sought to know: he showed me the house and told me all that had happened at the wedding of its daughter, an affair of such notoriety that people assembled in knots to speak of it. He said that on the night of Don Fernando's wedding with Lucinda, as soon as she had consented to be his bride by saying, 'yes,' she was taken with a sudden fainting-fit, and that on the bridegroom approaching to unlace the bosom of her dress to give her air, he found a paper in her own handwriting, in which she declared and affirmed that she could not be Don Fernando's bride, because she was already Cardenio's, who, according to the man's account, was a gentleman of distinction of that same city, and that if she had accepted Don Fernando, it was only in obedience to her parents. In short, he said, the words of the paper made it clear that she meant to kill herself at the end of the ceremony, giving her reasons, all of which was confirmed by a dagger they found somewhere in her clothes. On seeing this, Don Fernando, persuaded that Lucinda had befooled, slighted and trifled with him, assailed her before she had recovered from her swoon, and tried to stab her with the dagger that had been found, and would have succeeded had not her parents and those that were present prevented him.

It was said, moreover, that Don Fernando fled immediately and that Lucinda did not recover from her trance till next day, when she told her parents that she was really the bride of that Cardenio I have mentioned. I learned besides that Cardenio had been present at the wedding, but that upon seeing her betrothed contrary to his expectation, he had quitted the city in despair, leaving behind a letter declaring the wrong Lucinda had done him and his intention of going where no one should ever see him again. All this was a matter of notoriety in the city and everyone spoke of it, especially when it became known that Lucinda was missing from her father's house and from the city, for she was not to be found anywhere, to the distraction of her parents, who knew not what steps to take to recover her. What I learned revived my hopes, and I was better pleased not to have found Don Fernando than to have found him married, for it seemed to me that the door was not yet wholly shut against my relief, flattering myself that Heaven had put this impediment in the way of the second marriage to bring him to a sense of what he owed the first and to make him reflect that as a Christian he was bound to consider his soul above all human objects. All these things I turned in my fancy and I strove to comfort myself without comfort, indulging in faint and distant hopes of cherishing the life I now abhor.

But while I was in the city, uncertain what to do, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard proclamation by the public crier offering a great reward to anyone who should find me and giving particulars of my age and of the very dress I wore, and I heard it said that the lad who came with me had taken me away from my father's house: a thing that cut me to the heart, showing how low my good name had fallen, since it was not enough that I should lose it

by my flight but they must add with whom I had fled, with one so base and so unworthy of my honest thoughts. The moment I heard the crier I quitted the city with my servant, who already began to show signs of wavering in his fidelity to me, and the same night, for fear of discovery, we entered the most thickly wooded part of these same mountains. But as they say, one evil invites another, and the end of one misfortune is apt to be the beginning of one still greater, and so it proved in my case, for my worthy servant, until then so faithful and trusty, when he found me in this lonely spot, moved more by his own villainy than by my beauty, sought to take advantage of the opportunity which these solitudes presented him, and with little shame and less fear of God and respect for me, began to make overtures to me, and finding that I answered his shameless proposals with severe and just reproaches, he laid aside the entreaties which he had employed at first, and began to use violence. But just Heaven, that seldom fails to watch over and aid good intentions, so aided mine that with my slight strength and with little exertion I pushed him over a precipice, where I left him, whether dead or alive I know not. And so, more swiftly than my fright and weakness seemed to permit, I made my way among these mountains, without any thought or purpose save that of hiding myself among them, and so escaping my father and those who are seeking me on his behalf.

It is now I know not how many months since I came here with this object, when I met a herdsman who took me for his servant in a village that lies in the heart of this sierra, and all this time I have been serving him as shepherd, trying always to be out in the fields to conceal this hair of mine, which now so unexpectedly has betrayed me. But all my care and pains were unavailing, for my master made the dis-

covery that I was not a man and harboured the same base designs as my servant. And as fortune does not always supply the cure with the trouble, and as I had no precipice or ravine at hand down which to fling my master and end his passion, I thought it less troublesome to leave him and again conceal myself among these crags than to make trial of my strength or my reasoning. So I returned to bury me in these forests and to seek a spot where, without any hindrance, I might by sighs and tears implore Heaven to have compassion on my misery and give me grace and strength to escape therefrom, or else to lay down my life in this wilderness without leaving trace of an unhappy being who, by no fault of hers, has given occasion that men speak evil of her at home and abroad.

## CHAPTER XXIX

The happy method hit upon for releasing our  
enamoured knight from his harsh though  
self-imposed penance

SUCH, sirs, is the true story of my tragedy. Consider and judge whether the sighs which reached your ears, the words you overheard and the tears which fell from my eyes had not sufficient cause even if I had indulged in them more freely. Considering the nature of my misfortune, you will see that all consolation will be in vain, since its relief is impossible. All I ask of you is, what you may easily and reasonably do, to show me where I may pass my life, without losing it through the fear and alarm I have of being discovered by those who seek me, for although I know that the great love my parents bear me gives me assurance of being kindly received by them, so great is the shame I feel only to think that I have to appear in their presence otherwise than as they suppose, that I had rather banish myself from their sight for ever than look them in the face with the thought that they should behold mine void of that modesty which in me they had a right to expect.

With these words she remained silent, her face flushed with a colour that showed plainly the shame and anguish of her heart. They who had listened to her felt in theirs as much pity as wonder at her sad fate, but just as the priest was about to offer her some consolation and advice, Cardenio forestalled him, saying, 'So then, lady, you are the fair Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Clenardo?' Dorothea was astonished at hearing her father's

name and at the miserable appearance of him who mentioned it, for it has already been told in what wretched guise Cardenio was attired, and she said to him, 'And who may you be, brother, who seem to know my father's name so well? For, if I remember rightly, I have not mentioned it in the whole story of my misfortunes.'

'I am that unhappy being, señora,' replied Cardenio, 'who, as you have related, Lucinda declared to be her husband. I am the wretched Cardenio, whom the wrong-doing of him who has brought you to your present condition has reduced to the state you see me in, bare, ragged, bereft of all human comfort, and, what is worse, of reason, for I only possess it when Heaven is pleased for some short time to restore it to me. I, Dorothea, am he who witnessed the wrong done by Don Fernando, and waited to hear the 'yes' uttered by which Lucinda owned herself his bride. I am he who had not courage to see the end of her fainting-fit, or what became of the letter that was found in her bosom, for my heart had not fortitude to bear so many misfortunes at once. So I quitted the house and my patience together, leaving only a letter with my host, which I entreated him to place in Lucinda's hands. I came to this wilderness with the intention of here ending my life, which I hated as if it were my mortal enemy. But fate would not rid me of it, content with ridding me of my reason, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting you, for if what you have just told us be true, as I believe it is, it may be that Heaven has reserved for us both a better issue out of our disasters than we think. For, inasmuch as Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, she being mine, as she has so openly declared, nor Don Fernando her, he being yours, we may reasonably hope that Heaven will restore to



us what is our own, as it yet exists and is not alienated or destroyed. And as we have this consolation, arising from no very distant hopes or wild fancies, I entreat you, señora, to form new resolutions in your better mind, as I also mean to do, preparing yourself to look forward to better fortunes. For I swear to you by the faith of a gentleman and a Christian not to forsake you until I see you in possession of Don Fernando, and if I cannot by words induce him to acknowledge what he owes to you, I will then use the privilege allowed me as a gentleman and with just title challenge him in respect to the wrong he has done you, without remembering my own injuries, which I shall leave to Heaven to avenge while on earth I devote myself to yours.'

Cardenio's words completed the astonishment of Dorothea, and not knowing how to return thanks for such an offer, she attempted to kiss his feet, but Cardenio would not permit it, and the licentiate responded for them both, approving of Cardenio's good resolve, and above all prayed, counselled and persuaded them to accompany them to his village, where they might provide themselves with such things as they needed and take measures to discover Don Fernando or to restore Dorothea to her parents or to do what seemed to them most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him and accepted the kind offer he made them, and the barber, who had been listening attentively to all and in silence, made also a courteous speech and, with no less good-will than the priest, offered to serve them in all that he could. He also recounted the occasion of their coming thither and the strange nature of Don Quijote's madness, and how they were waiting for his squire, who had gone in search of him. Like the recollection of a dream, the quar-

rel he had had with Don Quijote came back to Cardenio's memory and he described it to the others, but he was unable to say what the dispute was about.

A shout was now heard and the priest and barber recognized the voice of Sancho, who, not finding them in the spot where he left them, was hallooing. They went to meet him and in answer to their enquiries the other described how he had found his master in his shirt, pale, emaciated<sup>(1)</sup>, dying of hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea, and that though he had delivered her summons to leave there and visit her at El Toboso, he had answered that he was resolved not to appear in the presence of her beauty until he had done deeds to make him worthy of her favour. The squire now counselled that if this sort of thing went on, his master ran the risk of never becoming emperor, as was his duty, or even archbishop, the least to be expected of him, and his friends should see what was to be done about it. The licentiate told Sancho not to worry—they would rescue him despite himself. He then related to Cardenio and Dorothea their plan for restoring the errant knight to his right mind, or at least for getting him home. Dorothea said in reply she could act the afflicted damsel better than the barber, particularly as she had a costume exactly suited to the purpose. They could leave it all to her, for many a book of chivalry had she read and knew well how unfortunate maidens bore themselves when begging boons of errant knights. 'Then there's naught left but to set about it,' declared the priest; 'fortune is certainly in our favour, since when least you hoped for it, the door at the end of your troubles swings open, and the path of our enterprise becomes smooth.'

Dorothea then produced from a pillow-case a petticoat of fine woollen cloth, a green mantle equally good, and from a small box she brought forth a necklace and other ornaments. With these she decked herself out till she had all the appearance of a rich and grand lady. She explained how she had brought these things and more from home for emergencies, but that this was her first opportunity to use them. Her high spirits and extraordinary beauty delighted them in the extreme, and they set her lover Don Fernando down as a simpleton for rejecting such charms. The one most intoxicated was Sancho Panza, who thought he had never seen such beauty in all the days of his life—which was true. He was quick to ask the priest who she was and what she did in that God-forsaken country. 'To say the least of her, brother Sancho, this fair maid is heiress in direct male line of the great kingdom of Micomicon, and her mission is to crave of your master a boon, namely, that he avenge her a wrong or outrage done her by a naughty giant. By reason of the renown Don Quijote has gained as a knight throughout the known world this princess has travelled all the way from Guinea to seek him out.'

'A good seeking and a lucky find,' declared the squire, 'the more if my master be fortunate enough to avenge this outrage and right this wrong by killing that jade of a giant, and kill him he will, if he come up with him, unless he be a phantom—against phantoms my master's no good at all. But one thing amongst others I wish to ask of your worship is that in order to check any inclinations which I fear he may have for an archbishopric, you advise him to marry this princess on the spot. That would prevent his taking orders and thus can he easily come to his throne and I to my wishes. I've studied the

whole matter in my mind and can see 'twill be far from well for him to turn archbishop, on account of me alone, who am no man for the Church, being married. Now that I have wife and children, 'twould be an endless task for me to try to get dispensation to hold office. So, please your worship, it all comes to this: that my master must at once tie up with this lady. As yet I have not met her grace and cannot refer to her by name.'

'Princess Micomicona is her name,' the priest informed him. 'Naturally,' echoed Sancho, 'for many have I known that took their family-name from the town where they were born, calling themselves Pedro de Alcalá<sup>(2)</sup>, Juan de Ubeda, or Diego de Valladolid. The same custom must hold over there in Guinea: queens must take the names of their kingdoms.' 'Quite so,' said the priest, 'and as to your master's marriage, I shall do all I can to hasten it,' and with this the squire was well content. The other was more than astonished at the man's simplicity, seeing that his master's illusions were so fixed in his mind that he honestly thought the knight would become an emperor.

By this time Dorothea had seated herself on the priest's mule, the barber had fastened on the ox-tail beard and the two bade Sancho lead them to Don Quijote and to remember not to speak to him of his friends, for in secrecy lay the only chance of his ever ascending a throne. Neither the priest nor Cardenio cared to accompany them: Cardenio that Don Quijote might not recall their quarrel, and the priest lest he be in the way. They let the others go ahead, and themselves followed on foot at some little distance. The priest did not forget to instruct Dorothea as to her actions, but she told him not to worry, since all would be done according to the descriptions and requirements of the books of chivalry.

The first group had advanced three-quarters of a league when they discovered the Knight of Sorry Aspect amid his rocks and crags, clothed but not yet in his mail. As soon as Dorothea saw him and was informed by Sancho it was he, she whipped her palfrey, followed by the well-bearded barber. Reaching the spot, her squire sprang from his mule to receive the maid in his arms, but she in sprightly manner alighted of herself and kneeling before her avenging knight (though he begged her to rise) addressed him in this fashion, 'I will not rise<sup>(3)</sup>, O doughty knight and bold, till thy goodness and courtesy grant me a certain boon, which will redound to thine honour and the glory of thy person. The boon is on behalf of the most aggrieved and disconsolate maiden ever sun shone upon, and if the might of thy strong arm match the lustre of thy immortal fame, thou canst not but favour the unfavoured that has sought thee out, following from afar the scent of thy great name.' 'I will not speak with thee, fair lady,' replied the penitent, 'nor will I hear more of thy condition, till thou dost rise.' 'I cannot rise till the boon I beg is promised of thy courtesy.' 'Tis both promised and granted,' said Don Quijote, 'provided it be neither to the detriment nor disparagement of my king, my country, or her that holds the key to my heart and liberty.' 'Twill be neither to the one nor to the other, my good lord,' promised the unhappy maid.

At this point Sancho, coming close, whispered in his master's ear, 'Your worship, master mine, can safely grant the lady's boon, since all it is is to slay a big giant and she's the mighty Princess Micomicona, queen of the great realm of Micomicon in Ethiopia.' 'Let her be who she may,' returned the other, 'I will do my bounden duty and what my conscience tells me is conformable to the order I profess,' and turning to the maid he said, 'Let thy beauteousness

arise, since I grant thee thy boon.' 'Then what I ask is that thy magnanimous person come at once whither I lead, and that thou pledge me to embrace no other demand till thou has avenged me on the traitor that, against all justice human and divine, has usurped my kingdom,' 'I agree to all,' replied Don Quijote, 'and from this day forth thou canst dispel the melancholy that oppresses thee: thy wilted hopes can revive, for by God's aid and mine own arm thou'lt find thyself restored to thy throne, seated once more in the saddle of thy great and ancient realm despite and in defiance of the villains that would keep thee from it. All hands to work, since danger, the proverb tells us, lurks in delay.'

The afflicted damsel tried repeatedly to kiss his hands, but Don Quijote, ever courteous and considerate, would not admit of it. Rather he made her rise and embraced her with much gentleness. He ordered Sancho to arm him at once and look to Rocinante's girth. The squire took down the armour, which hung from a tree like a trophy<sup>(4)</sup>, and having seen to the girth armed his master in a trice. When the knight found himself in readiness, he said, 'In the name of God let us go hence on behalf of this high lady.' The barber, on his knees all this time, with difficulty tried not only to conceal his laughter but at the same time keep his beard on, for if that fell, all their hopes fell with it. But seeing now that the boon was granted and observing the eagerness of the knight in setting out on his quest, he arose, and, taking one hand of the maiden and Don Quijote the other, they seated her on her mule. Lastly the knight mounted Rocinante, the barber his pack-mule and the party was off.

Sancho was obliged to follow on foot, which renewed in him the sense of the loss of Dapple, yet he bore it with good grace, since he must think that his

master was now in the way, on the point indeed, of becoming emperor, confidently believing he would marry the princess and become king of Micomicon at least. The only thing that really troubled him was the consideration that as his kingdom lay in the country of the blacks, all his subjects would be of that kidney. But he soon hit on a good offset, as he talked the matter over with himself, saying, 'What care I if my subjects are all black? Can't I pack them off to Spain in a ship, and selling them there for cash buy some title or office and live at mine ease all the days of my life? Certainly you can, unless you are asleep or haven't the knack to drive a bargain and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves quick as a flash. My God, but I'll make them fly, little or big or as I may; be they ever so black, I'll turn them into whites and yellows. Come now, but I was a fool,' and Sancho trudged on so busy and happy in his thoughts that he quite forgot the labour of the road.

Cardenio and the priest were watching behind some bushes, not knowing how to join the procession, till the priest, great schemer that he was, hit upon this plan. First quickly cutting Cardenio's beard with some scissors he chanced to have, he next dressed him in his own grey jerkin and black coat, leaving only doublet and breeches for himself, till Cardenio was so transformed he wouldn't have recognized himself in a mirror. The others had now passed them but the two easily reached the high road first, for the brambles and roughness made it harder going ahorse than afoot. They waited in the road at the foot of the hill, and when Don Quijote with his company appeared, the priest stood and stared at him in half-recognition, then came rushing up with open arms, exclaiming, 'In happy hour art thou found, O mirror of chivalry, my good compatriot Don Quijote de la Mancha, flower and cream

of gentility, saving strength of the needy, quintessence of knighthood!' therewith embracing his friend's left knee. But the knight, marvelling at what he heard and saw, gazed attentively at this man, no less marvelling when he recognized him as the priest. He was about to dismount and when the other wouldn't consent, said, 'Señor licentiate, permit me: 'tis not fit that I go mounted and your reverence afoot.'

'I shall in no wise yield,' answered the priest, 'remain seated, for 'twas in the saddle your excellency achieved the greatest feats and adventures our age has seen. I, a priest and an unworthy one, am well enough off in mounting the haunches of one of the mules of these gentlemen that journey with you, if they have no objection. I'll pretend I am seated upon Pegasus, or upon the zebra or charger that bore the famous Moor Muzaraque<sup>(5)</sup>, who to this day lies enchanted in Zulema, the high mount near the great Complutum'<sup>(6)</sup>. 'That did not occur to me, my good father, but I am sure my lady the princess for my sake will be pleased to bid her squire offer your worship the saddle of his mule. He can ride behind, if the beast will allow.' 'It will, I am certain,' the princess replied, 'and I am equally certain there'll be no need to ask my squire, who is too courteous to suffer that an ecclesiastic go afoot when there's a chance of his riding.'

'Nor will he,' spake up the squire, who instantly dismounting offered the saddle to the priest, who took it without more ado. When the barber came to mount its haunches the mule, which to be plain was a hired one, raised her hind-quarters slightly, giving two kicks in the air with such energy that had her heels landed on the head or breast of Master Nicholas, he'd have given this relief-expedition to the devil. Even as it was he was so taken by surprise



that he turned a back-somersault, paying little heed to his beard, which fell from his face. His only hope now was quickly to cover his chin with both hands, complaining his molars were smashed. When the knight observed such a mass of beard lying without jaw or blood far from the face of the fallen squire, he exclaimed, 'My God, what miracle is this! the beast has whisked the beard from his face as clean as if it had been clipped.' The priest, seeing they risked discovery, promptly seized the ox-tail, and running up to the moaning barber took his head in his lap and clapped the beard on again, muttering certain words over him—a charm for the sticking of beards he said, as they would see. He gave another tightening to the ox-tail and the barber was as well bearded and sound as before. Don Quijote was amazed beyond measure and prayed the priest sometime to teach him those words, since they must be good for other things as well: the fellow's jaw could not but have been lacerated and now it was whole again. 'You speak reason,' the priest assented, promising to teach him the spell at the first opportunity.

All agreed that for the present the priest should ride the mule and that later the two others should take turns, since the inn might still be nearly two leagues off. The procession moved again, three mounted, Don Quijote, the princess, and the priest, and three afoot, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza. The knight turned to the princess and said, 'Let your highness take the lead whither most it gives thee pleasure.' Ere she had time to reply the licentiate interposed, 'Toward what realm would your ladyship direct our course if not toward the kingdom of Micomicon? Methinks it must be or I know little of kingdoms.' The princess, ready for all things, understood what her answer was to be, 'Yes, señor, 'tis toward that kingdom my journey lies.' 'In that

event,' the priest continued, 'we shall pass through my village, from which your highness will find a road leading to Cartagena where, God willing, you'll find a ship, and if the wind sits fair and the sea be calm and tranquil, in rather less than nine years you'll come in sight of the great lake of Meona, Meotis<sup>(7)</sup> I should say, which is not much more than a hundred days' journey from your highness's kingdom.'

'Your worship is mistaken, sir, for 'tis not two years since I issued thence, with foul weather all the way, yet have I thus early attained the goal of my desires, the lord Don Quijote de la Mancha. The bruit of him reached mine ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and thereby was I moved to seek him, that I might commend myself to his regard, trusting the justice of my cause to the power of his invincible arm.' 'No more,' broke in the knight at this point, 'an end to my praises I say. I am foe to every form of flattery and though your words be not such, yet do they offend my chaste ears. I mean by this, dear lady, that whether mine arm be mighty or no, whatever strength it has or has not, all shall be given thy service to the very end. But leaving this to its own fit time, I pray the licentiate tell what brought him to these parts alone, without attendants and so lightly clad that it shocks me.'

'As to this I can satisfy you in few words,' replied the priest; 'you must be told that I and Master Nicholas, our friend and barber, were on our way to Seville to receive certain monies sent by my kinsman who has been many years in the Indies; no trifling sum either: no less than sixty thousand dollars of tried weight. Well, yesterday as we rode along here, four footpads pounced upon us, stripping us to our beards and bereaving us of those to the extent that the barber was obliged to get a false one,

and even this youth,' pointing to Cardenio, 'was made a new man. But the interesting thing about it was that according to report they that trimmed us were galley-slaves, recently set free almost on this spot by a man so valiant that he routed the commissary and guards. Methinks he was certainly out of his head, else he was as great a rascal as they, without soul or conscience, since he deliberately loosed the wolf among the ewes, the fox among the hens, and the fly amid the honey. He would defraud justice, go against his king and natural lord (for he went against his just commands), rob the galleys of their feet, and stir up the Holy Brotherhood, which has lain at its ease these many years. In a word he would do a deed whereby he may lose his soul without help to his body.'

It seems Sancho had told priest and barber of the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved by his master with such great glory, and the priest censured it in these strong terms to observe the effect on Don Quijote. But all our knight did was to change colour at every word, nor had he the pluck to acknowledge himself liberator of the ungodly crew. 'These were the ones that robbed us,' concluded the priest, 'and may God of his pity pardon him that let their going to well-deserved punishment.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>So they found Amadis 'from his copious weeping and great leanness with face very fleshless and black.' II 9. <sup>(2)</sup>Wrote *Easy Method of Learning Arabic* 1505. <sup>(3)</sup>The words and actions of this episode are all after the manner of the ballads and romances of chivalry; e.g. *Amadis of Gaul* IV 49. See also *Orlando Furioso* xlv 15-6. <sup>(4)</sup>So Amadis' shield was hung from the arm of a tree, while Amadis was on Peña Pobre. II 5. <sup>(5)</sup>This local legend is not known. <sup>(6)</sup>Alcalá de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes. <sup>(7)</sup>An arm of the Black Sea.

## CHAPTER XXX

Dorothea's adroitness and other things capable of  
affording pleasurable diversion

THE priest had scarce ended his story when Sancho exclaimed, 'And faith, Señor Licentiate, he that did the deed was my master, though I warned him to mind what he was about and that it was a sin to give liberty to men that were being sent up as the worst kind of crooks.' 'Busybody!' cried Don Quijote, 'tis no affair of knights-errant to find out whether the afflicted, enchained and oppressed we encounter on the road, suffer humiliation because of vices or of virtues. Our sole care is to aid them as persons in distress, having an eye to their pain, not to their perfidy. I met with a string, a rosary I might call it, of unfortunate malcontents and I did with them what my religion bade me. Let it be settled yonder, for whoever thinks ill of it here, saving the honoured person and sacred dignity of our friend the priest, I declare he knows little of the idea of chivalry, that he lies like a whoreson dog and that I'll make him aware thereof with my sword, wherein 'twill be more fully set forth'<sup>(1)</sup>.

With this our knight braced himself in stirrup and clapped on his headpiece, the barber's basin in other words, which as Mambrino's helmet he carried hung from saddlebow, hoping some day to repair the damage received at the hands of the galley-slaves. Upon this Dorothea, being a cunning and rather waggish person, fully aware of Don Quijote's fatal humour and that the others save Sancho made merry over it, did not wish to be behind in the fun, and seeing the knight all wrought up, she said to him, 'Sir knight,

let thy worship bear in mind the boon thou'st pledged me, and how in pursuance thereof thou canst not engage in other adventure however urgent. Quiet thy breast, sir, for had the licentiate known 'twas thine ne'er-conquered arm that freed the galley-slaves, he would have put three stitches through his lips and thrice bit his tongue rather than say a word to your worship's disparagement.' 'I swear the same before God,' quoth the priest, 'and what's more, I'd have clipped my moustache.'

'I shall be silent, lady,' responded Don Quijote, 'repressing the just rage that had risen in my breast, continuing in calmness till I render thee thy promised boon. Rewarding me for my good-will, prithee tell me, if it harm thee not, what thy trouble is, and how many, who and what are the persons on whom I must give the deserved and entire vengeance.' 'Gladly,' replied Dorothea, 'if 'twill not weary thee to listen to cares and crosses.' 'In no way,' returned the knight. 'Attend then, your worships, to my story.' The words were not out of Dorothea's mouth when Cardenio and the barber drew up to her side; likewise Sancho, as much taken in as his master. Having seated herself well in the saddle, with a cough and a few other helpful preliminaries she began in lively manner to tell the following tale:

'First of all I wish your worships to know that my name is'—she hesitated a moment, having forgotten what name had been assigned her by the priest, who came to her rescue by saying, ' 'Tis not at all strange, madam, that your highness is confused and embarrassed in retailing misfortunes, which are frequently of a nature to deprive persons of memory till they can't recall their own names, even as now when your ladyship forgets that hers is Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress to the great kingdom of Micomicon.

With this reminder you can easily call to your suffering mind all that you would tell us.'

'True,' replied the maiden, 'and I believe that henceforth it will not be necessary to prompt me and that I shall reach a safe port with my true story. Well, the king my father, Tinacrio<sup>(2)</sup> the Wise, was deeply versed in the so-called art of magic. He thereby discovered that my mother Queen Jaramilla, would die before he did, but that he too shortly would be obliged to quit the world, leaving me an orphan. Yet this, he said, did not worry him so much as his certain knowledge that a towering giant, lord of a great island close to our kingdom, who is known as Pandafilando of the Sour Look—though his eyes are normal and are set properly, he always leers as if squinting, and this he does from pure deviltry, to scare people—my father knew, I say, that on hearing of mine orphanage this giant would overrun my kingdom with a powerful host and despoil me of everything, not leaving so much as a little hamlet for my refuge. I could escape all this ruin and disaster by marrying the beast, but so far as he could tell, I would never consent to such an enormity. And therein he spake true—not for a moment has yoking with this giant seemed possible to me, nor with any giant however huge or hellish he might prove.

'My father also warned me not to try to defend myself, even though I saw Pandafilando preparing this invasion; he urged me rather to abandon the country, would I save my good and loyal vassals; opposition to this giant's diabolical power would be vain, he declared, and mine only hope lay in setting out with a few subjects for Spain, where I should find the end of my troubles in the person of a certain knight-errant, whose fame by that time would have extended throughout the country under the name of Don Azote<sup>(3)</sup> or Gigote<sup>(4)</sup>, if my memory serve me.'

'Quijote you mean, lady,' suggested Sancho Panza, 'otherwise known as the Knight of Sorry Aspect.' 'The same,' said Dorothea, 'my father described him as tall of stature, lean visaged and with a grey mole with hairs like bristles on his right side beneath his left shoulder or thereabouts'<sup>(5)</sup>. The knight on hearing this said to his servant, 'Come, Sancho son, and help me strip. I would see whether or no I am the knight of whom this all-knowing king prophesied.' 'Why would your worship strip?' asked the maiden. 'To see if I have the mole your father made mention of.' 'No need,' said Sancho, 'for I know your worship has such a mole in the middle of your back; 'tis a sign of strength.' 'Proof enough,' declared Dorothea, 'for among friends one can overlook trifles, and whether on back or shoulder is of no consequence. Wherever it is, there's a mole somewhere, and being all one flesh, that is surely enough. Well, truly my father has proved a good prophet and I certainly have done right in entrusting myself to Señor Don Quijote, who must be the knight the king had in mind, since the marks of his face tally with those of the fame he enjoys, not alone in Spain but throughout La Mancha. Indeed scarce had I landed at Osuna when I heard tell of such deeds that then and there my spirit told me he was my man.'

'How,' questioned Don Quijote, 'did your worship land at Osuna, dear lady, when it is no port?'<sup>(6)</sup> Ere she could reply the priest took the wheel, saying, 'The princess meant us to understand, I think, that after she had landed at Málaga the first place she got wind of your worship was Osuna.' 'That was the meaning I intended to convey.' "'Tis clear enough now,' said the priest, 'please, your majesty, continue.' 'There's no more to tell, save that already I think of myself as queen and mistress of my realm, since this knight of his courtesy and munificence has pledged

himself to accompany whither I lead, which will be straight against Pandafilando of the Sour Look, that my champion may slay him and restore me to that of which I was so unjustly deprived. I am sure that all this will come to pass exactly as we wish since my good father Tinacrio the Wise foretold it. Also he left written in Chaldean or Greek, neither of which I understand, a memorial to the effect that should the predicted knight, after he has beheaded the giant, desire my hand, I should at once offer myself as his lawful spouse, giving him possession of my person along with that of my kingdom.'

'How do things look now, friend Sancho?' called Don Quijote at this point; 'do you hear what is being said? what did I tell you? haven't we a kingdom to govern and a queen to marry as I foretold?' 'I believe you,' replied the squire, 'and the devil take him that refuses to tie up with this queen after he has pricked Señor Pandahilado's wind-pipe. Ah, but isn't she ill-favoured though! Would that the fleas in my bed were like her!' and with this in great glee he cut a couple of capers in the air. He then clutched the bridle of Dorothea's mule, bringing it to a halt, and kneeling before the lady prayed her stretch forth her hands for him to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her his queen and mistress. Who of those observing the man's simplicity could refrain from laughter? The girl gave her hands and promised to make him a great lord of the realm when Heaven so far favoured her as to restore it to her possession and enjoyment; for all whereof the squire thanked her in words that again caused merriment.

'This,' concluded the afflicted damsel, 'is my story. It alone remains to inform you that of the persons that escorted me from home none remains save this bearded squire, the others having perished in a violent tornado that swept upon us when already in



sight of land; by a miracle he and I on two planks were washed ashore. Indeed, as you have seen, a miracle and mystery is the whole course of my life. If in telling it I've laid undue stress on any one point or haven't been definite enough at another, set it down to the fact that, as the licentiate said, a series of excessive mishaps weakens the memory.'

'They shall not weaken mine, brave and noble woman,' declared Don Quijote, 'however many I endure in thy service, however great and unparalleled they may prove. Let me confirm afresh the boon I have promised, taking mine oath to go with thee to the end of the world, or until I meet with thy rude persecutor, whose haughty head by God's aid and mine own arm I purpose to strike off with the edge of this, I cannot call trusty, sword, thanks to Ginés de Pasamonte who carried off mine'<sup>(7)</sup>, this last was said 'twixt his teeth, but he again spoke out, 'And after the giant has been decapitated and thou hast been put into peaceful possession of thy realm, 'twill be left to thy choice to dispose of thy person wherever most will give thee pleasure, for while my memory is filled, my will enslaved, my mind enthralled by her—I say no more—not for an instant can I contemplate marriage though with a phoenix.'

This decision of his master so provoked the squire that with loud voice and deep feeling he cried, 'Señor Don Quijote, I swear your worship is out of your head, or how can you hesitate to marry so noble a princess as this? Think you fortune offers such a chance behind every little stone? Does my lady Dulcinea happen to be more beautiful? far from it—not by half; nay, I'd swear she doesn't come up to this princess's shoe. If, master, you go looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea, it's all up with my county. Marry her I say, marry her at once in the devil's name; take this kingdom that comes to your

hand free gratis for nothing, and when you are king, make me marquis or governor, and then let the devil take all.'

The knight could not listen unmoved to such blasphemy of his lady Dulcinea and raising his pike without saying so much as, This mouth is mine, gave Sancho two such whacks as to bring him to the ground, and had not Dorothea called to him to quit, he certainly would then and there have made an end of his squire. After a pause he said, 'Do you think, you carle, that you are to insult me for ever, and that the sinning is always to be on your side and the pardoning on mine? Don't imagine it for a moment, you excommunicated wretch, which is what you are, disparaging the peerless Dulcinea. Didn't you know, you farm-hand, you drudge and vagabond, that I couldn't kill a flea save by the might she infuses in mine arm? Tell me, viper-tongued scoffer, who has won this kingdom, think you, and cut off the giant's head and made you marquis, all of which I consider as good as accomplished, who but the dauntless one of El Toboso, using mine arm as the instrument of her deeds? She fights and conquers in me and I live, move and have my being in her<sup>(8)</sup>. O whoreson scoundrel, what an ingrate you are when, seeing yourself raised from the dust to be a titled lord, in return you speak ill of her that brought it about!'

Sancho still had life enough to hear all his master said and rising rather nimbly fortified himself behind Dorothea's palfrey. From his new position he thus addressed his chider, 'Tell me, sire, if your worship has determined to forego this great princess and her kingdom, what favours will you have to bestow? That is my grievance. In my opinion it were better for the present to pair off with this queen, now she's here as though the sky rained her, and later return to my lady Dulcinea—there must have been kings in

the world that kept mistresses. As to beauty, I have naught to say: it must be confessed that I like them both, though Dulcinea I have never seen.' 'How never have seen her, blasphemous traitor? Didn't you but now bring her message?' 'I mean I've never seen her long enough to note particularly her beauty and her good parts piece by piece, though I approved of her in the lump.'

'Then I forgive you,' said Don Quijote, 'and do you forgive the injury I offered, for his first movement lies not in the hand of man'<sup>(9)</sup>. 'So I see,' replied the other; 'with me ever the movement is to talk: I can't help saying once at least whatever comes to my tongue.' 'But hereafter, my son, you must mind your words, since the pitcher can go to the well so often—I say no more.' 'Good,' said the squire, 'God's in his Heaven seeing our tricks, and He'll judge as to which does the greater wrong, I speaking or your worship doing it.' 'Come, no more of this,' said Dorothea; 'run Sancho, kiss your master's hand and crave pardon. Henceforth be more careful with your praise and dispraise, speaking no ill of this lady Dulcinea, of whom I know naught save that I am her servant. Trust God and you'll not fail of a situation where you can live like a prince.' Sancho with bowed head begged the hand of his master who calmly gave it and after it was kissed added his blessing.

The knight now said they should go a little in advance of the others, for he must question and converse with him on matters of moment. Sancho followed and when the pair were by themselves, Don Quijote began, 'Since your return, my son, I've had neither time nor opportunity to hear particulars of your errand and the message you brought back. But now that fortune has granted both time and place, do not refuse me the pleasure of hearing good news.' 'Let your worship ask anything you please, for I'll

give everything as good exit as it had entrance. But I must beg, master, that in future you be less vindictive.' 'Why do you call it that?' 'Because these last blows were due more to the quarrel the devil stirred up between us the other night than to aught I said just now against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence like a relic; not that there's aught of that about her, only as a thing belonging to your worship.' 'Drop that on your life,' commanded Don Quijote, 'for it offends. I have pardoned you once and you know the old saying, New sin, fresh penance.'

While thus in converse, they saw approaching on ass-back a man that, as he drew near, looked like a gipsy. Sancho Panza, whose eyes and heart were ever with asses, had scarce descried the fellow when he knew him for Ginés de Pasamonte, and by the thread of the gipsy got at the reel, his ass. Sure enough Dapple it was that Pasamonte rode. Not to be recognized and that he might sell the beast, Ginés had assumed the garb of a gipsy, for he knew their language and many more as well as his own. Sancho, seeing and knowing him, at once cried out, 'Hi there, Ginesillo you thief, drop my treasure, leave me my life, meddle no more with my peace, return me mine ass, come here with my comfort, fly, you devil, clear out of here, you sharper, and give back what is not yours.' There was no need of these vituperations, since with the first Ginesillo jumped down and running as in a race was gone in a second. Sancho ran up to the ass and putting his arm about his neck said, 'How hast thou fared, my darling, thou Dapple of mine eye, my comrade?' and with this he kissed and caressed the beast as if it were a human being. The ass held its peace and suffered these kisses and caresses without answering a word<sup>(10)</sup>. The others came up and congratulated Sancho on his find,

especially Don Quijote who said that the order for the three ass-colts would hold just the same; for which the squire showed himself most grateful.

While master and man had been talking together, the priest told Dorothea that she had been clever indeed, both as to the brevity of her narrative and its likeness to those in the books of chivalry. She said she had often beguiled her leisure by reading them, but not knowing the different provinces and seaports, at random had made her landing-place Osuna. 'So I observed,' said the priest, 'and that was why I broke in as I did, hoping to set things right. But is it not surprising to see how credulous this unfortunate man is toward all such stories and lies, simply because they conform to the style and manner of the nonsense in his books?' 'It is indeed,' said Cardenio, 'and so strange and unparalleled that I doubt if there be wit keen enough to create the character in fiction.' 'Another curious thing about it,' declared the priest, 'is that notwithstanding the absurdities this gentleman utters in connection with his craze, if other matters be introduced, he speaks most rationally, which argues a clear and temperate understanding. Provided his chivalry be not touched upon, he would pass for a man of sound intelligence.'

While these were engaged in their conversation, Don Quijote proceeded with his, saying to his squire, 'Touching our quarrels, Panza friend, let's cast the little hairs into the sea, and tell me now, without thought of grudge or grievance, where, when, and how you found Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say and she reply? What her expression when reading the letter?'<sup>(11)</sup> Who copied it for you? Tell me all you think worthy to be known, asked and answered, not adding and perverting to give me pleasure, nor abbreviating and so depriving me thereof.'

'If the truth must be told, sir,' began the squire, 'nobody copied the letter for I had none.' 'Alas, too true; two days after you left I found the little notebook still in my possession, which considerably concerned me, not knowing what you would do when you found you hadn't it, though I expected you to return as soon as you discovered our oversight.' 'That I should have done had I not noted the letter down in my memory as your worship read it aloud; so I was able to repeat it to a parish-clerk, who copied it so accurately that he said that, though he had met with many letters of excommunication, this was the fanciest missal he had seen in all the days of his life.' 'And have you it still in your memory?' 'Nay, sire, for the moment I gave it him, I set about forgetting it, seeing it had no further use. If I recall any, it is the Scrubbing, I mean, Sovereign Lady, with which it set out, and there at the end, Thine till death, The Knight of Sorry Aspect. Between these I placed more than three hundred my loves, my lives and mine eyes.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>A legal formula of abbreviation. <sup>(2)</sup>'The prince of Tinacria was called Tinacrio.' *Mirror of Princes and Knights—Knight of Phæbus* 1581 II n 3. <sup>(3)</sup>A whip. <sup>(4)</sup>The flesh of a sheep's leg. The word is allied to *quijote*=the thigh-piece of armour. <sup>(5)</sup>'As a mark of recognition he was to have a hairy mole... upon the shoulder of the right hand.' This is said of a deliverer, who thereupon stripped before them all, in Book I 7 of *The True History of the King Don Roderick* Granada 1592. <sup>(6)</sup>C is here ridiculing 'These embarked for Spain and came to a city called Orsuna, which is understood to be the same that to-day is called Osuna in Andalusia.' *General History of Spain* (1601 in Spanish, 1592 in Latin) Part III 3 by Juan de Mariana. <sup>(7)</sup>Even as Brunelo, after having stolen Sacripante's horse, steals Marfisa's sword. *Orlando Furioso* xxvii 84; and *Orlando Innamorato* II v 39-54 (in Villena's translation): see note I of II 4. <sup>(8)</sup>'Know that I have neither wit nor heart nor strength, since all was lost when I lost the favour of my mistress, for from her and not from me all came to me.' *Amadis of Gaul* II 3. <sup>(9)</sup>Note 12 of I 20. <sup>(10)</sup>See Appendix H. <sup>(11)</sup>So Oriana commands the youthful bearer of her message to Amadis that he 'mark his expression while reading it.' II 1.

## CHAPTER XXXI

The delightful conversation 'twixt Don Quijote and  
his squire Sancho Panza, together with  
other episodes

'**N**AUGHT of what you say displeases me, Sancho, so talk on. You arrived at El Toboso and what was the queen of beauty doing? Very likely you found her stringing pearls or embroidering some device in golden thread for this her captive knight.' 'No, not these; she was winnowing two bushels of wheat out in the corral.' 'Then depend upon it, at the touch of her hand the grains of wheat changed to pearls. Did you notice, friend, whether 'twas white wheat or brown?' "'Twas red,' affirmed the squire. 'Then rest assured that when winnowed by her hands the bread made from this wheat was of the whitest; but pass on. When you handed her my missal, did she kiss it, or place it on her head, or perform other ceremony befitting such a letter?'<sup>(1)</sup> or what did she do?'<sup>(2)</sup>

'When I arrived, she was hard at it with a sievelike of the wheat; she said to me, 'Lay the letter on yon sack, friend; I can't look at it till I have done here.' 'Cunning woman! she wanted to pore over it word by word by herself. More, Sancho. While at this employment what words did she pass with you? Did she enquire about me, and you, what did you reply? Come, out with everything; don't leave a drop in the ink-well.' 'She asked me nothing, but I told her all about your worship doing penance for her sake, naked from the waist up and roaming these wilds like a savage, sleeping on the bare ground, not eating off a table-cloth or combing your beard'<sup>(3)</sup>, but just weeping and cursing your luck'<sup>(4)</sup>

'You did wrong in saying I cursed my luck: I bless it all the days of my life, since it has made me worthy of loving so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.' 'So high is she,' offered Sancho, 'that believe me she beats me by more than a hand.' 'And how did you come to measure with her?' 'It was this way: as I helped her with a bag of wheat onto an ass, we stood so close I couldn't help but notice she was the taller by more than a palm.' 'And did she not adorn and unite her stature with a thousand million graces of person? Or at least you'll not deny me this, Sancho, that while standing there you perceived a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, an impossible somewhat, difficult to describe, a fume, an exhalation, like some dainty glove-shop, is it not so?' 'What I can vouch for is that I sniffed an odour rather strong and goaty; it must have been because she was all in a glow from constant exercise.' 'Tis impossible; you had a cold in the head perhaps or smelt yourself, for I know what would be the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the field, that liquid amber.' 'Maybe you're right, for often I have noticed the odour on myself that then methought proceeded from her worship the lady Dulcinea. But that's nothing so wonderful, for one devil is like another.'

'Tell me,' continued Don Quijote, 'now that she has sifted her wheat and carried it to the mill, what happens when she reads the letter?' 'She didn't read it, for she could neither read nor write, she said. Instead she took and tore it into bits, saying she didn't want another to read it for her, lest the whole village know her secrets; it was enough that I had informed her by word of mouth both of the love you felt for her and of the outlandish penance you were here undergoing. In the end she told me to say to your worship that she kissed your hands and that she desired more to see you than to write. So she begged and commanded



by these presents that you quit your brambles and monkey-shines and at once set out for El Toboso, barring aught else of greater importance, for she longed greatly to see you. She laughed a good deal when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of Sorry Aspect. I asked her if that chap the Biscayan had put in an appearance. Yes, she said, and was a very decent sort of fellow. But, she added in answer to mine enquiries, none of the galley-slaves had shown up as yet.'

'So far, so good,' declared the knight, 'but tell me, Sancho, what jewel did she hand you as you took leave, as reward for the news you brought her?' 'Twas the use and honoured custom among knights and ladies-errant to give their squires, maids or dwarfs, that carried news from their damsels to them or from the knights to their ladies, some precious jewel as thank-offering for the message.' 'That may well be and a good custom I call it, but all that must have been ages ago, for nowadays it seems to be the thing to bestow upon them bread and a little cheese, which was what my lady Dulcinea handed over the corral-wall as I was leaving; and more by token the cheese was made from goat's milk.'

'She is liberal in the extreme, and if she gave you no golden jewel, it must be that she had none handy. Sleeves are good after Easter, and when she and I meet, I'll make everything right. But do you know what I wonder at? I feel as if you must have come and gone through the air: you were but a trifle over three days and yet it's more than thirty leagues from here to El Toboso. I fancy that the sage-magician, he that is my friend and watches over mine affairs (for of necessity there is and must be one, else I shouldn't be an out-and-out errant), I imagine that this fellow helped you on your way without your knowledge.

'Indeed wizards are there that will take a sleeping knight from his bed and, without his knowing how, he awakes next day more than a thousand leagues from where he fell asleep. Were it not for this, adventurers could not aid one another, as they are wont to do. A knight for example is fighting a dragon or other fierce monster, or another cavalier, in the wilds of Armenia, and is getting the worst of it, is on the point of death in fact, and then, when least he looks for it, there dawns over against him on a cloud or chariot of fire another knight his friend, who a short time before had thought himself in England. He succours his friend and rescues him from death, and the latter that very evening finds himself home again with good appetite, though the two places are often as much as two or three thousand leagues apart—and all made possible through the zeal and science of the cunning warlocks that keep watch over valiant knights-errant. I do not find it hard to believe therefore that you actually went and returned in this short time, since, as I have intimated, some friendly necromancer could have carried you by flights without your perceiving it.'

'That might well have been,' said Sancho Panza, 'for to tell the truth Rocinante travelled like a gipsy's ass with quicksilver in its ears'<sup>(5)</sup>. 'Quicksilver there was without a doubt, ay, and a legion of devils besides<sup>(6)</sup>, for devils are a tribe that travel themselves and make others travel, just as they please and without weariness. But dropping this for the moment, where do you think my duty lies with respect to my lady-love's command that I go and see her? I feel I am bound to comply with her request, yet find myself handicapped by the boon promised the princess here, for the law of chivalry bids me consider my pledge rather than my pleasure. On the one hand my desire to see my lady fair besets and besieges me,

and on the other my given word and the glory of the achievement incite and summon. What I really think to do is to hasten by forced marches against this giant, cut his head off, and establish the princess in the peaceful possession of her kingdom, and then at once return to behold the light that illumines my existence. I shall make such explanations that she will come to approve of my delay, seeing that it redounds to her greater glory and fame, inasmuch as all that I have achieved, am now achieving and shall achieve by arms in this life, is alone made possible by the favour she extends to me and by my being hers.'

'Alas,' cried Sancho, 'and how damaged is your worship's noddle! Tell me truly, sire, do you mean to take that long trip for nothing and let such a fine rich marriage slip between your fingers when they give you for dowry a whole kingdom, which they tell me is more than twenty thousand leagues around, produces in abundance all the necessities of life and is bigger than Portugal and Castile combined? Peace, for the love of God, and blush for what you say; take my advice and (forgive me) tie up at the first village that boasts a priest, or better still here is our licentiate who will do as fine as can be. Remember I am old enough to give counsel, and this that I now give is right to the point, for better a sparrow in the hand than a vulture flying, and he that has good and chooses ill, 'twill never come again, complain as he will.'

'Look here, Sancho; if you are urging me to marry, that, being made king after killing the giant, I may have the chance to bestow the promised reward, I would have you know that without marrying I can as easily satisfy your longing, for before entering the fight I shall particularly stipulate that when I issue victorious, they shall give as my fee, even if I do not marry, a certain part of the realm, and this I can

pass on to whomever I please. And whom but you would you have me hand it to?' 'Now you are talking, sire; but see to it, please, that your portion lies along the coast, so that, if the life does not agree with me, I can ship off my black subjects and turn them into what I said. As to your worship, don't bother for the present about seeing my lady Dulcinea. Make haste instead to kill the giant: let's round up that business first, for by God but I cannot but think 'twill yield honour enough and considerable profit.' 'I believe you are right, Sancho, and so far as you exhort me to champion the princess before seeing my sweetheart I shall obey. But take care you tell no one, not even those with us here, of what we have treated and conversed, for if Dulcinea is so modest that she would not have her thoughts known, 'twould not be fitting that I or another for me disclosed them.'

'Then why,' asked the other, 'do you require all those conquered by your arm to go and present themselves before my lady, when this is as good as your signature that you love her and wish her well, since they are supposed to knuckle down before her and say they come from your worship to render her obedience? How then can the thoughts of either of you be hid?' 'How silly and simple you are, Sancho! can't you see that all this redounds to her greater exaltation? You must know that in this our style of chivalry 'tis deemed great honour for a maiden to have many knights-errant in her service simply for her being what she is, without hoping for other reward for their many and worthy desires than that she shall deign to accept them as her knights.' 'With that manner of love,' said Sancho, 'the preachers tell us we should serve Our Lord, for his own sake, moved neither by hope of glory nor by fear of punishment. But I would love and serve Him for what

He can do for me.' 'The devil take you for a clown, Sancho, but what shrewd things you say at times! one would think you had studied somewhere.' 'I cannot even read,' said the other.

They now heard Master Nicholas calling, for they were going to lay by and drink at a little spring. The knight accordingly drew rein, to the no small relief of his squire, o'erworn with his many lies and fearing lest his master at any time trip him, for though the rogue knew of Dulcinea as a peasant of El Toboso, never had he seen her face to face. They found Cardenio in the clothes Dorothea wore when first met with, and though little to brag of, they cast into the shade those he had shed. All having dismounted, they appeased their hunger to a limited extent by partaking of what the priest had snatched up at the inn.

While thus they were seated about the spring, a boy coming up stopped and looked at them rather curiously, and then rushing up to Don Quijote embraced his legs, beginning to weep and whimper in a very knowing manner, 'Señor, señor, doesn't your worship remember me? look again. I am that boy Andrés your worship set free from the holm-oak to which I was tied.' The knight knew him and taking him by the hand turned to his companions, saying, 'That your worships may see how requisite knights-errant are in the world to redress the wrongs and injuries worked by the wicked and insolent that dwell therein, allow me to relate how as I passed through a wood the other day I heard loud screams and most pitiful cries as of one in great distress. Driven by my sense of duty I hastened to the spot whence the cries proceeded and found tied to an holm-oak this boy, who now stands before you I rejoice to say, for not in a single point will he as a witness let me lie.

'The lad was, I repeat, tied to an oak, naked to the waist, and a farmer, his master as I afterwards learned, was scourging him with the reins of his mare. I immediately asked the cause of this outrage. The boor replied that the lad was his servant and certain acts of carelessness on his part bespoke the thief rather than the fool. To this the youth made answer, 'He whips me, sir, because I want my wages.' The farmer blurted out some kind of pompous excuse, by me heard but not entertained. In short I made him untie the lad and promise to pay him real for real and all perfumed. Is not this true, Andrés my son? Didn't you observe with what authority I commanded and with what humility he promised to carry out all I signified of my wishes and all I imposed upon him as demands? Speak out, hesitate at nothing: tell the gentlemen what occurred, that it may be seen and believed what a god-send errants are along these roads.'

'All that your worship has said is true enough,' the boy replied, 'but the end of that business was very different from what you imagine.' 'How different? Did he not pay you at once?' 'He not only did not pay me, but as soon as your worship was out of the wood and we were alone, tying me again to the oak he gave me another belting, which this time left me like a flayed Saint Bartholomew. And at every stroke he made a fool of your worship, uttering some jest or pleasantry that would have made me laugh had I been less in torture. In fine he used me so ill that I have been ever since in a hospital, trying to recover from the effects of his cruelty. For all of which your worship may be thanked, for had you kept your road and not come where you were not wanted, my master would have been content to give me a dozen lashes or so and then paying my wages let me go free. But when your worship abused

him without reason, calling him those names, his wrath was roused, and as he couldn't take it out of you, the storm burst upon me to such an extent that I fear I shall never be a man again as long as I live.' 'My leaving you before you were paid was the cause of the trouble,' apologized Don Quijote; 'long experience should have taught me that no boor keeps his word, unless he sees it is to his advantage. But remember this, boy, that I swore to hunt this fellow out though he hid in the belly of a whale.' 'Which is of no help to me,' whimpered Andrés. 'You shall see whether 'tis of help or no,' and saying this the knight arose, ordering his squire Sancho to bridle Rocinante, who was off feeding while they were at their meal.

Dorothea asked her champion what he was undertaking and received the answer that he was about to run that farmer down and punish him for this devilish turn, seeing to it that Andrés was paid to the uttermost farthing, in spite and in the teeth of all the farmers of the world. Dorothea urged him to forget not that in compliance with his pledge he could not engage in any project till he had settled her little affair, and as he knew this better than anyone, he should calm himself till his return from Miconicon<sup>(7)</sup>. 'You are right,' acknowledged her protector, 'and Andrés shall have to be patient till then as you say, but I again promise and swear I'll not stop short of seeing him paid and avenged.' 'These oaths are naught to me,' returned Andrés: 'the wherewithal to take me to Seville would mean more at present than all the vengeance in the world. If you have aught that I may eat and take with me, give it and God be with your worship and all knights-errant, and may they be as erring toward themselves as they have been toward me.'

Sancho drew some bread and cheese from his store and giving to the lad said, 'Take this, brother Andrés, for to all of us falls a share of your misfortune.' 'And what share falls to you?' 'This share of the bread and cheese, for God knows whether I shall miss them or not. I'd have you know, friend, that we squires of errant knights are exposed to biting hunger, bad luck and a thousand other things more easily felt than imparted.' Andrés seized the bread and cheese and, finding that was to be all, lowering his head took the road in his hands. It must be stated however that at parting he called to Don Quijote, 'By the love of God, sir knight-errant, should you run across me again, though I am being hacked to bits, do not come to my rescue: leave me to mine evil fate, which will not be so bad but that it will be made worse by any interference from your worship, whom may God confound with all errants that ever were born in the world.' Don Quijote rose to chastise this insolence, but the lad took to his heels with sufficient nimbleness to discourage any pursuit. Our adventurer was not a little chagrined: that he might not be utterly discomfited, the others, though with real difficulty, controlled their amusement.

## NOTES

- <sup>(1)</sup>'And kissing a letter she placed it on her head, and said, 'Most excellent Prince...'' *First Part of Angelica* 1586 xi 90. <sup>(2)</sup>So Oriana, in the time of Amadis' penance, asks the messenger, 'Now tell me, when you handed Amadis my missal, what did he do?' II 6. <sup>(3)</sup>An allusion to the oath in the Marquis of Mantua ballad; see note 7 of I 10. <sup>(4)</sup>So Amadis on his way to his penance for his lady-love is reported as 'weeping and cursing his luck.' II 5. <sup>(5)</sup>When the gipsy is trying to sell it. <sup>(6)</sup>'Clear it is that this could not but be a work of the devil,' says Bernardo, when his companion tells of a student who swore that he was borne on a horse in the space of one night from Guadalupe to Granada. *Garden of Curious Flowers* 1570 Discourse III. <sup>(7)</sup>So Angelica reminds Roland of his promise in *Mirror of Chivalries* 1533 I 46.



## CHAPTER XXXII

### Don Quijote and his company at the inn

THEIR welcome repast ended, the company saddled and mounted, and, with naught occurring worth the mention, the next day found them at that inn so especially dreaded and detested of Sancho Panza who, though now loth to enter, could not well escape it. The keeper, wife, daughter and Mariornes, on seeing Don Quijote and his squire approaching, with manifest pleasure came out to greet them. The knight, receiving their welcome a little coldly, bade them prepare a better bed than last time. The wife replied that, if paid better, she'd prepare one fit for a prince. Her guest promised, and they got him a reasonably good one, up there in the straw loft. He immediately retired, being fairly used up both in mind and body. No sooner was his door shut than the wife made for the barber and seizing him by the beard, cried, 'Come, by the Cross, off with my tail; it's an outrage the way my husband's comb goes kicking about the floor.' But the barber would not relinquish it till the priest told him there was no need of further disguise: the barber could tell Don Quijote that when those rogues the galley-slaves trimmed him, he fled to this inn. Should he ask after the princess's squire, they'd say she had dispatched him in advance to notify her subjects of her return with their common liberator. So the beard was restored, together with the other borrowed trappings.

The inn-folk could not but marvel at Dorothea's beauty and the youth Cardenio's noble bearing, for whom and all the priest bade them serve as good a

meal as their stock allowed, and the keeper in hope of better pay prepared a tolerable dinner. The knight was still sleeping, and 'twas thought better not to waken him, since sleep just then was a better restorative than food. At their meal, with the inn-folk present, they discussed their friend's derangement and the exigency wherein he had been found. The wife, to balance that, described the scuffle 'twixt him and the carrier and, seeing that Sancho wasn't about, followed with a full account of the tossing, which diverted not a little. The priest chanced to remark that it was reading books of chivalry had so turned Don Quijote's brain, which caused the inn-keeper to reply:

'I do not see how that can be; in my opinion there's no better reading in the world. I own two or three of these books along with some other writings, and they have been the breath of life, not alone to me, but to many others. In harvest-time during the siesta the reapers are wont to gather here, and as there's always someone that can read, he takes up one of those volumes, while more than thirty of us sit round listening with such pleasure that it keeps off a thousand grey hairs. At least for myself I can say that when they tell about those furious frightful blows the knights deliver, I am seized with a longing to do the same, and I could hear about them night and day.' 'And I no less,' chimed in his wife, 'for I never have a quiet moment in the house except when you are so absorbed in listening that you forget to scold.' 'True,' volunteered Maritornes, 'and faith I myself like the dainty things, most of all when they tell about a lady in her knight's arms under the orange-trees and the duenna standing guard, dying with envy and fright. 'Tis as good as honey to me.'

'And how do these books impress you, young lady,' said the priest, addressing the innkeeper's daughter. 'On my honour, sir, I cannot say: I don't understand much of what they're about. However, I listen and to tell the truth like them pretty well. I care little for the blows my father sets such store by; give me instead those laments the knights drop into when absent from their lady-loves. Indeed I sometimes weep with compassion for them.' 'Then would you console them, were it you they wept for?' asked Dorothea. 'I don't know what I should do. I only can tell that some of the sweethearts are so cruel that they call their cavaliers tigers, lions and a thousand other not nice names. Jesu, what kind of folk can they themselves be, so without soul or conscience that they'll let an honest man die or go mad rather than look at him. I do not see why they should be as prudish as all that. If it's for their honour's sake, let them marry them, which is all the knights are after.' 'Hold your tongue, chit,' interrupted the mother; 'you don't seem ignorant of these matters, and girls shouldn't know or say so much.' 'As this gentleman asked me,' the daughter murmured, 'I could not but answer him.'

'Come then,' said the licentiate to his host, 'fetch me those books—I want to see them.' 'With all my heart,' replied the other, who soon returned from his bedroom with a small valise and some neatly written manuscript. The first book chanced to be *Don Ciron-gilio of Thrace*<sup>(1)</sup>. *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*<sup>(2)</sup> was the next, and the third the *Chronicle of the Great Captain Don Gonzalo Hernández of Córdoba* together with the *Life of Diego García de Paredes*<sup>(3)</sup>. On reading the first two titles the priest remarked to the barber, 'Our friend's housekeeper and niece should be here.' 'I shall do as well for carrying them to the corral,' replied the other, 'or better still we

can throw them onto the hearth where burns a good fire.' 'Would your worships burn my books then?' demanded the innkeeper. 'Only these two,' answered the priest, 'Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte.' 'Is it that they are heretics and phlegmatics that you'd have them go to the fire?' 'Schismatics you should say, friend,' volunteered the barber. 'You are right,' accepted the host; 'but if you burn any, let it be the Lives of the Great Captain and Diego García: I'd rather they burn a child of mine than either of the others.'

'But, my dear brother,' counselled the priest, 'these books steeped in falsehood are really the worst kind of trash, while the history of the great captain is a true account of events in the life of Gonzalo Hernández of Córdoba<sup>(4)</sup>, who for his many and great deeds was everywhere deservedly known as the Great Captain—an illustrious epithet and rightly applied to him alone. And this Diego García de Paredes<sup>(5)</sup> was a gentleman of note of the city of Trujillo in Estramadura, a most valiant soldier and possessing such strength that with one finger he checked a mill-wheel in full course<sup>(6)</sup>. Again, when posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance of a bridge, he kept an immense army at bay<sup>(7)</sup>, and performed other feats which, had another than himself<sup>(8)</sup> related them with glowing pride in place of the modesty<sup>(9)</sup> of a gentleman that is his own historian, would have put the Hectors', Achilleses' and Rolands' noses out of joint.'

'Go talk with my father,' replied the innkeeper, 'what is that to marvel at—the stopping of a mill-wheel? My God, sir, you ought to read what I read of Felixmarte of Hyrcania, how with a single back-stroke he cut five<sup>(10)</sup> giants in two as pleasantly as though they had been the bean-pod friars little children make<sup>(11)</sup>. And another time he hurled himself

against a prodigious army numbering one million, six hundred thousand fighting men, all armed cap-à-pie, and sent them flying like a flock of ewes<sup>(12)</sup>. And how shall I praise Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was that bold and reckless the book says, that once as he was sailing up a river and a fierce serpent leapt from the water, he jumped on its scaly back, squeezing its neck so tightly that the dragon's only hope was to drop to the bottom, carrying the determined knight along with it. When they arrived down there, he found himself mid palaces and gardens wondrously beautiful. The serpent was straightway transformed into an old greybeard, who told him things as were never heard. Why, sir, should you listen to this book, you'd go mad with pleasure. Two figs for your Great Captain and Diego García.'

On hearing this Dorothea whispered to Cardenio, 'Our host lacks little of making an under-study to the Knight of Sorry Aspect.' 'So it seems to me,' assented Cardenio; 'it is clear he believes that all in these books is truth and barefoot friars couldn't persuade him otherwise.' 'Be assured, brother,' the priest now ventured to the innkeeper, 'never in the world existed a Felixmarte of Hyrcania, a Don Cirongilio of Thrace, or any of the knights the books of chivalry prattle of. 'Tis all the idle creation of wits with time on their hands, hatching these stories that others like your reapers may be amused. I am willing to take mine oath that such knights never lived and such feats and follies never happened.' 'To another dog with that bone! as though I didn't know how many make five and where the shoe pinches. Don't try to feed me with pap: I am no chicken. A good joke, isn't it, for you to urge that everything in these books is either false or foolish, when they're published with the license of the royal council—as though they were persons to let a heap

of lies be printed, with battles and enchantments enough to drive you out of your senses!’

‘I have before told you,’ replied the priest, ‘that these books were written for the diversion of our idle thoughts. Even as chess, tennis and billiards are suffered in well-ordered states for the benefit of those that either do not wish or aren’t obliged or are unable to work, so license is given for the printing of these books, on the perfectly natural supposition that none is so ignorant as to think them true. Were it fit occasion and did the present company demand it, I could set forth what decent books of chivalry should contain if they are to be of profit as well as of pleasure. I trust the time will come when I can communicate my ideas to one in a position to remedy matters. In the meantime, mister innkeeper, endeavour to be persuaded—take your books and resolve whether they be truth or falsehood and much good may they do you. God forbid that you go lame on the same foot your guest Don Quijote now halts on.’ ‘Never that,’ the innkeeper assured him: ‘I shan’t go so far as to turn knight-errant, for I clearly see that things are not as they were when those famous knights are said to have roamed the world.’ Sancho had entered the room in the midst of this conversation and stood puzzled and thoughtful over what he heard, chiefly that knights-errant were no longer in vogue and that all the books of chivalry were nonsense and lies. He resolved, however, to wait and see how his master’s present trip resulted, and if naught like what he expected came of it, he would quit him and return to his old job, his wife and his children.

The innkeeper was carrying away the valise and the books, but the priest said to him, ‘Stay, for I would see what are those papers, written in so fair a hand.’ The innkeeper took them out and gave them

to the priest to read. He found about eight sheets of manuscript, and at the beginning in large letters was the title, *The Novel of the Impertinent Paul Pry*. The priest read three or four lines to himself and said, 'I must say that the title of this novel does not seem a bad one and I have in mind to read it through.' To this the innkeeper replied, 'Your reverence would do well to read it, for let me tell you that some of my guests who have read it have been very much pleased with it and have begged it of me very earnestly, but I would not give it, meaning to return it to the person who forgot the valise, books and papers, for maybe he will return here some time or other. And though I know I shall miss the books, faith I mean to return them, for though I am an innkeeper, still I am a Christian.' 'You are very right, friend,' said the priest, 'but for all that, if the novel pleases me, you must let me copy it.' 'With all my heart,' replied the other.

While they were talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel and begun to read it, and forming the same opinion of it as the priest had done, prayed him to read it aloud so that they all might hear. 'I would read it,' said the priest, 'if the time were not better spent in sleeping than in reading.' 'It will be sufficient rest for me,' said Dorothea, 'to pass the time in listening to some tale, for my spirits are not yet so composed as to permit me to sleep.' 'In that case,' said the priest, 'I will read it, if it were only out of curiosity; perhaps it may contain something pleasant.' Master Nicholas entreated him to the same effect, and Sancho too; seeing which, and considering that he would give pleasure to all and receive it himself, the priest said, 'Well then, attend to me everyone, for the novel begins as follows.'

## NOTES

<sup>(3)</sup>Seville 1545 by Bernardo de Vargas. <sup>(4)</sup>Valladolid 1556 by Melchor Ortega. <sup>(5)</sup>Saragossa 1554, the two bound together: the first by an unknown author, the second an autobiography. <sup>(6)</sup>1453-1515; he gained distinction in the Spanish victories over the Moors in Granada and in the conquest of Naples. <sup>(7)</sup>1469-1533, a follower of the Great Captain. <sup>(8)</sup>Not with a finger but with both hands, and not García de Paredes, but a Captain Céspedes; see Mendoza (1503-75): *War of Granada* 1627 III 7. <sup>(9)</sup>Not just that, 'Diego García de Paredes grasped a two-handed sword and placed himself at the bridge of Garellano, which the French had left a little before. With his double-handed sword he rushed among them and fighting like a brave lion began to give such proof of his prowess that never did Hector, Julius Cæsar, or Alexander the Great give greater in their day.' II 106 of the *Chronicle*. <sup>(10)</sup>He described neither of these episodes. <sup>(11)</sup>He is 'as modest as a newspaper when praising itself;' but perhaps C is ironical—see note 7 above. <sup>(12)</sup>In the first chapter it was Amadis of Greece who cut two giants in two with a single back-stroke. The fact is it was the Knight of Phœbus who thus parted one giant; see note 23 of I 1. <sup>(13)</sup>By cutting almost through the top of a bean-pod, bending the top part back as a friar's cowl, letting the bean serve as his head. <sup>(14)</sup>No record of these feats in his history.

.



## CHAPTER XXXIII

### The Novel of the Impertinent Paul Pry<sup>(1)</sup>

**I**N Florence, the rich and famous city of Italy in the province of Tuscany, there lived Anselmo and Lothario, two rich and noble gentlemen and friends so close that they were called by all who knew them, by way of distinction, The Two Friends. They were unmarried, young, of the same age and tastes: which was enough to account for the friendship between them. Anselmo, it is true, was somewhat more inclined to amorous pastimes than Lothario, for whom the pleasures of the chase had more attractions, but on occasion Anselmo would forego his own tastes to follow those of Lothario, and Lothario would surrender his to fall in with those of Anselmo, and thus their inclinations went so perfectly in accord that no clock could keep better time.

Anselmo was deep in love with a high-born and beautiful maiden of the same city, the daughter of parents so estimable and so estimable herself, that he resolved, with the approval of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing, to ask her of them in marriage, which resolve he put into execution. He that bore the message was Lothario, who concluded the matter so much to his friend's satisfaction that in a short time he was in possession of the object of his desires, and Camilla was so happy in having obtained Anselmo for a husband that she gave thanks unceasingly to Heaven and to Lothario, by whose means this good had come to her. The first days—all marriage-days are wont to be merry—Lothario continued to frequent, as was his custom, his friend Anselmo's house, striving to do honour to him, to

cheer and to entertain him as far as was in his power, but when the wedding-days were over and the stream of visitors and congratulations had slackened, Lothario began purposely to relax his visits to Anselmo's house, for it seemed to him, as it naturally would to all men of sense, that friends' houses ought not to be visited after marriage with the same frequency as when they were bachelors, for though true and genuine friendship cannot and should not be in any way suspicious, still a married man's honour is a thing of such delicacy that it is liable to injury even from his brothers; how much more, then, from friends. Anselmo marked the cessation of Lothario's visits and complained of it to him, saying that if he had known that marriage was to keep him from enjoying his society as he used, he would never have married, and that if by the great harmony which prevailed between them when he was a bachelor they had earned so sweet a name as *The Two Friends*, he should not allow a title so rare and so delightful to be lost through over-circumspection. And so he entreated him, if such a phrase was allowable between them, to be once more master of his house and to come in and go out as formerly, assuring him that his wife Camilla had no other desire or inclination than that which he willed she should have, and that knowing how sincerely they loved one another she was grieved to see such coldness in him.

To all this and much more that Anselmo said to persuade him to come to his house as he was wont, Lothario replied with so much prudence that Anselmo was satisfied of his friend's good intentions, and it was agreed that on two days a week and on every feast-day Lothario should come to dine with him, but though this was arranged between them, Lothario resolved to observe it no further than he considered to be in accordance with the honour of his

friend, whose good name was more to him than his own. He said, and justly, that a married man upon whom Heaven had bestowed a beautiful wife ought to take as much heed as to the friends he brought to his house as he does to the female friends his wife consorts with, for that which is not done or arranged for in the market-place, in church, at public festivals or at devotions (things which husbands cannot always deny to their wives) is contrived in the house of the female friend or relative in whom most confidence is reposed. Lothario also said that every married man should have some friend who would point out to him any negligence he might be guilty of in his conduct, for it will often happen that owing to the deep affection the husband bears his wife either he does not caution her, or, not to vex her, he refrains from telling her to do or not to do certain things, the doing or avoiding of which may be a matter of honour or reproach to him, and errors of this kind he could easily correct if warned by a friend. But where is such a friend to be found as Lothario would have, so discreet, so loyal, and so true?

Indeed I know not. Lothario alone was such an one, for with the utmost care and vigilance he watched over the honour of his friend and strove to reduce the number of days for going to his house according to their agreement, lest the visits of a young man, wealthy, high-born and with the good parts he was conscious of possessing, at the house of a woman as beautiful as Camilla, should be regarded with suspicion by the inquisitive and malicious eye of the idle public. For though her goodness and worth might bridle evil tongues, he would not hazard either his own good name nor that of his friend. Therefore most of the days agreed upon he devoted to some other business which he pretended was un-

avoidable, so that much of their time was taken up with complaints on one side and excuses on the other.

It happened, however, that on one occasion when the pair were strolling through a meadow outside the city, Anselmo addressed the following words to Lothario: 'Thou mayst suppose, Lothario my friend, that I cannot thank God enough for the favours He has rendered me in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and in bestowing upon me with no niggard hand what are called the gifts of nature as well as those of fortune, and above all in giving me thee for a friend and Camilla for a wife—two treasures that I value, if not as highly as I ought, at least as highly as I am able. And yet, with all these good things, which are commonly all that men need to make men happy, I am the most discontented and dissatisfied man in the whole world, for, I know not how long since, I have been vexed and harassed by a desire so strange and unusual that I wonder at myself and blame and scold myself for it when I am alone and strive to stifle and hide it from my own thoughts, and with no better success than if I were deliberately trying to publish it to the whole world; and as, in short, it must come out, I would confide it to the secret archives of thy bosom, confident that by this means and by thy readiness as a true friend to afford me relief, I shall soon find me freed of the distress it causes me, and by thy sympathy my happiness will rise to the pitch which my misery has reached by my folly.'

The words of Anselmo struck Lothario with astonishment, ignorant of the purport of this long prelude and preamble, and though he strove to imagine what desire it might be that so troubled his friend, he ever shot wide of the mark. To relieve himself, therefore, of the anxiety caused by this suspense, he told Anselmo that he was doing a flagrant injustice to

their great friendship in using circuitous methods of confiding to him his secret thoughts, for he well knew he might reckon upon his advice in diverting them, or his help in carrying them into effect. 'That is true,' replied Anselmo, 'and relying upon that I will tell thee, friend Lothario, that the desire which harasses me is the longing to know whether my wife Camilla is as good and perfect as I think her to be. I cannot satisfy myself of the truth of this save by testing her in such a way that the trial may prove the purity of her virtue as the fire proves that of gold. For I am persuaded, friend, that a woman is virtuous only in proportion as she is or is not tempted, and that she alone is strong who does not yield to the promises, gifts, tears and importunities of earnest lovers. What thanks does a woman deserve for being good if no one urges her to be bad, and what wonder is it that she is reserved and modest to whom no opportunity is given of going astray, and who knows that she has a husband who will take her life the first time he detects in her an impropriety? I do not therefore hold her who is virtuous through fear or want of opportunity in the same esteem as her who comes out of temptation and trial with a crown of victory.

'For these reasons and many others I could give thee to justify and support the opinion I hold, I am anxious that Camilla my wife should pass through these trials and be purged and refined in the fire of temptation and solicitation, and that by one who may be worthy of aspiring to her affections. And if she comes off, as I believe she will, with the palm of the battle, I shall look upon my good fortune as unequalled. I shall be able to say that the cup of my desire is full, and that the woman of whom the sage asks, 'Who can find a virtuous woman?'<sup>(2)</sup> has fallen to my lot. If, on the other hand, it should happen contrary to what I expect, the pleasure of seeing that I was

right in my opinion will help me bear without complaint the pain which my so dearly bought experience will naturally cause me. Furthermore, as nothing of all that thou wilt urge in opposition to my wish will avail to keep me from carrying it into effect, it is my wish, Lothario, that thou shouldst consent to become the instrument for effecting this purpose, and I will afford thee opportunities to that end: nothing shall be lacking that I shall think necessary in the solicitation of a virtuous, honourable, modest and high-minded woman. Among other reasons I am moved to confide to thee so delicate an affair by the consideration that if Camilla be conquered by thee, the conquest will not be pushed to extremes but only far enough to account that achieved which had to be done by the terms of the compact, and thus I shall be wronged no more than in intention. My injury will thus remain hidden in the virtue of thy silence, which I know will be as lasting as that of death in what concerns me. If, therefore, thou wouldst have me enjoy a life worthy of the name, thou wilt at once engage in this love-conflict, not languidly nor lukewarmly, but with the energy and zeal that my desire demands and with the loyalty our friendship assures.'

Such were the words Anselmo addressed to Lothario, who listened to them with such attention that until Anselmo had finished he did not open his lips except to say what has already been set down. Seeing that he spoke no more, Lothario, after he had regarded him a good while, as if he was looking upon a thing never seen before that struck him with wonder and astonishment, at length said, 'I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, that what thou hast said to me is not in jest. Had I thought that thou wert speaking seriously, I would not have suffered thee to proceed so far and by lending thee no ear

have stopped thy long harangue. Truly I suspect that either thou dost not know me or I do not know thee, and yet I know thee well to be Anselmo and thou knowest that I am Lothario. The misfortune is, it seems to me, that thou art not the Anselmo thou wert and must have thought that I am not the Lothario I should be, for the things thou hast just said to me are not those of Anselmo who was my friend, nor are the things thou demandest of me what should be asked of the Lothario thou knowest. Good friends ought to use and prove their friends, as the poet says, *usque ad aras*<sup>(3)</sup>, which means that they must not use their friendship in things offensive to God. And if a heathen held this opinion on friendship, how much more should a Christian hold it, who holds that for no human friendship must the divine be forfeited? If a friend should go so far as to put aside his duty to Heaven in order to fulfil his duty to a friend, it should not be in matters that are trifling or of little moment but in such as affect the friend's life and honour. Now tell me, Anselmo, in which of these two art thou imperilled, that I should hazard myself to gratify thee and do so hateful a thing as thou askest of me? Neither forsooth; on the contrary, thou askest of me, as I understand, to strive and labour to rob thee of honour and life and to rob myself of them at the same time. For if I take away thy honour, it is plain I take away thy life, as a man without honour is worse than dead, and being the instrument, as thou wouldst have me be, of so much wrong to thee, shall not I, too, be left without honour and consequently without life? Listen to me, Anselmo my friend, and be not impatient to answer me until I have finished telling thee all that occurs to me touching what thou desirest, for there will be time enough to reply and for me to hear thee.' 'Be it so,' said Anselmo, 'say what thou wilt.'

Lothario then went on to say, 'It seems to me, Anselmo, that thine just now is the temper which is always that of the Moors, whom you cannot convince of the error of their ways by quotations from Scripture or by arguments of the reason or by those founded upon the articles of faith, but you must give them examples, palpable, easy, intelligible, capable of proof, not admitting of doubt, with mathematical demonstrations that cannot be gainsaid, like, If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal. And if they do not understand this in words, and indeed they do not, it has to be shown them with the hands and put before their eyes, and even with all this no one succeeds in persuading them of the truths of our holy religion. This same mode of procedure I shall have to adopt with thee, for the longing that has sprung up in thee is so absurd and remote from everything that has the semblance of reason, methinks it would be a waste of time to endeavour to convince thee of thy folly, for at present I will call it by no other name. I am even inclined to leave thee in thine infatuation, in punishment of thine evil desire. Yet the friendship I bear thee will not permit me to use this harshness nor allow me to desert thee in such manifest peril of thine own undoing. And that thou mayst clearly see this, Anselmo, hast thou not told me that I must force my suit upon a modest woman, decoy one that is virtuous, make overtures to one that is pure-minded, court her that is discreet? Yes, thou hast told me. But if thou knowest that thou hast a modest, chaste, scrupulous and discreet wife, what is it that thou seekest? And if thou believest that she will come forth victorious from all my attacks—as doubtless she would—what higher title than those she possesses now dost thou think that thou canst bestow upon her then, or in what will she be better then than she is now? Either thou dost



not hold her to be what thou sayest, or thou knowest not what thou dost demand. If thou dost not take her to be what thou sayest, why dost thou seek to prove her instead of treating her as guilty in the way that may seem best to thee? But if she be as virtuous as thou believest, it is an impertinent thing to make trial of truth itself, for after trial it will be in the same estimation as before. Therefore, we must conclude that to attempt things from which harm rather than good must spring is the part of rash and unreasoning minds, more especially when they are things to which we are not forced or driven, and which show from afar that it is manifest madness to attempt them.

‘Difficulties are attempted for the sake of God or for the sake of the world or for both. Those undertaken for God’s sake are those which the saints undertake when they try to live the lives of angels in human bodies. Those undertaken for the world’s sake are achieved by men who traverse a vast expanse of water, various climes, many strange countries, to acquire what are called the blessings of fortune. And those undertaken for God’s sake and the world’s together are those of brave soldiers, who no sooner do they see in the enemy’s wall a breach as wide as a cannon-ball can make, than, casting aside all fear, without taking any thought and without heeding the manifest peril that threatens them, borne on the wings of ambition to fight for their faith, their country and their king, they fling themselves dauntlessly into the midst of the thousand deaths that oppose them. Such are the things that men are wont to attempt, and there is honour, glory, gain in attempting them, however full of difficulty and peril they may be. But that which thou sayest it is thy wish to attempt and carry out will not win thee the glory of God nor the blessings of fortune nor fame among

men, for even if the issue be as thou wouldst have it, thou wilt be no happier, richer or more honoured than thou art at this moment. And if it turn out otherwise, thou wilt be reduced to misery greater than can be imagined, for then it will not avail thee to think that no one knows the misfortune that has befallen thee: it will suffice to torture and crush thee that thou knowest it thyself. In truth of what I say, let me repeat a stanza of the famous poet Luigi Tansillo<sup>(4)</sup> at the end of the first part of his *Tears of Saint Peter*:

The anguish and the shame in Peter's heart  
But greater grew as morning slowly came.  
No eye was there to see him, but the shame  
Of having sinned his conscience caused to smart.  
A noble breast will feel the pang of sin  
Though only Heaven and earth have part therein.

Thus by keeping it secret thou wilt not escape thy sorrow, but rather thou wilt shed tears unceasingly, if not tears of the eyes, tears of blood from the heart, like those shed by the simple doctor of whom our poet sings<sup>(5)</sup>, who made trial of the cup which the prudent Rinaldo, with better discretion, refrained from drinking. And although that be a poetic fiction, it contains a moral lesson worthy of ambition and study and imitation. Moreover, by what I am now about to say to thee thou wilt be led to see the great error thou wouldst commit.

'Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven or good fortune had made thee master and owner of a diamond of the finest quality, of the goodness and purity of which all the lapidaries who saw it were so satisfied that with one voice and common consent they admitted that in purity, quality and fineness it was all a stone of that kind could possibly be, and thou thyself were of the same belief, knowing naught to the contrary,

would it be reasonable in thee to wish to take that diamond and place it between an anvil and a hammer, and there by mere dint of blows prove it as hard and as fine as they said? And if thou did, and if the stone resisted so silly a test, that would add nothing to its value or reputation, whereas if it broke, as it might, would not all be lost? Yea, assuredly, leaving its owner to be rated a fool in the opinion of all. Consider then, Anselmo my friend, that Camilla is a diamond of the finest quality as well in thine estimation as in that of others, and that it is contrary to all reason to expose her to the risk of being broken. If she remain intact, she cannot rise to a higher value than she now possesses, whereas if she give way and be unable to resist, bethink thee how thou wilt be deprived of her and with what good reason thou wilt complain of thyself for having been the cause of her ruin and thine own.

‘Remember that there is no jewel in the world so precious as a chaste and virtuous woman and that their honour consists in the good opinion which is held of them, and since that of thy wife is such that it reaches to the extreme of goodness, why wouldst thou call that truth in question? Remember, my friend, that woman is an imperfect animal and that impediments are not to be put in her way to make her trip and fall. Rather they should be removed and her path left clear of all obstacles, so that without hindrance she may run her course freely and unencumbered to attain the desired perfection of being virtuous. Naturalists tell us that the ermine is a little animal with a fur of exceeding whiteness and when the hunters would catch it, they use this stratagem: having ascertained the places which it passes and haunts, they stop the way to them with mud, and then, rousing it, they drive it towards the spot, and as soon as the ermine comes to the mud, it halts and

allows itself to be taken captive rather than pass through the mire and spoil and sully its whiteness, which it values more than life and liberty. The virtuous and chaste woman is an ermine, and whiter and purer than snow is the virtue of modesty, but he who wishes her not to lose it, but to keep and preserve it, must adopt a course different from that employed with the ermine: he must not put before her the mire of the gifts and services of importunate lovers, for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, she may not have such natural virtue and strength as to enable her, of herself, to trample down and pass over these impediments. They must be removed and the brightness of virtue and the beauty of a fair fame must be put before her.

‘The good woman is also like a mirror of clear shining crystal, liable to be tarnished and dimmed by every breath that touches it. She must be treated as relics are: adored but not touched. She must be protected and prized as one protects and prizes a fair garden full of roses and flowers, the owner of which allows no one to trespass or to pluck a blossom; enough that from a distance and through the iron grating others enjoy its fragrance and its beauty. Finally, let me repeat some verses that come to my mind. I heard them in a modern comedy and it seems to me that they bear upon the point we are discussing. A prudent old man was giving advice to another, the father of a young girl, to lock her up, watch over her and keep her in seclusion, and among other arguments he used these:

Woman is a thing of glass,  
Who would test her is an ass.  
’Tis an easy thing to shatter,  
Mending is another matter.  
Remember there are golden showers  
Falling over Danaë’s bowers.

‘All that I have said to thee so far, Anselmo, has had reference to what concerns thee; now it is right that I should say something of what regards myself. And if I be prolix, pardon me, since it is required by the labyrinth into which thou has entered and from which thou wouldst have me extricate thee. Thou dost reckon me thy friend and wouldst deprive me of my honour, a thing which is against all friendship; and not only dost thou aim at this, but thou wouldst have me rob thee of it also. That thou wouldst rob me of it is clear, for when Camilla sees that I solicit her as thou desirest, it is certain that she will take me for a man without honour or right feeling, since I attempt and contrive a thing so contrary to my duty to myself and to thy friendship. That thou wouldst have me rob thee of it is beyond a doubt, for Camilla, seeing that I press my suit upon her, will suppose that I have seen in her some levity which makes me bold to discover to her my base desire. And if she holds herself dishonoured, her dishonour touches thee as belonging to her. Hence arises what is commonly found, that the husband of the adulterous woman, though he may not be aware of or have given any cause for his wife’s failure in her duty, nor has it been in his power by care and prudence to prevent his disgrace, for all that is called and stigmatized by a vile and reproachful name, and to a certain degree is looked upon by those who know of his wife’s depravity with the eyes of contempt instead of compassion, though they see that he is unfortunate not through his own fault but through the lust of a guilty consort.

‘But I will tell thee why with good reason the husband of the bad wife is dishonoured, though he knows not that she is so nor is himself to blame nor has shared with her nor has given cause for her fault.

Be not weary of listening to me, for it will redound to thine advantage. When God created our first parent in the earthly paradise, the Holy Scripture says that He infused sleep into Adam, and that while he slept He took a rib from his left<sup>(6)</sup> side of which He formed our mother Eve, and when Adam awoke and beheld her he said, 'This is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone.' And God said, 'For this shall a man leave his father and his mother, and they two shall be one flesh.' Then was instituted the divine sacrament of marriage, with such ties that death alone can unloose them. And such is the force and virtue of this miraculous sacrament, that it makes two different persons to be of one flesh, and even more than this in those well-married, for although they have two souls, they have but one will. Hence it follows that as the flesh of the wife is one and the same with that of her husband, the stains that come upon it or the injuries it incurs, fall upon the husband's flesh as well, though he, as has been said, may have given no cause for them. For as the pain of the foot or any other member is felt by the whole body, because all is one flesh, as the head feels the hurt to the ankle without having caused it, so the husband, being one with her, shares the dishonour of the wife. And as all worldly honour or dishonour comes of flesh and blood, and the erring wife's is of that kind, the husband must needs bear a part thereof and he be held dishonoured without knowing it. Reflect, then, O Anselmo, on the danger to which thou dost expose thyself in seeking to disturb the peace of thy virtuous consort. Reflect for how vain and impertinent a curiosity thou wouldst rouse the passions which now lie dormant in the bosom of thy chaste spouse. Reflect that what thou art staking all to win is slight and what thou mayst lose is so much that I leave it undescribed, not having the

words to express it. But if all I have said be not enough to turn thee from thy vile purpose, thou must seek some other instrument for thy dishonour and misfortune, for such I will not consent to be, though thereby I lose thy friendship, the greatest loss that I can conceive.'

Having thus spoken, the wise and virtuous Lothario was silent, and Anselmo, troubled in mind and deep in thought, for a long while could not utter a word; but at length he said, 'I have listened attentively, Lothario my friend, to all that thou hast told me, as thou hast seen, and in thine arguments, examples and comparisons I have marked thy great good sense and the perfect true friendship thou hast attained. Likewise I see and confess that if I am not guided by thine opinion, I am flying the good and pursuing the evil. This being so, thou hast to consider that I suffer now the infirmity which women sometimes suffer from, when the craving seizes them to eat earth, chalk, coal and things even worse, disgusting to look at, much more to eat. It will therefore be necessary to have recourse to some artifice for my cure, and this can easily be done by merely making a beginning of soliciting Camilla, though it be in a lukewarm and make-believe fashion, for she cannot be so frail as to surrender her virtue at the first encounter. With this mere attempt I shall rest satisfied and thou wilt have done what is due to our friendship, not only restoring me my life but convincing me that I retain my honour. And thou art bound to do this for one reason alone, that, being as I am, resolved to apply this test, it is not for thee to permit me to reveal my weakness to another and so imperil that honour thou art striving to keep me from losing. And though thine should suffer in some degree in Camilla's esteem, while thou solicitest her, that matters little or nothing, since in a short time,

when we find in her the integrity which we expect, thou wilt be able to tell her the simple truth as regards our stratagem and so regain thy place in her regard. Therefore, seeing how little thou venturkest, and how much pleasure thou canst give me in the venturing, refuse not to undertake it, even though further difficulties present themselves to thee, for, as I have said, if thou wilt only make a beginning, I shall account the issue decided.'

Seeing the fixed idea of Anselmo, and not knowing what further examples to adduce, nor what more arguments to offer to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding that he threatened to confide his pernicious scheme to some one else, Lothario, to avoid a greater evil resolved to gratify him and do what he asked, intending to manage the business so as to satisfy Anselmo without corrupting the mind of Camilla. Therefore in his reply he told him not to communicate his purpose to another, for he would undertake the task himself and would begin it as soon as he pleased. Anselmo embraced him warmly and affectionately, thanking him for his offer as if he had bestowed some great favour upon him. And it was agreed between the two to set about it the next day, when he would give Lothario time and opportunity to speak alone with Camilla and provide him also with money and jewels to offer and present to her. He suggested also that he should treat her to music and to write verses which, if he would not trouble to make them, he himself would compose. Lothario agreed to all with an intention very different from what Anselmo supposed; and with this understanding they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla, anxious and full of care, awaiting her husband, for that day he was later than usual in returning. Lothario repaired to his own house and Anselmo remained in his, as well satisfied in his



mind as Lothario was troubled in his, for he could see no satisfactory way out of this ill-advised business.

That night, however, he thought of a plan whereby he might deceive Anselmo without any injury to Camilla. The next day he went to dine with his friend and was welcomed by Camilla, who received and treated him with great cordiality. When dinner was over and the cloth removed, Anselmo told Lothario to stay there with Camilla while he attended to some pressing business, as he would return in an hour and a half. Camilla begged him not to go and Lothario offered to accompany him, but nothing could persuade Anselmo, who pressed Lothario the more to abide there, as he had a matter of great importance to discuss with him. At the same time he bade Camilla not to leave Lothario alone until he came back. In short he managed to put so good a face on the reason, or the folly, of his absence that no one could have suspected it was a pretense.

Anselmo took his departure, and Camilla and Lothario were left alone at the table, for the rest of the household had gone to dinner. Lothario found himself engaged in the lists as his friend had desired and facing an enemy that could by her beauty alone vanquish a squadron of armed knights. Judge whether he had good reason to fear! But what he did was to lean his elbow on the arm of the chair and his cheek upon his hand, and asking Camilla's pardon for his bad manners, he said he wished to take a little sleep until Anselmo returned. Camilla in reply said he would repose more at his ease on the cushions than in his chair and begged of him to go in and sleep there. But Lothario declined and there he remained asleep until the return of Anselmo, who, finding Camilla in her own room and Lothario

asleep, imagined that he had stayed away long enough to have afforded them time for conversation and even for sleep and was impatient till Lothario awoke so that he might go out with him and question him as to his success. Everything fell out as he wished: Lothario awoke and the pair at once left the house, and Anselmo asked what he was anxious to know, and Lothario in answer told him that he had not thought it advisable to declare himself entirely the first time, and had therefore only praised Camilla for her beauty, telling her that in all the city they talked of nothing save her loveliness and wit, for this seemed to him an excellent way of beginning to gain her good-will and render her disposed to listen to him the next time, thus availing himself of the device the devil has recourse to when he would deceive one who is on the watch, for, being the angel of darkness, he transforms himself into an angel of light and, under cover of a fair seeming, in the end reveals himself and succeeds in his intent, if in the beginning his wiles are not discovered. Anselmo was greatly pleased at all this and promised to give him every day the same opportunity, but without leaving the house, for he would so occupy himself there that Camilla should not get an inkling of the plot.

Thus, then, several days went by, and Lothario, without uttering a word to Camilla, reported to Anselmo that he had talked with her but he had never been able to draw from her the slightest indication of consent dishonourable, nor even a sign or shadow of hope. On the contrary, he said that she threatened that if he did not abandon such a wicked idea she would inform her husband of it. 'So far well,' said Anselmo: 'hitherto Camilla has resisted words; we must now see how far she will resist deeds. To-morrow I will give

thee two thousand crowns in gold for thee to offer her or even present, and as many more to buy jewels to lure her, for women, be they ever so chaste, especially if they be good-looking, are fond of being well decked and going gaily dressed. If she resist this temptation, I shall be satisfied and give thee no more trouble.' Lothario replied that now he had begun he would carry on the undertaking to the end, though he believed he would issue therefrom weary and vanquished. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand perplexities, for he knew not what to say by way of a new falsehood, but in the end he made up his mind to tell him that Camilla stood as firm against gifts and promises as against words, and that there was no use in tiring himself more, for all this time was spent in vain.

But chance, directing things otherwise, so ordered it that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as on other occasions, shut himself in a chamber and posted himself to watch and listen through the keyhole to what passed between them, and perceived that for more than half an hour Lothario did not utter a word to Camilla, nor would utter a word though he was to be there for an age. Therefore he concluded that what his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was all invention and lying, and to discover if this were so he left the room and calling Lothario asked him what news he had and in what humour Camilla was. Lothario replied that he was disposed not to continue with the business, for she had answered him so sharply and bitterly that he had no heart to say anything more to her. 'Ah, Lothario, Lothario,' cried Anselmo, 'how ill dost thou respond to the affection thou owest me and the confidence I have in thee! I have been just now watching through this keyhole and I have seen that

thou hast not said a word to Camilla, whence I conclude that on the former occasions thou hast not spoken to her either, and if this be so, as no doubt it is, why dost thou deceive me, or why by thine artifice dost thou deprive me of the means I would use to satisfy my longing?’

Anselmo said no more, but he had said enough to cover Lothario with shame and confusion, and taking his being caught in a lie as a point of honour, Lothario swore to Anselmo that from that moment he charged himself with the duty of satisfying him without any deception, as he would see if he had the curiosity to watch, albeit it would not be necessary for him to take this trouble, for that which he intended to do for his satisfaction would remove all suspicions from his mind. Anselmo believed him, and to provide him with an opportunity more secure and free of interruption, he resolved to absent himself from his house for eight days, betaking himself to that of a friend who lived in a village not far from the city, and the better to account for his departure to Camilla, he so arranged it that the friend should send him a very pressing invitation. Unhappy, short-sighted Anselmo, what art thou doing, what art thou plotting, what devising? Mind thee, thou art working against thyself, plotting thine own dishonour, devising thine own ruin. Thy wife Camilla is virtuous, thou dost possess her in peace and quietness, no one meddles with thy happiness, her thoughts wander not beyond the walls of thine house, thou art her heaven on earth, the object of her wishes, the fulfilment of her desires, the measure wherewith she measures her will, making it conform in all things to thine and Heaven’s. Since then the mine of her beauty, virtue and modesty yields thee without toil all the wealth thou hast and canst covet, why wilt thou dig the earth in search of fresh

veins, of new unknown treasure, risking the collapse of all, since it but rests upon the feeble props of her weak nature? Bethink thee that from him who seeks impossibilities even the possible may rightly be denied, as a poet has better expressed it, saying:

I seek for life in death  
And vigour in disease.  
In chains I find my ease  
And freedom's breath.

I never look to Fate  
To grant me aught of weal—  
My only food to feel  
My empty state.

The next day Anselmo took his departure for the village, leaving instructions with Camilla that during his absence Lothario would come to look after the house and dine with her, and that she was to treat him as she would himself. Camilla was distressed, as a discreet and right-minded woman would be, and bade her husband remember that it was not becoming that anyone should occupy his seat at the table during his absence, and if he acted thus from not feeling confidence that she would be able to manage his house, let him try her this time and he would find by experience that she was equal to greater responsibilities. Anselmo replied that it was his pleasure to have it so and that she had only to submit and obey. Camilla said she would do so, though against her will.

Anselmo went away and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was received by Camilla by a friendly and modest welcome, but she never suffered Lothario to see her alone, for she was always attended by her men and women-servants, especially by a handmaid of hers named Leonela, to whom she was much attached (for they had been

brought up together in her father's house) and whom she had kept with her after her marriage with Anselmo. The first three days Lothario did not speak to her, though he might have done so when the servants removed the cloth and went to their hurried dinner, for such were Camilla's orders. Leonela had directions to dine earlier than Camilla and never to leave her side, but the girl, having her thoughts fixed on other things more to her taste and wanting that time and opportunity for her own pleasures, did not always obey her mistress's commands, but on the contrary left them alone as if they had ordered her to do so. The modest bearing of Camilla, the calmness of her countenance, the composure of her person were enough to bridle the tongue of Lothario, and yet this influence which the many virtues of Camilla exerted in imposing silence on Lothario's tongue proved mischievous for both of them, for if his tongue was silent, his thoughts were eloquent, and he had leisure to contemplate the perfections of Camilla's goodness and beauty one by one, charms enough to warm with love a marble statue, not to say a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed upon her when he might have been speaking to her and thought how worthy of being loved she was, and this reflection began little by little to assail his allegiance to Anselmo, and a thousand times he wished to absent himself from the city and go where Anselmo should never see him nor he, Camilla. But already the delight he felt in gazing on her interposed and held him fast. He struggled and fought with himself to expel and repress the pleasure he took in contemplating Camilla. When alone, he blamed himself for his weakness, called himself a bad friend, nay, a bad Christian. Then he argued the matter and compared himself with Anselmo, always coming to the conclusion that

the folly and rashness of Anselmo had been worse than his own faithlessness, and that if he had as good an excuse before God as he had before men for what he intended to do, he need fear no punishment for his offence.

In short the beauty and goodness of Camilla, joined with the opportunity which the blind husband had placed in his hands, overthrew the loyalty of Lothario; and giving heed to nothing save the object to which his inclinations led him, after Anselmo had been absent three days, during which he had been carrying a struggle with his passion, he began to make love to Camilla with so much vehemence and warmth of language that she was confounded and could only rise from her place and retire to her room without answering a word. But not by this coldness were the hopes of Lothario chilled (for hope is always born with love): on the contrary his passion for Camilla increased. Having discovered in Lothario what she had never suspected, she knew not what to do, but considering it neither safe nor seemly to give him the chance of speaking to her again, she resolved to send, as she did that very night, one of her servants with a letter to Anselmo, wherein was written:

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Rudolph Schevill in *A Note on El Curioso Impertinente* (*Revue Hispanique* 1910) shows that Cervantes bases this story on a tale of Cristóbal de Villalón entitled *El Crotalón*, which is in turn based on *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto XLIII 13-43. <sup>(2)</sup>Proverbs XXXIV 10. <sup>(3)</sup>Not a poet, but Plutarch *Pericles*. <sup>(4)</sup>Of Naples; the Spanish translation is probably by Cervantes. <sup>(5)</sup>Cervantes has confounded two different stories in the *Orlando Furioso* canto 43: it was not the doctor but a cavalier, Rinaldo's host, who tried the test of the cup. <sup>(6)</sup>Saint Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, wrote a Latin poem on the creation of the world, in which are the lines:

Tunc vero cunctis costarum ex ossibus unam  
Subducit laevo lateri, carneinque reponit,—

## CHAPTER XXXIV

The Novel of the Impertinent Paul Pry continued

**I**T is commonly said that an army looks ill without its general and a castle without its keeper, and I say that a young married woman looks still worse without her husband, unless there are the strongest reasons to keep him away. I find myself in such an ill plight without thee, that if thou do not come speedily, I shall have to go and take refuge in my father's house, even though I leave thine without a guard, for the one thou didst leave me, if indeed he deserves that title, has, I think, more regard to his own pleasure than to what concerns thee. As thou art discerning I need say no more to thee, nor is it fitting that I should.'

Anselmo received this letter and gathered therefrom that Lothario had begun his task and that Camilla must have replied to him as he would have wished. Delighted beyond measure at such intelligence, he sent her word not to change her home on any account, as he would very shortly return. Camilla was astonished at Anselmo's reply, which placed her in greater embarrassment than before, since she dared neither to remain in her own house nor go to that of her parents, for in remaining she imperilled her honour and in going she transgressed her husband's commands. Finally she chose the worse course, which was to remain, with the determination of not avoiding Lothario's presence, that she might not give the servants cause to talk. She now was sorry that she had written what she did to her husband, fearing lest he think that Lothario had noticed in her some lightness which had moved him to lay aside the re-



spect he owed her. But, confident of her rectitude, she put her trust in God and in her own virtuous intentions, with which she hoped to resist in silence all the solicitations of Lothario, without saying anything to her husband so as not to involve him in any quarrel or trouble; she even began to consider how to excuse Lothario to Anselmo when he should ask her what had induced her to write that letter.

With these resolutions, more honourable than judicious or effectual, the next day she stayed to give ear to Lothario, who pressed his suit so strenuously that Camilla's firmness began to waver, and her virtue had enough to do to come to the rescue of her eyes and keep them from showing signs of a certain tender compassion which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her bosom. All this Lothario noted, and it inflamed him all the more. In short he felt that while Anselmo's absence afforded him time and opportunity, he must press the siege of the fortress, and so he assailed her self-esteem with praises of her beauty, for there is nothing that more quickly reduces the embattled towers of fair women's vanity than this same vanity posted upon the tongue of flattery. Indeed, he industriously undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines that, even though Camilla had been all of brass, she must have fallen. He wept, he prayed, he promised, he flattered, he persisted, and he feigned with so much feeling, with such tokens of earnestness, that he overthrew Camilla's chastity and arrived at the victory he least expected and most desired. Camilla yielded, Camilla surrendered, but what wonder, since Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A clear proof to us that the passion of love is only to be conquered by flying from it, and that no one should engage in a struggle against so potent an enemy, for divine strength is needed to overcome his human power.

Leonela alone knew of her mistress's weakness, for the two false friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lothario did not wish to tell Camilla of Anselmo's scheme, nor that the latter had given him the opportunity of achieving that result, lest she should undervalue his love and think that it was by chance and without intention or design that he had solicited her.

A few days later Anselmo returned to his house and did not perceive what it had lost: the thing which he so lightly treated and so highly prized. He went at once to see Lothario and found him at home. They embraced each other and Anselmo asked for the tidings of his life or of his death. 'The tidings I have to give thee, Anselmo my friend, is that thou hast a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I spake to her have been given to the wind; my promises have been despised; my presents rejected; of my feigned tears she has made an open jest. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, so she is the treasure-house where purity dwells, and where gentleness and prudence and all the virtues abide that can make an honest woman worthy of praise and happiness. Take back thy money, friend: here it is, for I have had no need to touch it, for Camilla's integrity yields not to things so base as gifts and promises. Be content, Anselmo, and refrain from further proof, and now that thou hast passed dry-shod over the sea of doubts and difficulties that are and may be entertained of women, seek not to plunge anew into the deep gulf of fresh embarrassments, nor to make trial with another pilot of the goodness and strength of the vessel that Heaven has granted thee for thy passage across the sea of this world. Reckon that thou art now safe in port, moor thyself with the anchor of sound reflection, and rest until thou art called upon to pay that

debt which no nobility on earth can escape paying.'

Anselmo was made most happy with Lothario's words and believed them as firmly as if they had been spoken by some oracle. Nevertheless he begged him not to give up the undertaking, even if it were for nothing more than curiosity and pastime, though from now on he need not use such pressing means as before. All he wished was for him to write some verses to her, praising her under the name of Chloris, and he himself would give her to understand that he was in love with a lady to whom he had given that name, that he might be able to celebrate her praises with the respect due her honour, and if Lothario did not wish to take the trouble of writing the verses, he would write them himself. 'That will not be necessary,' said Lothario, 'for the muses are not such enemies of mine but that they visit me now and then in the course of the year. Tell Camilla what thou hast said of my pretended amour, and I will make the verses, and if they are not as good as the subject deserves, they shall at least be the best I can produce.' Thus the foolish husband and the traitorous friend agreed, and Anselmo, returning to his house, asked Camilla the question she already wondered he had not asked before—why had she written the letter she had sent him. Camilla replied that it had seemed to her that Lothario looked at her a little more freely than when he was at home, but that now she was undeceived and believed it to have been only her own imagination, for Lothario now avoided seeing her or being alone with her. Anselmo told her that she might rest quite easy on the score of that suspicion, for he knew that Lothario was in love with a noble damsel in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris, and that even if he were not, she had nothing to doubt of Lothario's truth and the great friendship which existed between them. Had

not Camilla been advised by Lothario that this love for Chloris was feigned, and that he himself had told Anselmo of it that he might be able now and then to give utterance to the praises of Camilla herself, she would doubtless have fallen into the despairing toils of jealousy, but, as she was forewarned, the alarm passed without uneasiness.

The next day as the three were at table Anselmo asked Lothario to recite something of what he had composed for his mistress Chloris, for, as Camilla did not know her, he might safely say what he liked. 'Even though she did know her,' replied Lothario, 'I would hide nothing, for when a lover praises his lady's beauty and charges her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her fair name. In any case all I can say is that yesterday I composed a sonnet on the ingratitude of this Chloris, and it runs thus:

When in the darkness of the silent night  
Soft sleep doth lap all mortals in repose,  
To thee the poor account of my rich woes,  
My Chloris, and to Heaven I still recite.  
And when once more uprisen, Phoebus bright  
His face through rosy bars of Orient shows,  
With sighs and sad laments my heart renews  
The stale rehearsal of its mournful plight.  
And when the Sun, down from his starry throne,  
Straight beams of fire upon the earth doth rain,  
My sighs I double and my bitter tears;  
The night returns and still returns my moan,  
And still I find in this my mortal pain,  
All Heaven deaf and Chloris without ears<sup>(1)</sup>.

The sonnet pleased Camilla and still more Anselmo, who praised it and said that the lady was excessively cruel in that she made no return for sincerity so manifest. Upon this Camilla said, 'Then is all truth that love-smitten poets tell?' 'As poets they do not tell the truth,' replied Lothario, 'but as lovers they are as slow to express it as they are truthful.'

‘There is no doubt of that,’ observed Anselmo, anxious to uphold and support Lothario’s ideas with Camilla, who was as regardless of his design as she was deep in love with Lothario, and so, taking delight in anything that was his and knowing that his desires and his verses were addressed to herself and that she was the real Chloris, she begged him, if he knew another sonnet or other verses, to repeat them. ‘I do,’ replied Lothario, ‘but I do not think it as good as the first one, or better say, less bad; but you can easily judge, for it is this:

I know that I am doomed: death is to me  
As certain as that thou, ungrateful fair,  
Dead at thy feet shouldst see me lying, ere  
My heart repented of its love for thee.  
If buried in oblivion I should be,  
Bereft of life, fame, favour, even there  
It would be found that I thy image bear  
Deep graven in my breast for all to see.  
This like some holy relic do I prize  
To save me from the fate my truth entails,  
Truth that to thy hard heart its vigour owes.  
Alas for him that under lowering skies,  
In peril o’er a trackless ocean sails,  
Where neither friendly port nor pole-star shows<sup>(2)</sup>.

Anselmo praised this second sonnet also, as he had praised the first; and so he went on adding link after link to the chain with which he was binding himself and making his dishonour secure, since when Lothario most dishonoured him, he assured him that he was most honoured. And thus each step that Camilla descended towards the centre of her disgrace, she mounted, in the opinion of her husband, towards the summit of virtue and fair fame.

It so happened that finding herself on one occasion alone with her maid, Camilla said to her, ‘I am ashamed to think, my dear Leonela, how lightly I have valued myself that I did not compel Lothario

to spend some time in purchasing the full possession of what I gave him so readily of my own free will. I fear that he will despise my pliancy and lightness, without reflecting on the force he used with me to make me unable to resist him.' 'Let not that trouble you, my lady,' said Leonela, 'for it is of no moment nor does it make a gift the less precious to give it quickly if it be really valuable and worthy of being prized. Nay, they are wont to say that he who gives quickly gives twice.' 'It is also said,' replied Camilla, 'that what costs little is little valued.' 'That does not hold good in your case,' returned the maid, 'for love, as I have heard said, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; with this one he gallops, and with the other moves slowly; some he wounds, others he slays; in one moment he begins the course of his desires and in the same moment fulfils and ends it; in the morning he will lay siege to a fortress and by night will have taken it, for there is no power that can resist him. So what do you dread, what do you fear, when the same must have befallen Lothario? Love chose the absence of my lord as the instrument of your defeat, and during it need required that what love had designed should be concluded, without giving time for Anselmo to return and by his presence cause the work to remain unfinished. For love has no better agent for carrying out his designs than opportunity, and of opportunity he avails himself in all his acts, especially at the beginning. All this I know very well myself, more by experience than by hearsay, and some day, lady, I will enlighten you on the subject, for I am of young flesh and blood too. Moreover, lady Camilla, you did not surrender yourself so quickly but that first you saw Lothario's whole soul in his eyes, in his sighs, in his words, his promises and his gifts, and by it and his good qualities perceived how worthy he was

of your love. Since this is so, let not these simple and prudish thoughts trouble your fancy, but rest assured that Lothario prizes you as you do him, and live happy and contented that since you have fallen in the amorous snare, he who catches you is of worth and honour, and that he not only possesses the four S's<sup>(3)</sup>, which they say all good lovers should have, but also a whole alphabet. Only listen to me and you will see how I can repeat it by rote. He is, to my eyes and thinking, Amiable, Brave, Courteous, Distinguished, Eager, Faithful, Gay, Honourable, Illustrious, Kind, Loyal, Manly, Noble, Open, Polite, Quick, Rich—the S's according to the saying—and then Tender, Valiant, Warm. The X squares not with him as it is a harsh letter; the Y has already been given; and Z Zealous of your honour.'

Camilla laughed at her maid's alphabet and perceived her to be more expert in love-affairs than she had supposed. Indeed, the maid confessed as much, revealing to Camilla how she had an amour with a young man of good birth in that city. At this Camilla was much disturbed, dreading lest this be the means whereby her own honour might be imperilled. She pressed her to say whether their converse had gone beyond words. With no shame and much effrontery she said that it had, for it is certain that the faults of the mistresses make servants shameless, who, once they see their mistresses may take a false step, think nothing of stumbling themselves and letting it be known. Camilla could only beseech Leonela not to tell of her affair to him whom she called her lover, and to conduct her own affairs secretly lest they should come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonela promised but kept her word in such a way that she confirmed Camilla's apprehension of losing her reputation through her means. For this bold and abandoned Leonela, when

she found that her mistress's conduct was not what it used to be, had the effrontery to introduce and lodge her lover within the house, being confident that, although her mistress saw him, she would not dare to betray him, since the sins of mistresses entail this mischief among others: they make themselves the slaves of their own servants and are obliged to screen their frailties and vices. Thus it happened with Camilla, who though she perceived not once but many times that Leonela was with her lover in some room of the house, not only did not dare to chide her, but afforded her opportunities for concealing him and removed all difficulties, lest he should be seen by her husband. She was unable, however, to prevent him being seen, on one occasion as he sallied forth at daybreak, by Lothario, who, not knowing who he was, at first took him for a spirit, but, as soon as he saw him hasten away, muffling his face with his cloak and concealing himself carefully and cautiously, he fell from one silly notion into another, which would have been the ruin of all had not Camilla found a remedy. It did not occur to Lothario that this man he had seen issuing at such an untimely hour from Anselmo's house could have entered it for the sake of Leonela, nor did he even remember there was such a person as Leonela. All he thought was that as Camilla had been easy and light with him, so she had been with another, for this further penalty the erring woman's sin brings with it, that her honour is distrusted even by him to whose prayers and persuasions she has yielded, he believing that she has yielded even more easily to others and giving implicit confidence to every suspicion that enters his mind.

All Lothario's good sense seems to have failed him at this juncture; all his prudent maxims escaped his memory, for, without stopping to frame one that



was good or even reasonable, in his impatience and in the blindness of the jealous rage that inwardly consumed him, dying to be avenged on Camilla, who had done him no wrong, he went to Anselmo, before he was risen, and said, 'Know, Anselmo, that for many days I have had a struggle with myself, striving not to tell thee what is no longer right or possible that I should hide from thee. Know that Camilla's fortress has surrendered and is ready to submit to my will, and if I have been slow to reveal this fact to thee, it has been because I would first see if it were not some slight caprice of hers, or if she perhaps sought to try me and learn if the love I began to make to her with thy permission was made in earnest. I thought, too, that she, if she were what she ought to be and what we both believed her, would have ere this informed thee of my suit. But seeing that she delays to do so, I conclude that the promise she has given me is a true one, namely, that the next time thou art absent from home, she would speak with me in the cabinet where thy jewels are kept (and indeed it was there that Camilla was wont to receive him). But I do not wish thee precipitately to take vengeance, for the sin is as yet only committed in intention, and it may be that Camilla's may change between this and the appointed time, and repentance spring up in its place. As hitherto thou hast followed my advice wholly or in part, follow and observe this that I will give thee now, so that, without mistake and with ripe deliberation, thou mayst satisfy thyself as to what is most expedient for thee to do. Feign to absent thyself for two or three days, as thou hast been wont to do before, and contrive to conceal thyself in thy wardrobe, for the tapestries and other things there afford every convenience, and then thou wilt see with thine own eyes and I with mine what

Camilla intends. And if it be guilt, as is rather to be feared than expected, thou canst be the avenger of the wrong—silently, cautiously, discreetly.’

Anselmo was amazed, confounded and stupefied at the words of Lothario, for they came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them, since he already regarded Camilla as victorious over the feigned attacks of Lothario and he had begun to enjoy the glory of her triumph. He remained silent for a long time, looking at the ground with fixed gaze but at length said, ‘Thou hast behaved, Lothario, as I expected of thy friendship. I will follow thine advice in everything. Do as thou wilt, but keep this secret as thou seest it should be kept in circumstances so unlooked for.’ Lothario promised he would, but in parting from him he repented wholly of what he had said, reflecting how foolishly he had behaved, as he might have revenged himself upon Camilla in some less cruel and degrading way. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his hasty resolution, and knew not what course to take to undo the mischief or find some ready escape from it. At last he resolved to tell Camilla all, and as there was no want of opportunity for doing so, he found her alone the same day. But she, as soon as she saw that she could speak to him, said, ‘Know, friend Lothario, that I have a sorrow at my heart which so fills it that it seems ready to burst, and it will be a marvel if it does not, for the audacity of Leonela has now reached such a pitch that every night she conceals a gallant of hers in this house and remains with him till morning, at the expense of my reputation, inasmuch as it is open to anyone to question it who may see him quitting my house at such unseasonable hours. But what distresses me is that I cannot punish or chide her, for she, being privy to our intrigue, puts a bridle on my tongue and keeps

me silent about hers, and I fear that some harm will ensue.'

As Camilla said this, Lothario at first believed it to be some device to delude him into the idea that the man he had seen leaving the house was Leonela's lover and not her own, but when he saw how she wept and suffered and begged him to help her, he became convinced of the truth, and this conviction completed his own confusion and remorse. However, he told Camilla not to distress herself, as he would devise a means of restraining Leonela's insolence. He told her also of what, driven by the fierce rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how it was agreed he should be hidden in the wardrobe that he might there see plainly how little she preserved her fidelity to him. He besought her pardon for his madness and her advice as to how to repair it and escape safely from the intricate labyrinth in which his imprudence had involved him. Camilla was alarmed at hearing what Lothario said and, with much anger and with many and just reproaches, rebuked him for his evil suspicion and the foolish and mischievous plan he had made. But as woman has by nature a nimbler wit than man for good and for evil, though it is apt to fail when she sets herself deliberately to reason, Camilla on the spur of the moment thought of a way to remedy that apparently irremediable business. She told Lothario that he should try to conceal Anselmo the next day where he had arranged, for out of this hiding she hoped to obtain the means of their enjoying themselves for the future without any fear of surprise. Without revealing to him the whole of her plan, she instructed him that, when Anselmo had been hidden, he should come to her when Leonela should call him, and that to whatever she said he should answer as he would if he did not know that

Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to tell her scheme fully, that he might with greater safety and caution take care to do whatever he saw needful. 'I tell you,' said Camilla, 'there is nothing to take care of save to answer me what I shall ask you,' for she did not wish to explain to him beforehand what she meant to do, fearing lest he might be unwilling to carry out a plan that seemed to her so good and should try or devise another less practical.

Lothario then retired, and the next day Anselmo, under pretense of going to his friend's country-house, took his departure, but returned and hid himself, which he was able to do easily, as Camilla and Leonela took care to give him the opportunity. His agitation was such as may be conceived he would feel who expects to see with his own eyes the death-blow given to his honour and finds himself on the point of losing the supreme blessing he thought he possessed in his beloved Camilla. She and Leonela, having made sure that Anselmo was in hiding, entered the cabinet, and scarce had she set foot therein when Camilla, heaving a good sigh, said, 'Ah, friend Leonela, were it not better, before I do what I am unwilling you should know lest you should seek to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger which I have asked of you, and pierce with it this infamous heart of mine? But no: there is no reason why I should suffer the punishment of another's fault. I will first know what it is that the bold licentious eyes of Lothario have seen in me to give him the courage to declare to me so base a passion as that which he has disclosed to the prejudice of his friend and mine honour. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him, for no doubt he is in the street waiting to carry out his vile project; but mine, cruel it may be, but honourable, shall be carried out first.'

‘Ah, lady,’ said the crafty Leonela, who knew her part, ‘what is it you want to do with this dagger? Can it be that you mean to take your own life, or Lothario’s? for whichever you do, it will lead to the loss of your reputation and good name. It is better to dissemble your wrong and not give this wicked man the chance of entering the house now and finding us alone. Consider, lady, we are weak women and he is a man and a determined one, and as he comes with such a base purpose, blinded with passion, perhaps before you can put yours into execution he may do what will be worse for you than taking your life. Ill betide my master Anselmo for giving such authority in his house to this shameless fellow! But should you kill him, my lady, as I think you mean to do, what shall we do with him when he is dead?’ ‘What, my friend?’ replied Camilla; ‘we shall leave him for Anselmo to bury, for it is just that he should have for recreation the labour of hiding his own infamy under ground. Summon him, make haste, for all the time I delay in taking vengeance for my wrong seems to me an offence against the loyalty I owe my husband.’

Anselmo was listening to all this and at every word that Camilla uttered his mind changed, but when he heard that she was resolved to kill Lothario, he wished to come out and discover himself, lest she might do such a deed. But in his anxiety to see the issue of a resolution so bold and virtuous he restrained himself, intending to come forth in time to prevent the deed. At this moment Camilla, throwing herself upon a bed that was close by, swooned away, and Leonela began to weep bitterly, exclaiming, ‘Woe is me! that I should be fated to have die in my arms the flower of chastity upon earth, the crown of true wives, the pattern of virtue!’ with more to the same effect, so that anyone that

heard her would have taken her for the most tender-hearted and faithful handmaid in the world and her mistress for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla was not long in recovering from her fainting-fit, and on coming to she said, 'Why do you not go, Leonela, to call hither that most disloyal of friends that the sun ever shone upon or the night ever screened? Be quick, run, haste, fly, lest the fire of the rage with which I burn be quenched by delay and the just vengeance I aim at pass away in menaces and curses.' 'I go to call him, my lady,' said Leonela, 'but you must first give me that dagger, lest while I am away you should do a thing with it which would make all those who love you weep all their lives long.' 'Fear not, friend Leonela, I will not do it, for rash and foolish to your mind as I may be, in defending mine honour, I shall not be so much so as that Lucretia, of whom they say she slew herself without having committed any fault and without having first slain him who was guilty of her misfortune. I shall die, if I am to die, but I will be satisfied and avenged on him who has brought me to this pass, to weep for his insolences, begotten of no fault of mine.'

Leonela required much pressing before she would go to summon Lothario, but at last she went, and while waiting her return Camilla continued, as if speaking to herself, 'Good God! would it not have been more prudent to have repulsed Lothario, as I have done many times before, than to allow him, as I am now doing, to think me unchaste and wicked, even for the short time I must wait until I undeceive him? No doubt it would have been better, but I should not be avenged nor the honour of my husband vindicated, if he should come off so safely and smoothly from the pass whither his evil desires led him. Let the traitor pay with his life for that which

out of lewd passion he attempted, and let the world know (if haply it shall ever come to know) that Camilla not only preserved her allegiance to her husband but avenged him of the man who dared to wrong him. Still, I think it might be better to disclose this to Anselmo, though I have already given him a hint of it in the letter I wrote to him in the country, and if he did nothing to prevent the mischief I there pointed out to him, I suppose it was that from pure goodness of heart and trustfulness he could not and would not believe that any thought against his honour could be harboured in the bosom of so firm a friend. Nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should I ever have believed it if his insolence had not gone so far as to make it manifest by open presents, large promises and continual tears. But why do I argue thus? does a bold resolve stand in need of arguments? Surely not. Then fears avaunt! Vengeance to mine aid! Let the false one come, approach, advance, die, end, then come what come may. Pure I came into the possession of him whom Heaven gave me for my own, and pure I must go from him, even though I go bathed in my own chaste blood and in the foul blood of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw,' and as she uttered these words, she paced the room with the unsheathed dagger, with such irregular and disordered steps and with such gestures, that one would have supposed her to have lost her senses and taken her for a raging desperado rather than a delicate woman.

Concealed behind the tapestries Anselmo beheld all and was amazed by all and already felt that what he had seen and heard was proof enough against even greater suspicions. And he would have now been well pleased if the trial of Lothario's coming had been excused, as he feared some sudden mishap.

But as he was on the point of showing himself and coming forth to embrace and undeceive his wife, he paused as he saw Leonela returning, leading Lothario. As soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line on the floor before her and said, 'Lothario, take note of what I say to thee: if by any chance thou dare pass this line thou seest, or even approach it, the instant I see thee attempt it, I will pierce my bosom with this dagger that I hold in my hand. And before thou answerest me a word I desire that thou listen to a few from me, and afterwards thou shalt reply as may please thee. First, Lothario, I desire thee to tell me if thou knowest my husband Anselmo and in what esteem thou regardest him. Secondly, I desire to know if thou knowest me too. Answer me this, without embarrassment or reflecting deeply what thou wilt answer, since they are no riddles I put to thee.'

Lothario was not so dull but that, from the moment Camilla bade him make Anselmo hide himself, he understood what was the part she intended him to play, and he therefore fell into her design so aptly and promptly that between them they made the imposture pass for something more than the truth itself; so he answered her thus, 'I did not think, fair Camilla, that thou wert calling me to answer questions so remote from the object with which I come. But if it is to postpone the promised favour, thou mightst have put it off still longer, for the coveted boon torments us the more as the hope of possessing it comes nearer. But lest thou shouldst say that I do not answer thy questions, I reply that I know thy husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our earliest years. I will not speak of what thou too knowest of our friendship, that I may not make myself a witness of the wrong which love compels me to do him, the potent excuse for the



greatest faults. Thee I know and hold in the same esteem that he does, for were it not so, I had not for a lesser prize acted in opposition to what I owe to my station and the holy laws of true friendship, now broken and violated through that powerful enemy, love.'

'If thou dost confess that,' returned Camilla, 'O mortal enemy of all that rightly deserves to be loved, with what face dost thou dare to come before one whom thou knowest to be the mirror wherein he is reflected, on whom thou also shouldst have looked that thou mightst see with how little cause thou dost wrong him? But woe is me! I now understand what has made thee give so little heed to what thou owest to thyself: it must have been some freedom of mine, for I will not call it immodesty, as it did not proceed from any deliberate intention, but from some heedlessness such as women are guilty of through inadvertence when they think there is no reason for reserve. But tell me, traitor, when did I give a reply to thy prayers by word or sign that could awaken in thee a shadow of hope of attaining thy base wishes? When were not thy words of love sternly and scornfully rebuked and repelled by mine? When were thy many promises and still more frequent presents believed or accepted by me? But as I am persuaded that no one can long persevere in the attempt to win love unsustained by some hope, I am willing to attribute to myself the blame of thine assurance, for no doubt some thoughtlessness of mine has all this time fostered thy presumption. Therefore I would punish myself and take on me the blame which thine offence deserves. And that thou mayst see that being so cruel to myself it was not possible to be other than cruel to thee, I have summoned thee to be a witness to the sacrifice I mean to offer to the injured honour of my honoured husband, injured by

thee with all possible deliberation, and by me also with the little reserve that I have maintained in not shunning the occasion, if I gave thee any, of encouraging and sanctioning thy base designs. Again I say that the suspicion I have that some carelessness of mine has bred in thee these lawless thoughts, is what troubles me most and what I desire most to punish with mine own hands, for should there be another executioner, perhaps my fault would become more widely known. But before I do so, in my death I mean to inflict death and take with me one that will fully satisfy my longing for the revenge I hope for and have, for I shall see, wheresoever it may be that I go, the penalty which disinterested and unbending justice shall bestow on him who has reduced me to so desperate a strait.'

As Camilla uttered these words, she flew at Lothario with incredible energy and swiftness with the naked dagger, with such an appearance of wishing to bury it in his breast that he was almost in doubt whether these demonstrations were feigned or real, and he was obliged to have recourse to all his skill and strength to prevent her from striking him. And with such reality did she act this strange farce and mystification that, to give it a colour of truth, she determined to stain it with her own blood, for seeing or pretending that she could not wound Lothario, she cried, 'Since fate will not grant my just desire complete satisfaction, at least it shall not avail to deprive me of a satisfaction in part.' And putting forth her strength she freed her dagger-hand, which Lothario had held fast, and directing the point to where it might wound her but slightly, she pierced herself, concealing the weapon under her left arm between the breast and the shoulder, and then let herself fall on the floor as in a swoon.

Leonela and Lothario stood amazed and astounded at the catastrophe, and seeing Camilla stretched on the ground and bathed in her blood they were still uncertain as to the true nature of the act. Lothario, terrified and breathless, ran in haste to draw forth the dagger, but when he saw how slight the wound was, he was relieved of his fears and once more admired the subtlety, coolness and ready wit of the fair Camilla. And so, the better to support the part he had to play, he began to make long and doleful lament over Camilla's body, as if she were dead, pouring forth many imprecations, not only on himself, but on him who had placed him in that position. And knowing that his friend Anselmo heard him, he spoke in such a way that a listener would have felt much more pity for him than for Camilla, although he might suppose her dead. Leonela took her in her arms and laid her on her bed, entreating Lothario to find someone to attend to her wound in secret, and at the same time asking his advice as to what they should say to Anselmo about his lady's wound if he should chance to return before it healed. He replied that they might say what they liked, for he was not in a state to give advice that would be of any use; all he could tell her was to try to stanch the blood, as he was going where he would never more be seen; and with every appearance of deep grief and sorrow he left the house. But when he found himself alone where nobody could see him, he ceased not to cross himself in wonder at the artfulness of Camilla and the happy acting of Leonela. He reflected how certain Anselmo must be that he had a second Portia for a wife, and he longed to meet him that they might celebrate together the lie and the best-dissembled truth that could ever be imagined.

Following his advice, Leonela stanchd her lady's blood, which was no more than sufficed to support

her deception; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up as best she could, talking all the time she was dressing it in a strain that, even if nothing had been said before, would have been enough to assure Anselmo that he had in Camilla a model of purity. To Leonela's words Camilla added her own, calling herself cowardly and wanting in spirit, since she had lacked courage at the time she most needed it to rid herself of the life she most abhorred. She asked her maid's advice as to whether or no she should inform her beloved husband of all that had happened, but the other bade her say nothing about it, as she would thus lay upon him the obligation of taking vengeance upon Lothario, which he could not do but at great risk to himself, and that the good wife was bound not to give her husband occasions of quarrel, but rather to prevent as many as she could. Camilla replied that she believed she was right and that she would follow her advice, but that at all events it would be well to consider how she was to explain the wound to Anselmo, for he could not help seeing it; to which Leonela replied that she did not know how to tell a lie even in jest. 'How then can I know?' asked Camilla, 'for I dare not forge or maintain a lie though my life depended on it. If we cannot think of any escape out of this affair, it were better to tell him the naked truth than for him to catch us in a lie.' 'Have no care, my lady,' said Leonela; 'between this and tomorrow I will consider what we shall say, and perhaps, the wound being where it is, it can be hidden from his sight, and Heaven will be pleased to aid us in a purpose so good and honourable. Compose yourself, lady, and master your spirits lest my lord find you in this agitation; as for the rest leave it to my charge and God's, who always supports good intentions.'

Anselmo had with the deepest attention listened to and seen enacted the tragedy of the death of his honour, which the actors performed with such extraordinary and effective passion that it seemed as if they had become the realities of the parts they played. He longed for night and an opportunity of escaping from the house that he might go and see his good friend Lothario and with him rejoice over the precious pearl he had found in having established his wife's purity. Both mistress and maid took care to give him time and opportunity to get away, and taking advantage of it he made his escape and at once went in quest of Lothario. It would be impossible to describe how he embraced him when he found him and the things he said to him in the joy of his heart and the praises he bestowed upon Camilla. To all of this Lothario listened without being able to show any signs of gladness, for he reflected how deceived his friend was and how cruelly he himself had wronged him. Although Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he thought it was because Camilla had been wounded and he had been the occasion of it. Therefore, among other things, he told him not to be troubled about Camilla's accident, for, as they had agreed to hide it from him, the wound was clearly slight; accordingly he had nothing to fear and thenceforth should rejoice and be glad with him, since by his means and adroitness he found himself raised to the greatest height of happiness he could venture to hope for, and he would that they had no other pastime than to make verses in praise of Camilla, that would preserve her name for all time to come. Lothario commended his purpose and said that he for his part would help raise so noble an edifice.

And so Anselmo was left the most charmingly hoodwinked man there could be in the world. He

himself led home by the hand him whom he believed the instrument of his glory, who was in fact the destroyer of his good name; whom Camilla received with averted countenance, though with smiles in her heart. The deception was carried on for some time, until at the end of a few months fortune turned her wheel, and the guilt, which until then had been so artfully concealed, was published abroad, and Anselmo paid with his life his ill-advised curiosity.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Watts' translation. <sup>(2)</sup>Ormsby's translation. <sup>(3)</sup>An allusion to four lines in Luis Barahona de Soto *The First Part of Angelica* 1586:

*Sabido* en servir y nunca descuidado,  
*Solo* en amar á otra alma no sujeto,  
*Solicito* en buscar sus desengaños,  
*Secreto* en sus favores y en sus daños.

## CHAPTER XXXV

The wild and wonderful battle 'twixt Don Quijote  
and some sacks of red wine<sup>(1)</sup>

**T**HERE still remained a little of the novel to be read when Sancho Panza burst into the room exclaiming, 'Hurry, sirs, and help my master, for he's in the midst of the stoutest and bloodiest battle ever I laid eyes on. By the living God, with one slash he cut my lady the Princess Micomicona's enemy the giant's head clean off like a turnip.' 'What are you talking about, man?' returned the priest, leaving off reading what remained of the novel, 'are you crazy? How the devil can this be when the giant is two thousand leagues from here?' At this moment they heard a furious noise in the room above and Don Quijote shouting, 'Hold, thief, brigand! hold, scoundrel! now I have you where your scimitar shall avail you naught.' It sounded as if he were making stout hacks at the wall, and again the squire cried, 'Don't stop to listen, but quick, and either help my master or break up the fight, though 'twill be too late—the giant is surely dead by this time all right, giving account to God for his wicked life, for I saw his blood running over the floor and his head tumble off as big as a wine-sack.' 'May I die,' quoth the keeper, 'if Don Quijote or Don the devil hasn't used his sword on one of the sacks of red wine there at the head of his bed. This must be the blood the good man says he saw.'

They all now rushed into the room and found Don Quijote in the strangest guise in the world. His only apparel was his shirt which barely covered his thighs in front and was a hand shorter behind<sup>(2)</sup>. His legs were lank and long, hairy and none too clean. On

his head perched a little greasy red cap belonging to the innkeeper and wound about his arm was that bed-blanket so utterly loathed (for reasons best known to himself) by Sancho Panza. In his right hand he held his drawn sword, wherewith he was thrusting in every direction, crying out as though actually at close-quarters with a giant. The remarkable thing about it was his eyes were shut: he still slept and was dreaming this battle. His imagination had become so intoxicated with the forthcoming adventure, he dreamt he had reached the kingdom of Micomicon and was already at it with his foe. He had hacked away at the wine-skins, believing them the giant, till now the room was running over with the ruddy liquid.

The innkeeper in a flaming rage threw himself on his knightly guest, beginning to pound him so heavily with closed fist that had not Cardenio and the priest rushed to the rescue, the giant would have won the day. Yet with all this the poor gentleman did not waken till the barber threw a large bucket of cold well-water on his body. Though this brought him to, he still did not realize his plight, and Dorothea, be it said, observing how light and short his garb, of her own accord withdrew from this conflict 'twixt her champion and her foe. As for Sancho, he looked all over the floor for the giant's head and not finding it declared, 'Now am I certain this place is enchanted from beginning to end, for once before on the spot where now I stand they gave me many a thump and jab without my knowing whence they came nor was anyone visible, and now has disappeared that head which with these very eyes of mine I saw drop off and the blood spout from the body as from a fountain.' 'What blood and what fountain, you enemy of God and his saints?' cried the keeper, 'don't you see, you rogue, that they are naught but the gutted sacks



with all their wine swimming in this room? May I see the soul that gutted them swimming in hell!' 'All I say is,' returned the squire, 'that through not finding this head my luck will be that my county will melt like salt in water.' Sancho awake was worse than his master asleep, so possessed was he by the promises that had been made him.

Seeing the density of the squire and the havoc wrought by his master, the innkeeper despaired and swore they would not get off this time without paying the reckoning: that the privileges of chivalry should not avail them from footing both accounts, even to the stopples ripped off the damaged skins. The priest took Don Quijote by the hands, and he, believing he had finished that adventure and was now in the presence of Princess Micomicona, knelt before him saying, 'Thy majesty, noble and fair one, can live from this day forth without fear of harm from this misbegotten monster, and as well am I now free of my promise, since by the aid of the Most High and the favour of her through whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled it.' 'Didn't I tell you?' said Sancho on hearing this, 'I wasn't so drunk after all. The giant is salted down all right; we're safe on the bulls<sup>(3)</sup>; no fears for my county!' Who could help laughing at the mummeries of master and man? And laugh they did, all save the landlord, who wished himself to the devil. In the end the barber, priest and Cardenio managed to get Don Quijote into bed again and there they left him sleeping, with signs of utter fatigue.

They left him to sleep and went out to the inn-gate to console Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head. But they had more to do in appeasing the innkeeper, who was furious at the sudden death of his wine-skins, while the hostess cried and scolded, 'At an evil moment and in an unlucky hour

came this knight-errant into my house! Would that I had never seen him, for dear he has cost me. The last time he went off with the score against him for supper, bed, straw and barley for himself, his squire, his horse and his ass, saying that he was a knight-adventurer (God send him bad venture and to as many adventurers as there are in the world), and that therefore he was not bound to pay anything, for so it is written in the knight-errantry tariff. And then, all because of him, came this other gentleman and carried off my tail and gives it back with more than a pennyworth the worse, all stripped of its hair, so that it is of no more use for my husband's purpose. And then as a finishing touch to burst my wine-skins and spill my wine, and spilt may I see his blood! But let him not think it, for by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother they shall pay me every quarto, or my name is not what it is and I am not my father's daughter.'

All this and more to the same effect the hostess delivered with great irritation, backed up by her good maid Maritornes, while the daughter held her peace and smiled from time to time. The priest quelled the storm, promising to satisfy them for their loss to the best of his power, not only for the skins but also for the wine, and above all for the depreciation of the tail that they set such store by. Dorothea consoled Sancho Panza, telling him that as soon as it ever appeared certain that his master had decapitated the giant, she promised, once she found herself peacefully settled in her kingdom, to bestow upon him the best county there might be there. With this Sancho was comforted and assured the princess that she might swear to his having seen the head of the giant, and more by token it had a beard which reached to the girdle, and that if it was not to be seen now, it was because that everything that happened in that house

went by enchantment, as he himself had proved the last time he had lodged there. Dorothea said she believed it and bade him to be of good cheer, for all would go well and happen to his heart's content. All being now quieted, the priest wished to finish reading the novel, for he saw that there was but little left. Cardenio, Dorothea and the others besought him to do so, and he, willing to please them all, and for the pleasure he himself found in the reading, proceeded with the story as follows:

And so, from the confidence Anselmo felt in Camilla's virtue, he lived a contented and tranquil life, and Camilla purposely looked coldly on Lothario, that Anselmo might suppose her feelings toward him to be the opposite of what they were. The better to support the scheme Lothario begged to be excused from coming to the house, as the displeasure which Camilla felt at the sight of him was plainly to be seen. But the infatuated Anselmo said he would not hear of such a thing, and so in a thousand ways he continued the author of his own dishonour, while thinking he was so of his happiness. Meanwhile the pleasure which Leonela had in finding herself empowered to carry on her amour reached such a pitch that, regardless of all else, she pursued it with a loose rein, feeling confident that her mistress would screen her and even show her how to manage it safely. At last one night Anselmo heard footsteps in Leonela's chamber, and, on trying to enter to see who it was, he found the door fastened against him, which made him all the more determined to open it. Exerting his strength, he forced it open and entered just in time to see a man leaping through the window into the street. He ran quickly to seize him or at least discover who he was, but he was unable to do either, for Leonela clung to him, crying, 'Be calm, my lord, and make no disturbance, nor pursue him who has

escaped. This is my affair, indeed he is my husband.'

Anselmo would not believe her and blind with rage drew his dagger and would have struck Leonela, bidding her to tell him the truth or he would kill her. In her fear, not knowing what she said, she cried, 'Do not kill me, sir, and I will tell you things more important than you imagine.' 'Tell me then at once or you are a dead woman,' exclaimed Anselmo. 'I cannot now,' said Leonela, 'I am so wrought up. Leave me till to-morrow, and then you shall hear from me what will fill you with astonishment. But rest assured that he who leapt from the window is a young man of this city, who has plighted his word to become my husband.' Anselmo with this was appeased and was ready to wait the time she asked for, not thinking to hear anything against Camilla, satisfied and sure as he was of her virtue. So he quitted the room and left Leonela locked in, telling her she should not come out until she had told him all she had to confess.

He then went at once to Camilla and told her all that had passed between him and her maid, together with the promise she had given him of speaking of great and important matters. There is no need to say whether Camilla was disturbed or not, for so great was her fear and dismay that, truly believing, as well she might, that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her infidelity, she had not the courage to wait and see if her suspicions were confirmed, and that same night, as soon as she thought Anselmo was asleep, she packed up her best jewels and some money and without being observed by anybody escaped from the house and betook herself to Lothario's, to whom she related all that had passed, beseeching him either to take her to some place of refuge or to fly together where they might be safe

from Anselmo. The perplexity into which Camilla threw Lothario was such that he could not answer her a word, much less could he make up his mind what to do. At last he determined to take Camilla to a nunnery, of which a sister of his was prioress. Camilla consented to this, and with the speed which the circumstances demanded, Lothario took her to the convent and left her there, and then himself quitted the city, telling no one of his departure.

When the day broke, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, rose eager to learn what Leonela had to tell him and hastened to the room where he had locked her in. He unlocked the door, entered, but found no Leonela: all he found were some sheets fastened to the window, a proof that she had descended thence and fled. He returned, uneasy, to tell Camilla, and, not finding her in bed nor in all the house, he was lost in amazement. He asked the servants of the house about her, but none of them could give him any explanation. As he continued his search for Camilla, he found her boxes open, with most of her jewels missing from them. Thereupon he began to be aware of his disgrace and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, even as he was, half-dressed, he went sadly and dejectedly to make known his sorrow to his friend Lothario, but when he failed to find him and his servants reported that he had been missing from the house all night and had taken with him all the money he had, he thought to have lost his senses. To crown all, when he returned to his own home he found it deserted and empty, not one of his servants, either man or maid, remaining in it. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and little by little his wits seemed to be forsaking him. He considered his position and found himself in an instant without wife, friend or

servants, abandoned (as he thought) by the Heaven which was over him, and above all bereft of honour, for in the flight of Camilla he saw his own ruin.

After long reflection he resolved to go to his friend's country-house where he had been staying when he afforded the opportunity for that disaster to be contrived. He locked the doors of his house, mounted his horse, and with a broken spirit set out on his journey. But scarce had he gone half-way when, harassed by his reflections, he was forced to dismount and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he threw himself, giving vent to piteous, heart-rending sighs. There he remained almost till nightfall, when he observed a man approaching on horseback from the city, of whom, after saluting him, he asked what was the news in Florence. The citizen replied, 'The strangest that have been heard for many a day, for it is publicly reported that Lothario, the great friend of the rich Anselmo, who lived at San Giovanni, has this night carried off Camilla, the wife of Anselmo, who also cannot be found. All this has been told by a maid-servant of Camilla, whom the Governor found last night lowering herself by a sheet from the window of Anselmo's house. Indeed I know not exactly how the affair has gone; I only know that the whole city is wondering at the occurrence, for no one could have expected such a thing from the great and intimate friendship of the pair, which they say was such that they were called *The Two Friends*.' 'Is it known by chance,' asked Anselmo, 'what road Lothario and Camilla are taking?' 'Not in the least, though the Governor has been very active in searching for them.' 'God speed you, sir,' said Anselmo. 'God speed you,' said the citizen and went his way.

At this dismal news Anselmo was almost brought to the point not only of losing his wits but of ending his life. He rose as well as he was able and reached

his friend's house, who as yet knew nothing of his misfortune, but seeing him pale, wan and exhausted, he conjectured that he was suffering from some great affliction. Anselmo at once begged to be taken to his bed and to be given writing materials. They did so and left him in bed alone, for this he desired and that the door should be locked. Finding himself alone, the thought of his misfortune so weighed him down that he perceived clearly by the symptoms of death, which he felt, that his life was coming to an end, and so he resolved to leave behind him an account of the cause of his strange end. He began to write, but before he had put down all he meant to say, his breath failed him and he yielded up his life, a victim to the suffering which his ill-advised curiosity had brought upon him. The master of the house, observing that it was now late and that Anselmo did not call, resolved to enter and learn if his indisposition had increased, and there he found him lying on his face, his body partly in the bed, partly on the writing-table, on which he leaned with the written paper open and the pen still in his hand. Having first called to him without receiving any answer, his host approached and, taking him by the hand, found that it was cold and that his friend was dead. Amazed and greatly distressed, he summoned the household to witness the sad fate which had overtaken Anselmo. And then he read the paper which he knew to be in his handwriting and which contained these words, 'A foolish and ill-advised longing has robbed me of life. If the news of my death should reach the ears of Camilla, let her know that I forgive her, for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor ought I to have asked that she should. And since I have been the author of mine own dishonour, there is no reason why ——'

Thus far Anselmo had written, and thus it was plain that at this point, without being able to finish

the sentence, his life came to an end. The next day his friend sent intelligence of his death to his relatives, who already knew of his misfortune, as well as of the retreat where Camilla lay, almost in a state to accompany her husband on that inevitable journey, not on account of the tidings of his death, but because of those she received of her lover's departure. Although she found herself a widow, it is said that she would not quit the convent, nor still less be made a nun, until, not many days after, news reached her that Lothario had been killed in a battle which in those days Monsieur de Lautrec fought with the Great Captain Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba<sup>(4)</sup> in the kingdom of Naples, whither her late repentant lover had retired. On learning this, Camilla took the veil and shortly afterwards died, a prey to grief and melancholy. Such was the end of them all, sprung from a senseless beginning.

'I like this novel,' said the priest, 'but I cannot persuade myself of its truth. And if it be fiction, the author has feigned ill, for one cannot conceive of a husband so foolish as to try such a costly experiment as Anselmo's. Had the affair happened between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass, but as between husband and wife it has something of the impossible about it. As to the style of the narrative, it does not displease me.'

## NOTES

<sup>(4)</sup>This attack upon the wine-skins was suggested by an amusing episode in that remarkable book, *The Metamorphoses or The Golden Ass of Lucius Apuleius* (Rome 1469, in Spanish Seville 1513) II 32 III 1-18, where Lucius attacks three wine-skins in the dark, supposing them to be robbers.

<sup>(3)</sup>Because of the penance-rosary. <sup>(4)</sup>In other words, the fight is to take place. <sup>(5)</sup>The Maréchal de Lautrec did not command the French army in Naples until 1527, twenty years after the Great Captain had left the theatre of his exploits.



## CHAPTER XXXVI

### Other rare adventures at the inn

JUST then the innkeeper, who was standing at the inn-gate, exclaimed, 'Here comes a fine troop of guests; if they stop here, we may sing *O be joyful.*' 'What are they?' asked Cardenio. 'Four men,' replied the innkeeper, 'riding jennet-wise, with lances and bucklers, and all with black veils, and with them there is a woman in white on a side-saddle, also with her face covered, and two attendants on foot.' 'Are they very near?' enquired the priest. 'So near,' answered the innkeeper, 'that here they are.' Hearing this, Dorothea veiled her face, and Cardenio went into Don Quijote's room, and they hardly had time to do so, when the whole party as described by the innkeeper entered the inn-yard. The four that were on horseback, who were of genteel appearance and bearing, having dismounted, went to help the lady in the side-saddle to alight, and one of them taking her in his arms placed her upon a chair which stood at the entrance of the room where Cardenio had hidden himself. All this time neither she nor they had spoken a word—only the lady, on seating herself in the chair, gave a deep sigh and let her arms fall like one that was ill and weak. The priest, observing this and desirous of learning who were they that kept such guise and such silence, went after the attendants and asked one of them, who answered, 'Faith, sir, I cannot tell you who these people may be. All I know is that they seem to be persons of good quality, especially he who went to take the lady in his arms. And I say so because all the rest hold him in respect, and nothing is done save as he directs and orders.'

'And the lady, who is she?' asked the priest. 'That I cannot tell you either,' said the servant, 'for I have not seen her face all the way. I have indeed heard her sigh many times and utter such groans that with each one she seems to be giving up the ghost. But it is not to be wondered at that we know no more than what we have told you, as my comrade and I have been in their company only two days, for, having met us on the road, they begged and persuaded us to accompany them to Andalusia, promising to pay us well.' 'And have you heard any of them called by his name?' 'No indeed,' replied the servant, 'they all preserve a marvellous silence, and not a sound is to be heard among them save the poor lady's sighs and sobs, which make us pity her. We feel sure that wherever it is she is going, it is against her will, and as far as one can judge from her dress she is a nun, or, what is more likely, about to become one, and perhaps it is because taking the veil is not of her own free choice that she is so sad as she seems.'

'That well may be,' said the priest and leaving them he returned to Dorothea, who, on hearing the veiled lady sigh, moved by natural compassion drew near her and said, 'What ails you, my lady? If it be anything that women are wont and know how to relieve, I for my part offer you my services with all my heart!' To this the unhappy lady made no reply, and though Dorothea repeated her offers more earnestly, she still kept silence, until the masked cavalier, who, the servant said, was obeyed by the rest, approached and said to Dorothea, 'Do not give yourself the trouble, señora, of making any offers to that woman, for it is her way not to be grateful for aught that is done her. And do not try to make her answer you, if you would not hear some falsehood out of her mouth.' 'I have never told one,' here exclaimed she who till then had been silent, 'rather it is because I

am so truthful and so ignorant of lying devices that I am now in this miserable condition. And of this I would call yourself as a witness, since my unstained truth it is that makes you to be false and a liar.'

Cardenio heard these words clearly and distinctly, being quite close to the speaker, since there was only the door of Don Quijote's room between them, and the instant he did so, uttering a loud exclamation he cried, 'Good God! what is this I hear?' What voice is this that has reached mine ears?' Startled by this exclamation, the lady turned her head and, not seeing who it was that spoke, rose to her feet and made for the entrance of the room, but, observing this, the gentleman detained her and would not let her move a step. With her agitation and sudden movement the veil which covered her face fell off, disclosing a countenance of incomparable and marvellous beauty, though pale and terrified, for, with her eyes rolling everywhere, she searched wherever her sight could reach, so eagerly as to seem like one distracted, with such looks of woe as filled Dorothea and all who beheld her with a vast pity, though they could not tell why she behaved so. The cavalier held her firmly grasped by the shoulders, and, being thus employed, he could not hold up his veil, which was falling off, as at last it did entirely, and Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, raising her eyes saw that he who held her in his embrace was her own husband, Don Fernando.

Scarce did she recognize him when, with a prolonged plaintive cry drawn from the depths of her heart, she fell backwards in a swoon, and but for the barber being close by to catch her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest at once hastened to remove her veil and throw water in her face, and as soon as he uncovered it, Don Fernando recognized her and stood as if death-stricken by the

sight. None the less he relaxed not his hold of Lucinda, for she it was who was struggling to free herself from his embrace, having recognized Cardenio by his cry as he had recognized her. Cardenio heard Dorothea's cry as she fell fainting, and thinking it came from his Lucinda, ran out from the room in a fright, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando with Lucinda in his arms. Don Fernando, too, recognized Cardenio, and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio and Dorothea stood in silent amazement, scarcely knowing what had happened to them. They gazed at one another without speaking, Dorothea at Don Fernando, Don Fernando at Cardenio, Cardenio at Lucinda, and Lucinda at Cardenio.

The first to break silence was Lucinda, who thus spoke to Cardenio, 'Leave me, Don Fernando, for the sake of what is due yourself, if for no other reason—leave me to cling to the wall of which I am the ivy, the support from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your bribes have been able to part me. Mark how Heaven, by unwonted and to us mysterious ways, has brought me face to face with my true husband, and well you know by a thousand dear-bought proofs that death alone will be able to efface him from my memory. Let this plain declaration avail, since naught else will, to turn your love into fury, your affection into resentment, and so end my life, for I yield it up before the eyes of my good husband. It may be that by my death he will be convinced that I kept my faith to him to the last moment of my life.'

In the meantime Dorothea had come to and had been listening to Lucinda's words, whereby she divined who she was, but seeing that Don Fernando did not yet release her or reply to her, summoning her resolution as well as she could, she rose and knelt at his feet, and with a flood of bright and touching

tears she addressed him thus, 'If, my lord, the beams of that sun which thou holdest in eclipse within thine arms did not dazzle and darken those of thine eyes, thou wouldst have seen by this time that she who kneels at thy feet is, so long as thou wilt have it so, the unhappy and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that lowly peasant girl whom thou in thy goodness or for thy pleasure wouldst raise high enough to call herself thine. I am she who in the seclusion of innocence led a contented life until at the voice of thine importunity and seemingly true and tender affection she opened the gates of her modesty and surrendered to thee the keys of her liberty—a gift by thee so thanklessly received, as is clearly shown by my forced retreat to the place where thou dost find me and by thine appearance in the state in which I see thee. Yet not for all this would I have thee suppose that I came here driven by my shame—it is only grief and sorrow at seeing myself forgotten by thee that have led me. It was thy will to make me thine, and thou didst will it in such a sort that, though now thou mightest wish it were not so, it is not possible that thou canst cease to be mine. Believe, dear lord, that the matchless love I have for thee may be a compensation for the beauty and noble birth for which thou didst desert me. Thou canst not be the fair Lucinda's because thou art mine, nor can she be thine because she is Cardenio's. And it will be easier, forget not, to bend thy will to love one who adores thee than to bring her who abhors thee to love thee well. Thou didst importune my simplicity, thou didst lay siege to my virtue, thou wert not ignorant of my station, thou knowest well how I yielded wholly to thy will. There is no ground or reason for thee to plead deception; and since it is so, and thou art a Christian and a gentleman, why dost thou by subterfuges put off making me as happy at last as thou didst at first?

Do not by deserting me let my shame become the talk of the gossips in the streets; make not the old age of my parents miserable, for the loyal services they as faithful vassals have ever rendered thine are not deserving of such return. And if thou thinkest it will debase thy blood to mingle it with mine, reflect that there is little or no nobility in the world that has not travelled the same road, and that in illustrious lineages it is not the woman's blood that is of account. Moreover, true nobility consists in virtue, and if thou art wanting in that, refusing me what in justice thou owest me, then even I have claims to nobility higher than thine. To make an end, señor, these are my last words to thee: whether thou wilt or wilt not, I am thy wife. Witness thy words, which must not and should not be false, if thou prizest thyself for that which thou dost undervalue me. Witness the pledge which thou didst give me, and witness Heaven, which thou thyself didst call to witness the promise thou didst make me. And should all this fail, thine own conscience will not fail to lift up its silent voice in the midst of all thy gaiety, vindicating the truth of what I say and troubling thy greatest pleasures and enjoyments.'

All this and more the injured Dorothea delivered with such earnest feeling and so many tears that all present, even those who came with Don Fernando, were constrained to join her in them. Don Fernando listened to her without replying, until, ceasing to speak, she gave way to such sobs and sighs that it must have been a heart of brass that did not melt at the sight of so great sorrow. Lucinda stood regarding her with no less compassion for her sufferings than admiration for her intelligence and beauty and would have approached to speak some words of comfort had she not been prevented by Don Fernando still holding her fast in his arms. After regarding

Dorothea a good while, he, overwhelmed with remorse and admiration, opened his arms, releasing Lucinda, and exclaimed, 'Thou hast conquered, fair Dorothea, thou hast conquered: it is impossible to have the heart to deny so many truths together.'

Lucinda in her faintness was on the point of falling to the ground when Don Fernando released her, but Cardenio, who had placed himself behind Don Fernando to escape recognition, casting fear aside and regardless of what might happen, ran forward to support her, saying as he clasped her in his arms, 'If Heaven in its mercy will let thee rest at last, mistress of my heart, true, constant and fair, nowhere canst thou rest more safely than in these arms that now receive thee, as whilom they received thee when fortune was pleased to call thee mine.' At these words Lucinda looked up at Cardenio, having begun to know him by his voice and then, assuring herself by sight that it was he, almost beside herself and regardless of all decorum, she cast her arms about his neck and joining her face to his she said, 'Yes, my dear lord, thou art the true master of this thy slave, even though adverse fate interfere again, and fresh dangers threaten this life that hangs on thine.'

A strange sight was this for Don Fernando and the bystanders, filled with surprise at so unlooked-for an event. Dorothea fancied that Don Fernando changed colour and made a gesture as though he had a mind to take vengeance on Cardenio, moving his hand as though to place it on his sword, and no sooner did the idea strike her than with wonderful quickness she clasped him round the knees and kissing them and holding them so fast as to prevent his moving, she said, while her tears continued to flow, 'What is it that thou wouldst do, my only refuge, in this unlooked-for crisis? Thou hast thy wife at thy feet, and she whom thou wouldst have for thy wife

is in the arms of her husband. Consider whether it will be right, whether it will be possible for thee to undo what Heaven has done, or whether it will be becoming in thee to wish to raise her to thy level who in spite of every obstacle, confirmed in her faith and constancy, is before thine eyes bathing her true husband's bosom and face with the tears of love. For God's sake and thine own I implore thee that this open manifestation may, so far from increasing your anger, allay it in such sort that thou mayst calmly and peacefully suffer these two lovers to live in calm and peace all the years that Heaven may be pleased to grant them. And in so doing thou wilt show the generosity of thy lofty noble soul and the world shall see that with thee reason has more sway than passion.'

All the time that Dorothea was speaking, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, never took his eyes off Don Fernando, determined, if he saw him make a hostile movement, to try and defend himself and resist as best he could all who might assail him, though it should cost him his life. But now Don Fernando's friends, as well as the priest and the barber, who had been present all the while, and not forgetting the worthy Sancho Panza, ran forward and gathered round Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard for the tears of Dorothea, and what she said being the truth (as without doubt they believed it to be), not suffer her to be defrauded of her just hopes; that he should reflect that it was not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, that they had all met together in a place the least anyone would have expected; and that he should bear in mind (the priest said) that death alone could part Lucinda from Cardenio; that even if some sword were to divide them they would count their death most happy; and that in a case



that admitted of no remedy his wisest course was, by restraining and conquering himself, to show a generous soul by permitting of his own accord that these two enjoy the happiness that Heaven had granted them. He bade him turn his eyes upon the beauty of Dorothea and he would see that few if any could equal much less excel her, and moreover to that beauty should be added her modesty and the surpassing love she bore him. Above all he should remember that, if he prized himself for a gentleman and a Christian, he could not do otherwise than fulfil his plighted word, and that in doing so he would obey God and meet the approval of all sensible people, who know and recognize it to be the privilege of beauty, even in one of humble birth so long as it is accompanied by virtue, to be able to raise itself to any dignity, without any slur upon him who raises it to a level with himself; and finally that when the potent sway of passion asserts itself, so long as there be no sin, he is not to be blamed who yields to it.

In short, they added to these reasonings others of such force that Don Fernando's manly heart, which after all was one nourished by noble blood, was touched and allowed itself to be vanquished by the truth, which he could not gainsay if he would, and he showed his submission and acceptance of the good advice that had been offered him, by stooping down and embracing Dorothea, saying, 'Rise, lady mine! It is not meet that she whom I hold in my heart should be kneeling at my feet. If until now I have shown no sign of what I say, it may have been by Heaven's decree, in order that, by seeing in thee the fidelity wherewith thou lovest me, I may learn to value thee as thou deservest. What I entreat of thee is that thou reproachest me not with my transgression and grievous neglect, for the same cause and force which impelled me to win thee for mine im-

pelled me to struggle against being thine. And that thou mayst be convinced that this is true, turn and look at the eyes of the now happy Lucinda, and in them thou wilt find an excuse for all my errors. As she has found and gained the object of her desires and I have found in thee what satisfies all my wishes, may she live in peace and contentment as many happy years with her Cardenio as on my knees I pray Heaven to allow me to live with my Dorothea.' With these words he once more embraced her and pressed his face to hers with so much tenderness that he had need to take care lest his tears complete the proof of his love and repentance before them all. Not so Lucinda, Cardenio and almost all the others, for they shed so many tears, some in their own happiness, some at that of others, that one would have supposed a heavy calamity had fallen upon them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though afterwards he said it was because he saw that Dorothea was not the Queen Micomicona as he had fancied and from whom he had expected such great favours.

Their wonder and their weeping lasted for some time, and then Cardenio and Lucinda went and knelt before Don Fernando, thanking him for the kindness he had shown them, in terms of such courtesy that Don Fernando knew not what to answer, and so he raised them up and embraced them with every mark of politeness and affection. He then asked Dorothea how she had come to that place, so far from her home. In a few well-chosen words she told all that she had related to Cardenio, wherewith Don Fernando and his company were so well pleased that they wished the tale had been much longer, such was the grace wherewith Dorothea described her misfortunes. When she had ended, Don Fernando told of what had befallen him in the city, after he had found in Lucinda's bosom the paper wherein she de-

clared that she was Cardenio's wife and never could be his. He said he intended to kill her and would have done so had he not been prevented by her parents, and that he quitted the house full of rage and shame, resolving to avenge himself when a more convenient opportunity should offer. The next day he learned that Lucinda had disappeared from her father's house and that no one could tell whither she had fled. Finally, at the end of some months he learned that she was in a convent and meant to remain there the rest of her life, if she were not to share it with Cardenio. As soon as he had learned this, taking three gentlemen as his companions, he went to the place where she was but would not speak to her, fearing that, if they knew he was there, the convent would be better guarded. Watching for a time when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to guard the gate while he and the other entered the convent in quest of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters in conversation with one of the nuns, and carrying her off without giving her time to resist, they reached a place where they provided themselves with what they required for taking her away—all which they were able to do in complete safety, as the convent was in the country at a considerable distance from the city. He added that when Lucinda found herself in his power she lost all consciousness and after returning to herself did naught but weep and sigh without saying a word. And so in silence and tears they reached that inn, which for him was reaching Heaven where all the mischances of earth are over and at an end.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

The history of the famous infanta Micomicona  
continued, together with other  
pleasant incidents

SANCHO overheard the foregoing with no slight disappointment, seeing all his hopes for a title vanish in smoke. The fair princess Micomicona had changed into Dorothea and the giant into Don Fernando—and his master all the while sleeping the sleep of the just. Dorothea was unable to persuade herself that her present happiness was not all a dream, Cardenio was in a similar mind, and Lucinda's ran in the same course. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the favour shown to him and for having been rescued from the intricate labyrinth where he found himself so near the destruction of his honour and his soul. In fine everybody in the inn was contented, rejoicing at the happy turn which affairs so difficult and desperate had taken. The priest, like a man of sense, placed everything in its true light and congratulated each on the good that had come to him, but the one who was most jubilant and delighted was the innmistress because of the promise Cardenio and the priest had made her to pay for all the loss and damage she had sustained through Don Quijote's means. Sancho, as has been said, alone was the wronged, the unlucky, the sad one, and with heavy heart he repaired to Don Quijote who was just awakening, 'Sleep on, Sir Sorry Aspect, sleep all the sleep you will, and take no thought of butchering any giant or restoring the princess to her kingdom, for all is over and done.' 'That I can well believe, for but now I engaged with the giant in the

bloodiest and most outrageous battle ever I hope to experience in all the days of my life. With one back-stroke, swish<sup>(1)</sup>, I tumbled his head to the earth, and so much blood poured forth that streams as of water ran along the ground.' 'As of red wine you might better say, for you must know, master, if you don't already, that the dead giant is naught but a hacked pigskin, the blood twenty-four gallons of red wine from its belly, the lopped-off head the jade that bore me, and the devil take all.'

'What are you talking so wildly about, you fool? Have you lost your wits?' the other rebuked him. 'Let your worship rise, and you'll see for yourself the pretty mess you have made, and what's more we shall have to pay for it. You will see too how the queen is converted into a private lady called Dorothea, together with other events which, dip you into them, will surprise you.' 'The other time I told you, Sancho, that everything that happened here was a thing of enchantment, nor would it be strange if it were the same now.' 'All of which I could easily swallow, had my blanketing been of that breed, but instead 'twas a thing as true as you live. I saw this very innkeeper take hold of one corner and toss me skywards with much mirth and muscle and with as much one as t'other. Though simple and a sinner, I hold that when you recognize people, 'tis not enchantment but a good deal of black and blue, and hard luck besides.' 'Enough for the present,' Don Quijote assured him, 'for God will bring it all straight in the end. Hand me my clothes and let me get out of here; I would behold these transformations and other matters you tell of.'

Sancho gave him his apparel, and, during the time of his dressing, the priest was relating to Don Fernando and the other new-comers at the inn the story of his friend's madness and the artifice they had

employed for getting him away from Peña Pobre, where he imagined the disdain of his lady-love had placed him. He told them as well of the adventures Sancho had described, by all of which they were both amazed and amused, for it seemed to every one the strangest delusion mind distraught could hold. The priest added that since Dorothea's good-fortune had upset their former plan, they must devise another that would get their friend home. Cardenio proposed that instead they continue with their present scheme with Lucinda in the place of Dorothea. 'By no means,' declared Don Fernando; 'I wish Dorothea to continue in her disguise; this gentleman's village cannot be far and I am anxious to assist in his relief.' 'Tis no more than two days hence,' stated the priest. 'And were it more,' replied the other, 'I should be happy to travel them with such a worthy purpose.'

At this moment the knight appeared, in full array of arms, with the battered helmet of Mambrino on, embracing his shield and leaning on his pike. Don Fernando and the others were spell-bound by the extraordinary presence of the man, his pale gaunt face half-a-league long, his job-lot of arms, and grave courtly manner. They silently waited to see what he would say, and at last, with much dignity and repose, directing his eyes toward the lovely Dorothea, he began, 'My squire informs me, most fair one, that thy rank has been reduced and thy identity transformed: in short that from the queen and great lady thou wast, thou hast been converted into a damsel of no degree. If the wizard-king thy father be guilty of this, fearing lest I might not give the due and necessary aid, believe me he did not and does not know half his art, being little versed in the traditions of chivalry. Had he studied and examined them as closely and deliberately as I, he'd have learned that

knights of less than my renown have again and again achieved more difficult successes. 'Tis no great feat to kill a paltry giant, however formidable he may be. Indeed a short time since I found myself in the company of one, and—but I prefer to be silent lest they tell me I lie. Time, the revealer of all things, will say it for me when least we expect it.'

'You found yourself with no giant but with two wine-skins,' broke in the landlord. But Don Fernando told him to hold his tongue and not interrupt his guest, who proceeded, saying, 'I beg of thee, therefore, noble and disinherited lady, that if thy father for the reason assigned worked this metamorphosis in thy person, do thou put no trust in him, since not in the world is there peril through which my sword won't cleave a way, and shortly by that stroke whereby I tumbled thine enemy's head to the ground, shall I place thy country's crown on thine.' The knight here made an end, waiting for the princess to reply, and she knowing Don Fernando's will that the trick of taking the poor man home be persisted in, with playful seriousness began:

'Whoever told thee, valiant Knight of Sorry Aspect, that I had been converted and transformed, did not speak truly, for I am the same to-day as yesterday. Certain lucky strokes have made slight variations in me to be sure, for they have given me the best of all I desire, but on no account have I ceased to be what formerly I was, and I still intend to avail myself of the might of thy bold invincible arm. And so, my lord, let thy goodness again honour my father, regarding him as prudent and sagacious, since by his science he discovered the right and easy way to repair my disgrace. I feel however that were it not for thee, never should I have met with my recent good-fortune. That I speak the truth, most of the gentlemen here will bear witness. On the mor-

row we shall again set forth—to-day we could not get far—and I leave to God and the spirit in thy breast my further expected deliverance.'

Thus spake the cunning Dorothea, and on hearing her Don Quijote turned to his squire and said rather bitterly, 'I take mine oath, Sanchuelo, that you are the greatest rascalion in all Spain. Didn't you just tell me, you vagabond thief, that this princess had become a girl named Dorothea, and that the head I believed I had cut from a giant was the jade that bore you, along with other nonsense that put me into worse confusion than I have known in all the days of my life? I swear—' and here he looked upward and gritted his teeth, 'I shall make such an end of you as will put salt in the brain-pan of all the lying knight-errant squires that ever shall be.' 'Let your worship calm yourself,' replied Sancho; 'maybe I was mistaken with regard to the conversion of my lady the princess Micomicona, but in the matter of the giant's head—certainly in the hacking of the skins and the blood being naught but red wine—by God I was right, for the skins still lie there sorely wounded at the bed's head, and the red wine has made a little pond of the room. If you don't believe me, wait till the eggs come to be fried<sup>(2)</sup>, that is when mister inn-keeper hands in his bill, looking for damages. For the other I rejoice that the lady-queen is as she was, since my share will come to me as to every neighbour's son.'

To this his master returned, 'Sancho forgive me: you are naught but a scatter-brain. But come, enough of this.' 'Enough, not a syllable more,' echoed Don Fernando, 'we'll pass the evening in pleasant converse and on the morrow, as the princess advises, we shall all set out in your company, as we wish to witness the valiant and unheard-of deeds our knight is to perform in the progress of his great undertaking.'



‘It is I that shall wait upon and accompany you,’ replied Don Quijote, ‘since I am more than grateful for the favour shown and the good opinion entertained toward me, and this shall I endeavour to justify or let it cost me my life, and more, if more be possible.’

Many were the compliments and proffers of service that passed between Don Quijote and Don Fernando, but they were brought to an end by a traveller who at this moment entered the inn, and who seemed from his attire to be a Christian lately come from the country of the Moors, for he was dressed in a cassock of blue cloth, short in the skirts, with half-sleeves and no collar; his breeches were also of blue cloth and his cap of the same colour. He wore buskins of date-colour and had a Moorish cutlass slung from a baldric across his breast. Behind him, mounted on an ass, there came a woman in a Moorish dress, with her face veiled and a scarf on her head, wearing a little cap of gold brocade and wrapt in a mantle that covered her from the shoulders to the feet. The man was of a robust and well-proportioned frame, in age a little over forty, rather swarthy in complexion, with long moustaches and a full beard, and, in short, had he been well-dressed, he would have been taken for a person of quality and good birth. On entering he asked for a room, and when they told him there was none in the inn, he seemed distressed, but approaching her who by her dress seemed to be a Mooress, he lifted her from the saddle in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the innmistress, her daughter and Maritornes, attracted by the novelty of the dress, which they had never seen before, gathered round her, and Dorothea, who was always kindly, courteous and quick-witted, perceiving that both she and her man-companion were vexed at not finding a room, said to her, ‘Do not be put out,

señora, by the discomfort and want of luxuries here, for it is the way of road-side inns to be without them; still, if you will be pleased to share our lodging (pointing to Lucinda), perhaps you will have found worse accommodation in the course of your journey.'

To this the veiled lady made no reply; all she did was to rise from her seat, crossing her hands upon her bosom, bowing her head and bending her body as a sign that she returned thanks. From her silence they concluded that she was indeed a Moress and unable to speak a Christian tongue. At this moment the Captive came up, having been until now otherwise engaged, and, seeing that they all stood round his companion and that she made no reply to their speeches, he said, 'Ladies, this damsel hardly understands my language and can speak none save that of her own country, for which reason she does not and cannot answer what has been asked of her.' 'Nothing has been asked of her,' returned Lucinda: 'she has only been offered our company for the night and a share of the quarters we occupy, where she shall be made as comfortable as the circumstances allow, with the good-will we are bound to show all strangers that stand in need of it, especially when it is a woman to whom the service is rendered.' 'On her part and my own, señora,' replied the Captive, 'I kiss your hands and I esteem highly, as I ought, the favour you have offered, which on such an occasion and from such persons as your appearance proclaims you to be, is plainly seen to be a very great one.' 'Tell me, señor,' asked Dorothea, 'is this lady a Christian or a Moor? for her dress and her silence lead us to imagine that she is what we could wish she was not.' 'In dress and outwardly,' said he, 'she is a Moor, but in her soul she is a thoroughly good Christian, for she has the greatest desire to become one.' 'Then she has not been baptized?' enquired

Lucinda. 'There has been no opportunity for that since she left Algiers, her native country and home, and so far she has been in no such imminent risk of death, as to make it necessary to baptize her before she has been instructed in all the ceremonies which our Mother the Holy Church ordains. But, please God, ere long she shall be baptized with the solemnity befitting her rank, which is higher than her dress or mine denotes.'

By these words he excited a desire in all who heard him to know who the Moorish lady and the Captive were, but no one liked to ask them just then, seeing it was a fitter moment for helping them to rest themselves than for questioning them about their lives. Dorothea took the Moorish lady by the hand and led her to a seat beside herself, requesting her to remove her veil. She looked at the Captive as if to ask him what they meant and what she was to do. He said to her in Arabic that they asked her to remove her veil, and thereupon she removed it and disclosed a countenance so lovely that to Dorothea she seemed more lovely than Lucinda, and all the bystanders felt that if any beauty could compare with that of these two it was indeed hers, and there were even those who were inclined to give it somewhat the preference. And as it is the grace and privilege of beauty to win the heart and secure good-will, all forthwith became eager to show kindness and attention to the lovely Mooress. Don Fernando asked the Captive what her name was, and he replied that it was Lela Zoraida, but the instant she heard him, she guessed what the Christian had asked, and said hastily, with some displeasure and energy, 'No, no Zoraida, Maria, Maria!' These words and the great earnestness wherewith she uttered them, drew more than one tear from some of the listeners, particularly the women, who are by nature tender-hearted and

compassionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, saying, 'Yes, yes, Maria, Maria,' to which the Mooress replied, 'Yes, yes, Maria; Zoraida macange,' which means 'not Zoraida.'

The night had now set in and under the direction of Don Fernando's attendants the landlord had used his best pains in preparing a supper. They all sat down to a long table as in a refectory, since the inn did not boast a round or square one. The seat of honour was given Don Quijote who, at last consenting, desired that the lady Micomicona sit by him, her champion and protector. Lucinda and Zoraida sat next to Dorothea, while opposite sat Don Fernando and Cardenio with the captive and other gentlemen at their side, and the priest and barber next the ladies. It was a happy gathering and their pleasure was heightened when our Don Quijote, moved by the same impulse that occasioned his mid-dinner address to the goatherds, again interrupted his eating and began:

'Truly, friends, if you reflect upon it, great and unbelievable things do they witness that profess the order of errantry. For who of living men, entering in at the gate of this castle and beholding us here, could believe that we are what we are? Who would imagine that this lady at my side is the great queen we all know her to be, or that I am that Knight of Sorry Aspect so trumpeted abroad by the mouth of fame? There can be no doubt that this art and exercise surpasses all that men have hitherto discovered—and so much the more is it esteemed as it is the more exposed to perils. Away with all that hold letters more glorious than arms<sup>(3)</sup>, for whoever they be, to them I say they know not whereof they speak. Their main tenet is that the workings of the spirit are of a higher order than those of the body upon which, they say, the calling of arms solely depends—

as though it were a kind of porter's job where great strength is the only requisite, and as though in this profession which we its followers call arms were not included such acts of prowess as demand the highest intelligence, or as though the spirit of the warrior that undertakes the command of an army or the defence of a beleaguered city were not as actively engaged as his body. Does it perchance pertain to physical strength to know and conjecture the enemy's intent, designs, stratagems; the surmounting of difficulties or the prevention of certain ruin? Surely not, for all those are matters of the understanding, wherein the body plays no part.

'If then we are agreed that arms no less than letters requires intelligence, next let us see which of the two vocations, that of the writer or that of the warrior, is the more arduous—which knowledge we shall arrive at by a survey of their several aims. That calling is to be the more highly esteemed that has the nobler end as its moving life. I speak not now of divine letters, whose sole endeavour is to lead souls to Heaven—such a sublime aim can yield to no other. But the end and goal of human letters is to regulate distributive justice, to give every man his due and to see to it that good laws are observed—an object generous and noble to be sure and worthy great praise, yet not so glorious as the aim of arms, which is peace—the greatest good to be desired of men in this life. Thus the first good-tidings that came to mankind was the song the angels sang in the sky that night which is now our day, Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men<sup>(4)</sup>. And the salutation the blessed Master of Heaven and earth taught his disciples and chosen few when they entered a house was, Peace be upon this house<sup>(5)</sup>; and many another time He said to them, My peace I give you, or, My peace I leave with you, or, Peace be

unto you—a precious gift indeed, given by such a hand: a jewel without which there can be no happiness, either in Heaven or on earth.

‘This peace is the proper end of war and therefore of arms. Granting this and that thereby the aim of war is higher than the aim of letters, let us compare the bodily labours of the writer and of the warrior, and see which are the more arduous.’ Our knight proceeded in his discourse with such rational sequence that none of his listeners could have supposed him mad. Instead, since all were of the rank of gentlemen, who follow arms from birth, they heard him with entire absorption. So he continued, ‘Now the student’s trials are, first of all, poverty: not that all are poor, but I wish to put their case as forcibly as I can, and in saying they suffer poverty, methinks I could not assign them a harder lot, for he that is poor is denied all the comforts of life.

‘This poverty the student experiences in several forms: to-day in hunger, to-morrow in cold, again in nakedness, and at times all three together. Yet his hunger is not so great but that he gets something to eat, though it may come a little later than usual or from the tables of the rich or, and this is the greatest humiliation of all, he may have to go to the soup<sup>(6)</sup>, as they call it. Nor is there ever lacking a neighbour’s fireside or chimney-corner, which, if it warms not, at least dulls the winter’s edge. The night they pass comfortably enough, sleeping under cover. I need not mention such trifles as their limited stock of shirts and shoes, their thin threadbare clothing and their tendency to overeat when some happy chance sets a banquet before them. But along this rough uneven road stumbling, falling, rising but to fall again, they reach their goal at last, and when they have escaped these Syrtes, Scyllas and Charybdises, many of them to our knowledge have been

borne on the wings of fortune and set down to rule and govern the world. Now is their hunger become feasting, their cold refreshment, their nakedness fair raiment and their rush-mats damasks and fine linen. All these are rewards due their steadfastness through trials—trials, however, that seem small when compared with those of the warrior, as I shall now proceed to show.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>'Is there anything so mortal as *zas*? More have died of this infirmity than of any other.' Quevedo in *Cuento de Cuentos* 1629. <sup>(2)</sup>Covarruvias 1611, under *guevo*, says this expression was used by a thief who, about to depart with a frying-pan, was caught by the mistress of the house, who asked what he had. <sup>(3)</sup>In this discussion Cervantes is following Francisco de Guzmán: *Moral Triumphs* first published at Alcalá de Henares 1565, and first quoted from by Cortejón. <sup>(4)</sup>Luke II: 14. <sup>(5)</sup>Matthew X: 12. <sup>(6)</sup>To beg at the doors of monasteries; thus did Saint Ignatius, and at all doors.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### Don Quijote's subtle discourse concerning arms and letters

**E**VEN as in the student's case we began with his poverty and its effects,' continued Don Quijote, 'let us examine now whether the soldier as regards worldly goods be any better off. Instead we shall find him poorer than poverty itself, since he is dependent on miserable pay that comes late or never, and on plundering, to the considerable peril of life and conscience. At times indeed the scantiness of his apparel is such that a slashed doublet serves for both shirt and uniform, while in mid-winter on the open plain he must needs protect himself from foul weather with naught more substantial than the breath of his mouth which, contrary to all nature in coming from an empty place, comes forth cold. But let him wait till night comes, atoning for these discomforts by the bed it allows him. This, if he behave, will never sin in over-narrowness, for he can quickly measure on the ground as many feet as required, and without fear of rumpling the sheets toss to his heart's content.

'And now let us suppose the time is come for taking his professional degree: in other words the day of battle is at hand whereon he is to receive his doctor's cap, made of lint to stop a bullet-hole through his temples it may be or that has crippled an arm or a leg. Should this luck fail him and merciful Heaven bring him through well and alive, he finds himself in his old poverty still and is obliged to engage in several battles more and be victor in all ere he can better himself—and a miracle of this kind is rare indeed.



For tell me, friends, if you've given it thought, how many fewer have been advanced by war than have perished therein? Surely you'll aver there's no comparison: that they that have fallen in war cannot be reckoned while they that have profited thereby can be set down in three figures. The reverse is the case with men of letters, who by fees or emoluments all manage to keep afloat. So then, even as the soldier's toil is the greater, is his reward distinctly less. Against this it may be said that it's considerably easier to reward two thousand writers than thirty thousand warriors: the former can be given offices native to their profession while soldiers can be satisfied only out of their lord's treasury. But this serves rather my side of the case.

'Leaving this apart however, for egress from such a labyrinth is difficult, return we to our main thesis, the innate superiority of arms over letters, a matter still to be proven, so forcible are the arguments advanced on either hand. Letters for example makes this further claim, that without them arms would perish, for even war bows to laws and laws are of the profession of the lettered. To which arms makes answer, that letters in return could not thrive without arms, since by arms are commonwealths protected, kingdoms preserved, cities defended, roads made safe, and seas swept of pirates. Were it not for arms indeed, republics, kingdoms, cities and the paths of earth and ocean would be exposed to the chaos and savagery which is incident to war that persists unchecked in the abuse of its privileges and power.

'Secondly, 'tis a maxim with us, that what costs more is and should be the more esteemed. To attain to recognition in letters costs time, vigils, hunger, nakedness, swimings in the head, dyspepsia and other allied ailments<sup>(1)</sup>, already partially referred to.

But gradually to become a good soldier costs all these, and in so much greater degree there's no comparison, since at every step he risks his life. What fear of want or poverty can be likened to the fears of the soldier who, being on guard in the ravelin or cavalier of some beleaguered fortress, hears the enemy mining toward him, yet can on no account fly from this imminent peril? The most he can do is to inform his captain, hoping that he will countermine, but there in any case must he stand, expecting any moment to fly without wings sky-high and come willy-nilly down again.

'If this danger appear but slight, let us see whether it is equalled or surpassed when two galleys attack prow-on in mid-ocean. Lashed and locked together they leave but two feet of beak-head for the soldier to stand upon, but he, though finding as many ministers of death confronting him as there are cannon not a lance-length off on the opposing ship, and, though conscious that a slight misstep will land him in Neptune's bottomless gulf, none the less, impelled by the thought of glory, bravely attempts to force a passage, making himself target to all that artillery the while<sup>(2)</sup>. But what is chiefly to be admired is that scarce has one fallen whence he cannot be raised till the end of time, when another takes his place<sup>(3)</sup>, and should this second likewise drop into the jaws that await him, another succeeds and another, without pause between—spirit and daring unrivalled in all the exigencies of war.

'Happy and blest were those ages that knew not the dread fury of those devilish instruments of siege (whose inventor, I like to think, is in hell<sup>(4)</sup>, paying the price of his diabolical creation) that have made it possible for infamous and cowardly arms to worst a puissant knight. Without his knowing how or whence and at the moment when dauntless ardour

most animates his intrepid heart, along comes a random ball discharged by one that mayhap fled in terror at the flash of his infernal machine, whose shot, however, ends and stills in a second the intellectual being of one that deserved to enjoy it for years to come. When I reflect upon such a possibility, I am tempted to regret that I undertook this calling in an age so despicable as this wherein we live: not that I fear hazards, of whatsoever kind, but it gravels me to think how powder and shot may remove from me the chance of becoming famous and renowned by arm and sword-edge throughout the known world. But Heaven's will be done, and if I succeed, I shall loom the larger in men's minds even as the perils to which I exposed myself were more hazardous than those faced by errants of old<sup>(5)</sup>.'

Don Quijote delivered this long harangue while the others ate. Not once did it occur to him to satisfy his hunger, though now and again Sancho encouraged it, saying that afterward would be time to say all he desired. Fresh pity was awakened in his audience in observing how one, apparently of fine understanding and a clear and fertile reasoner, should go to pieces when he came to discuss his benighted chivalry. The priest told him that he was quite right in all that he had said in favour of arms, and that he himself, though a man of letters and a graduate, was of the same opinion.

They finished their supper, the cloth was removed, and while the innmistress, her daughter and Maritornes were getting Don Quijote's loft ready (for it was arranged that the women were to be quartered by themselves for the night), Don Fernando begged the Captive to tell them the story of his life, for it could not fail to be strange and interesting, to judge by the hints he had let fall on his arrival in company with Zoraida. To this the Captive replied that he

would very willingly yield to his request, only he feared his tale would not give them as much pleasure as he wished—nevertheless, not to be wanting in compliance, he would tell it. The priest and the others thanked him and renewed their entreaties, and he finding himself so pressed said there was no need of entreaties when their commands were so potent, adding, ‘Let your worships give me your attention and you will hear a true story which fictitious ones constructed with ingenious and studied art perhaps cannot equal.’ These words made them settle themselves in their places and lend him a deep silence, and he, seeing them mute and waiting for him to speak, in a pleasant quiet voice began:

#### NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>All of these St. Ignatius experienced while at the University of Paris, and at other times in his studies. <sup>(2)</sup>Thus Cervantes fought in an exposed position at the naval battle of Lepanto at the age of twenty-four. His left hand was mutilated and he received two gunshot wounds in the chest. He lay ill below before the battle but insisted on fighting. See Introduction, sub-heading, Early Manhood (Battle of Lepanto). <sup>(3)</sup>Compare *Orlando Furioso* xiv 46; *Nè perchè cada l'un l'altro andar cessa*. <sup>(4)</sup>So does Ariosto curse the inventor of artillery in *Orlando Furioso* xi 25-8. <sup>(5)</sup>Powder and shot are mentioned and used, though frequently anachronistically, in *Amadis of Gaul*, *Tirante the White*, *Mirror of Princes and Knights—The Knight of Pharus*, *Belianis of Greece*, and others.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

The Captive relates his life and adventures

A VILLAGE among the mountains of León was the cradle of my family, to which nature had been kinder and more bountiful than fortune, though amidst the general poverty of these communities my father passed for a rich man, and indeed he would have been so in reality had he been as clever in preserving his property as he was in spending it. This disposition of his to be liberal and wasteful proceeded from his having been a soldier in the days of his youth, for the soldier's trade is a school in which the niggard becomes free-handed and the free-handed prodigal. If there be found some soldiers who are misers, they are monsters of rare occurrence. My father went beyond liberality and bordered on prodigality, a disposition by no means advantageous to a married man who has children to succeed him in his name and position. My father had three, all sons, and all of a sufficient age to make choice of a profession. Finding then that he was unable to resist this propensity, as he said, he resolved to divest himself of the cause and means which made him a prodigal and a spendthrift, that is to say, to rid himself of his wealth, without which Alexander himself would have been accounted parsimonious. And so calling us all three aside one day into a room, he addressed us in words to this effect:

'My sons, to assure you that I love you, no more need be known or said than that you are my sons, and to convince you that I love you not, it is enough that I cannot restrain myself in what concerns the preservation of your patrimony. Therefore, that you

may for the future feel sure that I love you like a father and have no wish to ruin you like a step-father, I propose to do a thing which I have pondered these many days and after mature deliberation definitely decided upon. You are now of an age to choose your line of life or at least to decide on some calling that will bring you honour and profit when you are older, and what I have resolved to do is to divide my property into four parts: three I will bestow upon you, to each one the portion that pertains to him without any difference, and the fourth I will reserve to myself, to live upon and to maintain me during the days of life which Heaven may be pleased to allot me. But I wish each of you on taking possession of the share that falls to him to follow one of the paths I shall indicate. In this Spain of ours there is a proverb, to my mind very true—as they all are, being short maxims drawn from long and practical experience—and it is that which says, ‘The Church, the sea, or the king’s house,’ as much as to say, in plainer language, whoever wants to flourish and become rich, let him follow the church, or go to sea, adopting commerce as his calling, or go into the king’s service in his household, for they also say, ‘Better a king’s crumb than a lord’s favour.’ This I repeat since it is my will and pleasure that one of you should follow letters, another trade, and the third serve the king in his wars, for it is not easy to obtain a footing in the service of his household, and war, though it does not bring much wealth, confers great distinction and fame. Eight days hence I will give you your full shares in money, without defrauding you of a farthing, as you will see in the end. Tell me now if you are willing to follow my idea and advice as I have laid it before you.’

Being called upon as the eldest to answer, I, after urging him not to strip himself of his property but to spend it all as he pleased, for we were young men able to gain our living, consented to comply with his wishes, and said that mine were to follow the profession of arms and thereby serve God and my king. My second brother, after making the same proposal, elected to go to the Indies, investing his portion in trade. The youngest, and in my opinion the wisest, said that he would follow the Church, or at least finish his studies at Salamanca. As soon as we had come to an understanding and had made choice of our professions, my father embraced us all, and in the short time he had mentioned carried into effect all he had promised, and when he had given to each his share, which as well as I remember was three thousand ducats apiece in cash (for an uncle of ours bought the estate and paid for it down, not to let it go out of the family), we all three on the same day took leave of our good father. As it seemed to me inhuman to leave him with such scanty means in his old age, I induced him to take two of my three thousand ducats, as the remainder would be enough to provide me with all a soldier needed. My two brothers, moved by my example, gave him each a thousand ducats, so that there was left for my father four thousand ducats in money, besides the three thousand, his share of the portion that fell to him which he preferred to retain in land instead of selling it. Finally, as I said, we took leave of him and of our uncle whom I have mentioned, not without sorrow and tears on both sides, they charging us to let them know, whenever an opportunity offered, how we fared, whether well or ill. We promised to do so, and when he had embraced us and given us his blessing, one set out for Salamanca, the other for Seville, and I for Alicante,

where I had heard there was a Genoese vessel taking in a cargo of wool for Genoa.

It is now some twenty-two years since I left my father's house, and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news whatever of him or of my brothers. My own adventures during that period I will now relate briefly. I embarked at Alicante, reached Genoa after a prosperous voyage, and proceeded thence to Milan, where I provided myself with arms and a few soldier's accoutrements. Thence it was my intention to go to Piedmont and enlist myself as a soldier, and I was already on the road to Alessandria della Paglia, when I learned that the great Duke of Alva was on his way to Flanders<sup>(1)</sup>. Changing my plans, I went with him, served under him in the campaigns he made, was present at the death of the Counts Egmont and Horn<sup>(2)</sup>, and was promoted to be ensign under a famous captain of Guadalajara, Diego de Urbina. After I had been some time in Flanders, news came of the league that His Holiness Pope Pius the Fifth of blessed memory had made with Venice and Spain against the common enemy<sup>(3)</sup>, the Turk, who just then with his fleet had taken the famous island of Cyprus, which had been subject to the Venetians, an unfortunate and lamentable loss. It was known as a fact that the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good King, Don Philip, was to be commander-in-chief of the allied forces, and rumours were abroad of the vast warlike preparations that were being made.

All this stirred and moved in me the mind and desire to take part in the coming campaign, and though I had hopes, and indeed almost certain promises, of being promoted to be captain on the first occasion which offered, I chose to forsake everything and go, as I did, to Italy. It was my



good fortune that Don John had just arrived at Genoa on his way to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. Let me say, in short, that I took part in that glorious expedition, promoted by this time to be a captain of infantry, to which honourable post my good luck rather than my deserts raised me. And that day, so fortunate for Christendom, since on it were the world and all the nations disabused of the error that the Turks were invincible on sea, on that day, I say, on which the Ottoman arrogance and pride were broken, among all that were then made happy (for more blest the Christians that died there than those that lived and triumphed) I alone was miserable, for instead of some naval crown that I might have expected had it been in Roman times, on the night that followed that famous day I found myself with fetters on my feet and manacles on my hands.

It happened in this wise: Aluch Ali, the King of Algiers, a daring and successful corsair, having attacked and taken the captain-galley of Malta (only three knights being left alive in it, and they badly wounded), the captain-galley of Juan Andrea<sup>(1)</sup>, on board of which was I with my company, came to her relief. Doing what was my duty in such a case, I leaped on board the enemy's galley, which, sheering off from that which attacked it, prevented my men from following me, and so I found myself alone in the midst of mine enemies, who were in such numbers that I was unable to resist. In short I was taken prisoner, covered with wounds. Aluch Ali, as you know, señores, escaped safely with all his squadron, and I remained a captive in his power, being the only one sad among so many joyful and a prisoner among so many free, for there were fifteen thousand Christians, all at the oar in the Turkish fleet, that regained their longed-for liberty

that day. They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Turk, Selim, made my master general-at-sea for having done his duty in the battle and carried off as evidence of his bravery the standard of the Order of Malta.

The following year, which was '72, I found myself at Navarino, rowing in the leading galley with the three lanterns, and I saw and noted the opportunity that was lost in not taking the whole Turkish fleet in the port, for all the sailors and janissaries on board made certain that they would be attacked in the very harbour and therefore had their kits and pasamaques, or shoes, ready to flee at once on shore without waiting to be attacked, so great was their fear of our fleet. But Heaven ordered it otherwise, not for any fault or neglect of the general who commanded on our side, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God wills and permits us ever to have whips to chastise us. In the end Aluch Ali took refuge at Modon, an island close to Navarino, where, throwing his men on shore, he fortified the mouth of the harbour and lay quiet until Don John had retired. In this expedition was taken the galley *La Presa*, whose captain was a son<sup>(5)</sup> of the famous corsair Barbarossa. It was taken by the captain-galley of Naples, *La Loba*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, by that father of his men, that successful and unconquered captain Don Alvaro de Bazán, Marquis of Santa Cruz, and I cannot help telling you what took place at the capture of *La Presa*. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so badly, that, when those who were at the oars saw the galley *La Loba* bearing down upon them and about to board, they at once dropped their oars and seized their captain, who was on the stantrel crying to them to row lustily, and passing him from bench to bench, from the poop

to the prow, they so bit him that he had got but little past the mast before his soul had got to hell—so great as I said was the cruelty with which he treated them and the hatred they bore him.

We returned to Constantinople, and the following year, '73, we learned that Don John had captured Tunis and wrested that kingdom from the Turks, placing Muley Hamet in possession and so putting an end to the hopes which Muley Hamida, the cruelest and bravest Moor in the world, entertained of returning to reign there. The Grand Turk took the loss greatly to heart, but with the cunning which all his house possess he made peace with the Venetians (who desired it much more than he), and the following year, '74, he attacked the Goletta and the fort which Don John had left half-built near Tunis. While all these events were occurring, I was labouring at the oar without any hope of freedom: at least I had no hope of obtaining it by ransom, for I was firmly resolved not to write to my father, telling him of my misfortunes.

At length the Goletta fell together with the fort, before which places there were seventy-five thousand regular Turkish soldiers and more than four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa, and in their train such a quantity of munitions and material of war, and so many sappers, that with their hands they might have covered the Goletta and the fort with handfuls of earth. The first to fall was the Goletta, until then deemed impregnable, and it fell, not through any fault of its defenders, who did all they could and should have done, but because of the ease with which, as experience showed, trenches could be thrown up in that sandy desert, for, though water used to be found at the depth of two spans, the Turks found none at two yards, and so with many sacks of sands they

raised their works high enough to command the walls of the fortress, so that no one was able to make a stand or work at the defence. It was a common opinion that our men should not have shut themselves in the Goletta but should have opposed the disembarkation in the open field. They who say this speak at random and with little knowledge of such matters, for if in the Goletta and in the fort there were barely seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, however resolute, sally out and hold their own against such a host of the enemy? And how is it possible to help losing a fort that is not relieved, above all when surrounded by enemies so numerous, so determined, and in their own country? But many thought, and I thought so too, that it was a special favour and mercy which Heaven showed to Spain in permitting the destruction of that source and hiding-place of mischief, that glutton, sponge and sink of infinite moneys spent there without advantage, to serve no other object than to preserve the memory of its conquest, the auspicious memory of the invincible Charles the Fifth, as if to making that eternal, as it is and shall be, these stones were needed. The fort also fell, but the Turks had to win it inch by inch, for the soldiers who defended it fought so gallantly and stoutly that the number of the enemy killed in twenty-two general assaults exceeded twenty-five thousand. Of the three hundred that remained alive none was taken unwounded, a clear and manifest proof of their mettle and valour and of how sturdily they had defended themselves and held their post.

A small fort or tower that stood in the middle of the lagoon, under command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a gentleman of Valencia and a famous soldier, capitulated upon terms. They captured Don Pedro Puer-tocarrero, commandant of the Goletta, who had done

all in his power to defend the fortress and felt so much the loss of it that he died of grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were taking him a prisoner. They also took the commandant of the fort, Gabrio Cerbellon by name, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer and a very brave soldier. There perished in these two fortresses many persons of note, among whom was Pagano Doria, knight of the Order of Saint John, a man of generous disposition, as was shown by his extreme liberality toward his brother, the famous John Andrea Doria. And what made his death the more sad was that he was slain by some Arabs to whom, seeing that the fort was lost, he entrusted himself, and who offered to conduct him in the guise of a Moor to Tabarca, a small fort or station on the coast held by the Genoese employed in the coral industry. These Arabs cut off his head and carried it to the commander of the Turkish fleet, who made good on them the truth of our Castilian proverb, *Though the treason pleases, we abhor the traitor*, for they say that he ordered those who brought him the present to be hanged for not having brought him alive.

Among the Christians taken in the fort was one named Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some place in Andalusia, who had been ensign in the fort, a soldier of great repute and a rare capacity, and above all with a particular gift in what they call poetry. I say so because his fate brought him to my galley and to my bench and made him a slave to the same master, and before we left the port this gentleman composed two sonnets by way of epitaphs, one on the *Goletta* and the other on the fort; indeed I may as well repeat them, for I have them by heart, and I think they will give you pleasure rather than pain.

The moment the Captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions and

they all three smiled; and when he came to speak of the sonnets one of them said, 'Before your worship proceeds I entreat you to tell me what became of this gentleman.' 'All I know is,' replied the Captive, 'that after he had been two years in Constantinople, he escaped in the guise of an Arnaut with a Greek spy, and I know not whether he regained his liberty (though I suppose he did). A year later I saw this Greek at Constantinople, but I was unable to question him as to the result of their journey.' 'Well, then,' returned the gentleman, 'you are right, for that Don Pedro is my brother, and he is now in our village in good health, rich, married and with three children.' 'Thanks be to God for all the mercies He has shown him,' said the Captive, 'for to my mind there is no happiness on earth to compare with recovering one's lost liberty.' 'And what is more,' added the gentleman, 'I know the sonnets my brother made.' 'Then let your worship repeat them,' urged the Captive, 'for you will recite them better than I.' 'With all my heart,' said the gentleman, 'that on the Goletta runs:

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>September 1567. <sup>(2)</sup>June 5th, 1568. <sup>(3)</sup>Don Juan took command of the Allied Fleet at Messina, August 23rd, 1571. <sup>(4)</sup>Nephew of the great Andrea Doria. <sup>(5)</sup>Nephew, according to Haedo f. 123.

## CHAPTER XL

### The story of the Captive continued

#### SONNET

**B**LEST souls, that, from this mortal husk set free,  
In guerdon of brave deeds beatified,  
Above this lowly orb of ours abide  
Made heirs of Heaven and immortality,  
With noble rage and ardour glowing ye  
Your strength, while strength was yours, in battle plied,  
And with your own blood and the foeman's dyed  
The sandy soil and the encircling sea.  
It was the ebbing life-blood first that failed  
The weary arms; the stout hearts never quailed.  
Though vanquished, yet ye earned the victor's crown;  
Though mourned, yet still triumphant was your fall;  
For there ye won, between the sword and wall,  
In Heaven glory and on earth renown<sup>(1)</sup>.

'That is exactly as I remember it,' said the Captive. 'Well then, that on the fort,' said the gentleman, 'if my memory serve me, goes thus:—

#### SONNET

From out this wasted land by battle torn,  
From 'midst these heaps of ruin, thousands three  
Of valiant warriors found liberty,  
Their blessed souls to bliss in Heaven upborne;  
The valour of their arms displayed in scorn  
Of the o'erwhelming foe all uselessly;  
Though few and faint, to the last extremity  
They fought, and to the sword by fighting worn,  
They gave their lives: here, where the soul has been  
Filled with a thousand tragic memories,  
As in this age so in the days of yore;  
But purer souls sure ne'er has just Heaven seen,  
Than those which now have mounted to the skies,  
Nor nobler bodies e'er this hard earth bore<sup>(2)</sup>.

The sonnets were not disliked, and the Captive, rejoicing at the news they gave him of his comrade and continuing his tale, went on to say:

After the surrender of the Goletta and the fort, the Turks gave orders for the dismantling of the Goletta (for the fort was left in such a state there was nothing left to dismantle), and to do the work more quickly and easily they mined it in three places, but nowhere could they blow up the part which seemed the least strong, namely the old walls, whereas all that was standing of the new fortifications, the work of El Fratin<sup>(3)</sup>, came to the ground with the greatest ease. Finally the fleet returned victorious and triumphant to Constantinople and a few months later died my master, Aluch Ali, who went by the name of Uchali Fartax, which in Turkish means 'the scabby renegade', and such he was. It is a custom among the Turks to name people from some defect or virtue they may possess, the reason being that there are among them only four surnames belonging to families that trace their descent from the Ottoman house, and the others, as I have said, take their names or surnames either from bodily blemishes or from moral qualities. This 'scabby one' rowed at the oar as a slave of the Grand Signor for fourteen years and, when over thirty-four years of age, in resentment for having been struck by a Turk while at the oar, turned renegade and renounced his faith in order to avenge himself, and such was his valour that, without those base means and ways by which the favourites of the Grand Turk are wont to ascend, he rose to be King of Algiers and afterwards to be General-at-sea, which is the third place of trust in the realm. He was a Calabrian by birth, a worthy man morally, and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and after his death they were divided, as he directed in his will, between the Grand



Signor (who is heir of all who die and shares with the children of the deceased) and his renegades.

I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegade, who, made prisoner while a cabin-boy by Aluch Ali, was so much beloved by him that he became one of his most favoured minions. He came to be the most cruel renegade I ever saw: his name was Hassan Aga<sup>(4)</sup>; he grew very rich and became King of Algiers. I went there with him from Constantinople, rather glad to be so near Spain, not that I thought of writing to anyone of my unhappy state, but to try if fortune would be kinder to me in Algiers than in Constantinople, where I had attempted in a thousand ways to escape, and none found favour or fortune. In Algiers I resolved to seek for other means of effecting the purpose I cherished so dearly, for I had never abandoned the hope of obtaining my liberty, and when in my plots and schemes and attempts the result did not answer the design, without giving way to despair I at once would look for or conjure up some new hope to support me, however faint or feeble it might be.

Thus I passed my life, shut up in a prison-house called by the Turks a *baño*, where they keep their Christian slaves, as well those of the King as of private individuals, and also what they call those of the Almacén, that is to say, the slaves of the municipality, who are employed in the public works of the city and other duties. These captives recover their liberty with great difficulty, for, as they are held in common and have no particular master, there is no one with whom to treat for their ransom, even though they have the means. To these *baños*, as I have said, private individuals of the town are in the habit of bringing their captives, especially when they are to be ransomed, since there they can keep them in safety and at their ease until the money

arrives. The king's captives also, that are on ransom, do not go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless the money is delayed. In that case, to make them write for it more pressingly, they compel them to work like the others and fetch wood, which is no light labour.

As it was known that I was a captain, I was held under ransom, though I pleaded my scanty means and small fortune: nothing could dissuade them from including me among the gentlemen and those waiting to be redeemed. They put a chain on me, more as a mark thereof than for safe-keeping, and so there I lived with several other gentlemen and persons of quality, selected and held for ransom, and though hunger and nakedness troubled us at times, and indeed almost always, nothing distressed us so much as hearing and seeing at every turn the till then unheard-of and unseen cruelties which my master inflicted upon the Christians. Every day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third, and all with so little provocation, or so entirely without any, that even the Turks acknowledged that he did so for naught else than because it was his pleasure and because he was murderously disposed toward the whole human race. The only one that fared well with him was a Spanish soldier, a certain Saavedra<sup>(5)</sup>, to whom he never gave a blow himself or ordered a blow to be given or addressed a hard word, though the man did things that will dwell in the memory of the people there for many a year, and all to recover his liberty; and for the least of the many things he did we all feared he would be impaled and he himself was in fear of it more than once. And if time allowed, I could tell you something of what that soldier did, that would interest and astonish you much more than the narration of my own tale.

To go on with my story: the courtyard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a wealthy Moor of high position, but these, as is usual in Moorish houses, were loopholes rather than windows, and besides were covered with thick and close blinds. It so happened, then, that as I was one day on the terrace with three other comrades, trying for pastime to see how far we could leap with our chains (being by ourselves, for the rest of the Christians had gone to work), I raised my eyes by chance and saw appear through one of these little windows a reed with a cloth attached to the end of it, and it kept waving to and fro, as if making signs to us to come and take it. We watched it, and one of those that were with me went and placed himself just under the reed to see if they would drop it or what they would do, but as he approached, the reed was raised and moved from side to side as if they meant to say 'no' by a shake of the head. The second of my comrades went, and with him the same happened as with the first, and then the third went forward, but with the same result as the first and second.

Seeing this I would try my fortune also, but as soon as I came under the reed, it was dropped and fell inside the *baño* at my feet. I hastened to untie the cloth, in which I perceived a knot, and in this were ten zianies, coins of base gold used by the Moors, each worth ten of our reals. That I rejoiced at this windfall I need not say, but my joy was not less than my wonder as to how this good fortune came upon us, upon me especially, for the willingness to drop the reed to me only showed that it was for me that the favour was intended. I took my welcome money, broke the reed and returned to the terrace, and looking up at the window, I saw a lily-white hand, that opened and shut it hastily. From this we gathered that some woman who lived in that

house had done that kind deed, and in token that we thanked her we made salaams in the Moorish fashion, inclining our heads, bending our bodies and laying our hands on our bosoms. Shortly afterwards at the same window a small Cross made of reeds was put out and immediately withdrawn. This sign made us believe that some Christian woman was a captive in the house and it was she who had done us this kindness, but the whiteness of her hand and the bracelets we saw on it dispelled this idea. Then we imagined that it must be some Christian renegade, one of those whom their masters often take for their lawful wives, and gladly, for they prefer them to the women of their own nation.

In all of these our conjectures we were wide of the truth. From that day forward, however, all our occupation was in watching, keeping our gaze fixed on the window where had appeared to us the Cross, as it were our pole-star, but at least fifteen days passed without our seeing it or the hand or any other sign whatever. And though meanwhile we endeavoured with the utmost pains to ascertain who it was that lived in that house, nobody could tell us anything more than that he who lived there was a rich Moor of high position, Hadji Morato by name, formerly alcaide of La Pata<sup>(1)</sup>, an office of high dignity among them. But just when we were least thinking of its raining any more zianies in that quarter, we saw the reed of a sudden appear and another cloth tied to it, with another knot, larger than before, and this at a time when the *baño*, as on the former occasion, was deserted. We made the customary trial, each of the three going before me, but only to me was the reed delivered: on my approach it was let drop. I untied the knot and found forty Spanish gold crowns with a paper written in Arabic, and at the end of the writing was drawn a

large Cross. I kissed the Cross, took the crowns and returned to the terrace, and we all made our salaams. Again the hand appeared, I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was closed.

We were all puzzled, though filled with joy at what had taken place, and as none of us understood Arabic, great was our curiosity to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty of finding some one to read it. At last I resolved to confide in a renegade, a native of Murcia, who professed to be a good friend to me, and pledges had passed between us which bound him to keep secret whatever was entrusted to him, for it is the custom with some renegades, when they intend to return to the land of Christians, to carry about them certificates from captives of mark, testifying, in such form as they can, that such and such a renegade is a worthy man who has always shown kindness to Christians and is anxious to escape on the first opportunity that may present itself. Some obtain these testimonials with good intentions; others procure them upon the chance and with the design that when they go to plunder the land of the Christians, should they happen to be shipwrecked or taken captive, they may produce their papers and say that by these certificates is shown their purpose, which was to remain in a Christian land, and that it was on this account they came raiding in Turkish company. In this way they escape the first outburst of anger and are reunited to the Church without receiving any harm, and when they see their opportunity they return to Barbary and become what they were before. Others there are who procure these papers and make use of them honestly, and remain on Christian soil.

This friend of mine, then, was one of these renegades: he had certificates from all our comrades in

which we testified in his favour as strongly as we could, and if the Moors had found these papers, they would have burned him alive. I knew that he understood Arabic very well and could not only speak but write it, but before I explained the whole matter to him, I asked him to read this paper which I had found by accident in a hole in my cell. He opened it and stood a good while regarding it and spelling it over, muttering between his teeth. I asked him if he understood it and he said he did perfectly well, but that if I wished him to give its meaning word for word, I must give him pen and ink that he might do it the more satisfactorily. We at once gave him what he required, and he set about translating it, bit by bit, saying, when he had finished, 'All that is here in Spanish is what the Moorish paper contains, without missing a letter, but you must bear in mind that where it says *Lela Marien*, it means *Our Lady the Virgin Mary*.' We read the paper, which ran thus:—

'When I was a child, my father had a slave-woman who taught me the Christian prayers in my own tongue and told me many things about *Lela Marien*. This Christian died, and I know that she did not go to the fire but to Allah, for I have seen her twice since and she told me to go to the land of the Christians to see *Lela Marien*, who had great love for me. I know not how to go. I have seen many Christians from this window, but except thyself none has seemed to me a gentleman. I am young and beautiful and have plenty of money to take with me. See if thou canst contrive how we may go, and if thou wilt, thou shalt be my husband, but if thou wilt not, it will not distress me, for *Lela Marien* will find some one to marry me. I myself have written this; take care to whom thou givest it to read; trust no Moor, for they are all deceivers.

Therefore I am greatly troubled, for I would not have thee confide in anyone, because if my father knew it, he would at once fling me down a well and cover me with stones. I will put a thread to the reed; tie the answer to it, and if thou hast no one to write for thee in Arabic, tell it to me by signs, for Lela Marien will make me understand. She and Allah and this Cross, which I often kiss as the slave bade me, protect thee.'

Judge, sirs, whether we had reason for surprise and joy at the words of this paper. Both were so great that the renegade perceived that the paper had not been found by chance but that it had been really addressed to some one of us, and he begged us, if what he suspected were the truth, to trust him and tell him all, for he would risk his life for our freedom. Saying this, he took from his bosom a metal crucifix and with many tears swore by the God the image represented, in whom, though wicked and a sinner, he truly and faithfully believed, to be loyal to us and to keep secret whatever we chose to reveal to him. He thought and almost foresaw that by means of her who had written that paper, he and all of us would regain our liberty, and he himself obtain the object he so much desired, his restoration to the Holy Mother Church, from which, through his own ignorance and sin, he had been severed as a rotten limb. The renegade said this with so many tears and such signs of repentance, that with one consent we all agreed to tell him the truth of the matter, and so we gave him a full account of all, without hiding anything. We pointed out to him the window at which the reed appeared, and he resolved to ascertain with particular care who lived in it. We agreed also that it would be advisable to answer the Moorish lady's letter, and the renegade without a moment's delay took down

the words I dictated to him, which were exactly what I shall tell you, for nothing of importance that took place in this affair has escaped my memory, and never will while life lasts. This, then, was the answer returned to the Moorish lady:

‘The true Allah protect thee, lady, and that blessed Marien who is the true Mother of God, and who has put into thine heart to go to the land of the Christians, because she loves thee. Pray to her that she may be pleased to teach thee how thou mayst execute that which she commands thee, for she is so good that she will surely do so. On my part and on that of all these Christians who are with me, I promise to do for thee all that we are able, even unto death. Fail not to write me and inform me what thou meanest to do, and I will always answer thee, for the great Allah has given us a Christian captive who can speak and write thy language well, as thou mayst see by this paper. Without fear, therefore, thou canst inform us of all that thou wouldst. As to what thou sayest, that if thou dost reach the land of the Christians, thou wilt be my wife, I promise thee the same, as I am a good Christian; and know that the Christians fulfil their promises better than the Moors. May Allah and Marien his Mother guard thee, dear lady.’

With this letter written and folded I waited two days until the *baño* was empty as before, and then went to the accustomed place on the terrace to see if there were any sign of the reed, which was not long in making its appearance. As soon as I saw it, though I could not see who held it, I showed the paper as a sign that they should attach the thread, but I found it was already attached, and so I tied the paper to it, and after a little while our star appeared again with the white ensign of peace, the knotted kerchief. It was dropped, I picked



it up, and found in the cloth, in gold and silver coins of all sorts, more than fifty crowns, which fifty times increased our joy and strengthened our hopes of gaining our liberty.

That very night our renegade returned and said that he had learned that the Moor who lived in that house was indeed Hadji Morato, that he was enormously rich, that he had an only daughter the heiress of all his wealth, and that it was the general opinion throughout the city that she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary, and that several of the viceroys who came there had sought her for a wife, but that she had been always unwilling to marry. He had learned, moreover, that she had had a Christian slave-woman who was now dead—all of which agreed with the contents of the paper. We at once took counsel with the renegade as to what means should be adopted in order to carry off the Moorish lady and bring us all to the land of the Christians. In the end it was agreed that for the present we should wait for a second communication from Zoraida (for so she was called who would now take the name of Maria), because we saw clearly that she and no one else could find a way out of all these difficulties. When we had decided upon this, the renegade bade us not to be uneasy, for he would lose his life or set us at liberty. For four days the *baño* was filled with people, for which reason the reed delayed its appearance for four days, but at the end of that time, when the *baño* was once more as usual deserted, it appeared with the cloth so big as to promise a happy delivery. Reed and cloth came down to me, and I found another paper and a hundred crowns in gold, without any other coin. The renegade was present, and in our cell we gave him the paper to read, which he said was to this effect:

‘I cannot think of a plan, señor, for our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien shown me one, though I have asked her. All that can be done is for me to give you through this window much money in gold. With it ransom yourself and your friends, and let one of you go to the land of the Christians and there buy a vessel and come back for the others. He will find me in my father’s garden, at the Barbazoun gate, near the sea-shore, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. You can carry me away from there by night without any danger and bring me to the vessel. And remember thou art to be my husband, else I will pray to Marien to punish thee. If thou canst not trust one to go for the vessel, do thou ransom thyself and go, for I know thou wilt return more surely than another, since thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Try to be acquainted with the garden, and when thou art walking by here, I shall know that the *baño* is empty and I will give thee abundance of money. Allah protect thee, señor.’

These were the words and contents of the second paper, and on hearing them each declared himself willing to be the ransomed one and promised to go and return with scrupulous good faith, and I too made the same offer. But to all this the renegade objected, saying that he could not on any account consent to one being set free before all went together, as experience had taught him how ill those who have been set free keep their promises made in captivity. Captives of note had often tried this expedient, ransoming some one that he might go to Valencia or Majorca with money to equip a bark and return for those who had ransomed him. But they never came back. Recovered liberty and the dread of losing it efface from the memory all the obligations in the world. To prove the truth of

what he said, he told us briefly what had happened to certain Christian gentlemen almost at this very time, the strangest case that had occurred even there, where astonishing and marvellous things are happening every instant. In short, he ended by saying that what could and ought to be done was to give the money intended for the ransom of one of us Christians to him, for the purchase of a vessel there in Algiers under the pretence of becoming a merchant trading with Tetuan and along that coast. Being master of the bark, he could easily find a way for getting us out of the *baño* and taking us all on board, the more so if the Moorish lady gave, as she promised, money enough to ransom all, because once free it would be the easiest thing in the world for us to embark even in open day. The greatest difficulty was that the Moors do not allow a renegade to buy or to own any craft, unless it is a large ship to go apirating, because they are afraid that anyone who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, wants it only for escaping into Christian territory. This impediment he said he could get over by taking a Tagarin Moor as partner with him in the purchase of the bark and the profit of the cargo. Under cover of this he would become master of the vessel, in which case he looked upon all the rest as good as done. Though to me and my comrades it had seemed a better plan to send to Majorca for the vessel, as the Moorish lady suggested, we dared not oppose him, fearing that, if we did not do as he said, he would denounce us, placing us in danger of losing our lives, if the agreement with Zoraida were disclosed, for whose life we would all have given our own. We therefore resolved to put ourselves in the hands of God and the renegade, and at the same time an answer was given to Zoraida, telling her that we would do all

that she advised, for she had counselled as if Lela Marien had delivered it, and that upon her alone rested whether we were to defer the business or put it into execution at once. I renewed my promise to be her husband. And so, the next day that the *baño* chanced to be empty, she gave us at divers times, by means of the reed and the cloth, two thousand crowns in gold, with a letter wherein she said that on the first Jumá, that is to say Friday, she was going to her father's garden, but that before she went she would give us more money. If that were not enough, we were to let her know, and she would give as much as we needed, for her father had so much he would not miss it, especially as she had the keys of everything.

We at once gave the renegade five hundred crowns to buy the vessel, and with eight hundred I ransomed myself, giving the money to a Valencian merchant who chanced to be in Algiers, who ransomed me from the king on pledging his word that on the arrival of the first ship from Valencia he would pay the sum due. Had he given the money at once, it would have made the king suspect that my ransom money had been for some time in Algiers, and that the merchant for his own advantage had kept it secret. In fact my master was so difficult to deal with that I dared not on any account pay down the money at once. The Thursday before the Friday on which the fair Zoraida was to go to the garden she gave us another thousand crowns, and warned us of her departure, begging me, if I were ransomed, to find out her father's garden at once, and by all means to seek an opportunity of going there to see her. I answered her briefly that I would do so and bade her commend us to Lela Marien with all the prayers the Christian slave had taught her. This having been done, steps were taken

to ransom our three comrades, so as to enable them to quit the *baño*, and lest, seeing me redeemed and themselves not, although there was money to do it, they should make a disturbance and the devil should prompt them to do something to the prejudice of Zoraida. Though their position was such as to relieve me from this apprehension, yet I was unwilling to run any risk in the matter, and so I had them ransomed in the same way as I was, handing over all the money to the merchant so that he might with safety and confidence give security, without, however, confiding our arrangement and secret to him, which might have been dangerous.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Ormsby's translation. <sup>(2)</sup>Watts' translation. <sup>(3)</sup>Jacome Palearo. <sup>(4)</sup>A slip for Hassan Pasha. <sup>(5)</sup>Cervantes himself. <sup>(6)</sup>A fort near Oran.

## CHAPTER XLI

### The Captive continues his adventures

**B**EFORE fifteen days had passed our renegade had purchased an excellent vessel with room for more than thirty persons, and to give a better colour and security to his design, he proposed to make, and in fact did make, a voyage to a place called Cherchel, about thirty leagues from Algiers toward Oran, where there is a great traffic in dried figs. Two or three times he made this voyage in company with the Tagarin aforesaid. In Barbary they call Tagarins the Moors of Aragon and those of Granada Mudejares, which latter in the kingdom of Fez are called Elches, and these are the people the king chiefly employs in war. To proceed: every time he passed with his vessel he anchored in a cove which was not two bow-shots from the garden where Zoraida was waiting; and there the renegade, together with the Moorish lads that rowed, used purposely to station himself, either going through his prayers or rehearsing in jest what he intended to perform in earnest. Thus he would go to Zoraida's garden and ask for fruit, which her father gave him, not knowing him. But though, as he afterwards informed me, he sought to speak to Zoraida and tell her who he was and that by my orders he was to take her to the land of the Christians, that she might be at ease and of good cheer, it was never possible for him to do so, for the Moorish women do not let themselves be seen by Moor or Turk, unless the husband or parent bid them, whereas with Christian captives they permit freedom and communication, even more than is becoming. For my

own part I should have been sorry if he had talked with her, for it might have alarmed her to find her affairs talked of by renegades.

But God, who ordered it otherwise, afforded no opportunity for our renegade's well-meant purpose, and he, perceiving how safely he could go to and from Cherchel and anchor when and how and where he pleased, and that the Tagarin his partner had no will but his, and that now I was ransomed, all we wanted was to find some Christians to row, bade me look out for those I would bring with me over and above those who had been ransomed, and to engage them for the next Friday, which he fixed for our departure. I therefore spoke to a dozen Spaniards, all able men at the oar and such as might easily leave the city. It was no easy matter to find so many just then, since there were twenty ships out on a cruise and they had taken all the rowers with them, and these would not have been found, were it not that their master stayed at home that summer to finish a galliot which he had upon the stocks. All I said to them was that on the next Friday in the evening they were to come out stealthily one by one and hang about Hadji Morato's garden, waiting for me till I came. These directions I gave each one separately, with orders that if they saw other Christians there, they were not to say anything to them except that I had directed them to wait at that spot.

This preliminary having been settled, another still more necessary step had to be taken, which was to let Zoraida know how matters stood that she might be forewarned and prepared, so as not to be alarmed if we came upon her suddenly before the time she might have fixed in her mind that the Christian's vessel could return. I therefore resolved to go to the garden and see if I could speak with her,

and under pretence of gathering some herbs I went thither one day before our departure. The first person I met was her father, who addressed me in the language that all over Barbary and even in Constantinople is the medium between captives and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages<sup>(1)</sup>, in which we may all understand one another. He, I say, in that mode of speech asked me what I wanted in his garden and to whom I belonged. I replied that I was a slave of Arnaut Mami (for I knew for certain that he was a great friend of his), and that I was looking for herbs to make a salad. He then asked me whether I were under ransom or not, and what my master demanded for me. While these questions and answers were proceeding, the fair Zoraida, who had not seen me for some time, came out of the garden-house, and as Moorish women are not at all scrupulous about letting themselves be seen by Christians, and, as I have said, are not bashful before them, she had no hesitation in coming to where her father stood with me. Moreover, her father, seeing her approaching slowly, called her to come.

It would be beyond my power to tell of the exceeding beauty and fine breeding, the rich brilliant attire wherein my beloved Zoraida then presented herself before mine eyes. I will only say that more pearls hung about her lovely neck, her ears and tresses than she had hairs on her head. On her ankles, which as customary were bare, she wore carcajes (for so in Moorish they call the rings and bracelets for the feet) of purest gold, encrusted with so many diamonds that, as she has since told me, her father valued them at ten thousand doblas<sup>(2)</sup>, and those on her wrists had equal worth. The pearls were in profusion and very fine, for to be bedecked



with these, both great and small, is the chief pride and display of the Moorish women. Thus there are more pearls and pearl-seeds among the Moors than among all the other nations, and Zoraida's father had the reputation of possessing a great number, and the purest in all Algiers, and of possessing also more than two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, and she who is now my mistress, was mistress of all this. Whether thus adorned she then appeared beautiful or not, may be judged by what remains of her beauty after all her sufferings: what must she have been in her prosperous days! We are aware that the beauty of some women has its times and seasons and is increased or diminished by chance causes, and it is natural that the emotions of the soul should raise or lower it, though most frequently they destroy it. All I can say is that Zoraida then appeared so exquisitely attired and surpassingly lovely that to me at least she seemed the perfection of all I had ever beheld, and when, in addition, I considered all that I owed her, I felt that I had before me some goddess from Heaven, come to earth for my happiness and relief.

As she approached, her father told her in her own language that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaut Mami and that I had come for salad. She took up the conversation, and in the mixture of tongues I have spoken of asked me if I was a gentleman and why I was not ransomed. I answered that I was already ransomed, and by the price might be seen what value my master set on me, as they had given one thousand five hundred *zoltanis*<sup>(3)</sup> for me; to which she replied, 'Hadst thou been my father's, I can tell thee, I would not have let him part with thee for twice as much, for you Christians always tell lies about yourselves and make yourselves out poor to cheat the Moors.' 'That may be,

señora, but indeed I dealt truthfully with my master, as I do and mean to do with everybody in the world.' 'And when dost thou go?' 'To-morrow, I think, for there is a vessel here from France which sails to-morrow, and I think I shall go in her.' 'Would it not be better to wait for the arrival of ships from Spain and go with them and not with the French who are not your friends?' 'No,' said I, 'though if, as reported, a vessel were now coming from Spain, I might perhaps wait for her. However, it is more likely that I shall depart to-morrow, for the longing I feel to return to my country and to those I love is so great that it will not suffer me to wait for another opportunity, let it be ever so good, if it be delayed.' 'No doubt thou art married in thine own country, and for that reason thou art anxious to go and see thy wife.' 'I am not married, but I have given my promise to marry on my arrival there.' 'And is the lady beautiful to whom thou hast given it?' 'So beautiful, that to describe her worthily and to tell thee the truth, she is very like thee.' At this her father laughed heartily and said, 'By Allah, Christian, she must be very beautiful if she be like my daughter, who is the most beautiful woman in all this kingdom: only look at her well and thou wilt see that I am telling thee the truth.'

Zoraida's father as the better linguist helped to interpret most of these words and phrases, for though she spoke the bastard language, she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words. While we were thus conversing, a Moor came running up, exclaiming that four Turks had leapt over the palings or wall of the garden, and were picking the fruit though it was not ripe. The old man was alarmed and Zoraida too, for the Moors commonly and as it were by instinct have a dread of the Turks, especially of the soldiers, who are so insolent and

use such tyranny toward the Moors under their power, that they treat them worse than their slaves. So her father said to Zoraida, 'Daughter, retire into the house and shut thyself in while I speak to these dogs. And thou, Christian, pick thy herbs, and go in peace, and Allah bring thee safe to thy native land.' I bowed, and he went away to look for the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who made as if she were going whither her father bade her, but the moment he was concealed by the trees of the garden, turning to me she said with her eyes full of tears, 'Tameji, Christian, tameji,' that is to say, 'Art thou going, Christian, art thou going?' I made answer, 'Yes, señora, but not without thee, come what may. Be on the watch for me on the next Jumá, and be not alarmed when thou seest us, for surely we shall go to the land of the Christians.'

I spoke in such a way that she understood perfectly all that passed between us, and throwing her arm around my neck, she began with feeble steps to move toward the house. As fate would have it (and it might have gone very ill for us if Heaven had not ordained it otherwise), while we were walking in this manner, her father, after getting rid of the Turks, returned and saw how we were walking and we knew that he saw. But Zoraida, ready and quick-witted, took care not to remove her arm from my neck but on the contrary drew closer to me and laid her head on my breast, bending her knees a little and showing plain signs and tokens of fainting, while I at the same time made it seem as if I were supporting her against my will. Her father came running up to where we were, and, seeing his daughter in this state, asked what was the matter. She, however, gave no answer, so he said, 'No doubt she has fainted in alarm at the entrance of those dogs,' and taking her from mine he drew her to his

own breast, while she sighing, her eyes still wet with tears, said again, 'Ameji, Christian, ameji'— 'Go, Christian, go.' To this her father replied, 'There is no need, daughter, for the Christian to go, for he has done thee no harm, and the Turks have now gone. Feel no alarm, there is nothing to hurt thee, for, as I say, at my entreaty, they have gone back the way they came.' 'It was they who terrified her, as thou hast said, señor,' said I to the father, 'but since she bids me go, I have no wish to displease her. Peace be with thee, and by thy leave I will return to this garden for herbs if need be, for my master says there are nowhere better herbs for salad than here.' 'Come as often as thou wilt,' answered Hadji Morato; 'my daughter spake not thus because she is displeased with thee or with any other Christian, but instead of telling the Turks to be gone, she told thee to be gone, or because it was time for thee to gather thy herbs.'

On this I took my leave of them both, and she, looking as if her heart had been torn from her, went away with her father. Under pretence of looking for herbs, I made the round of the garden at mine ease, and studied carefully all the approaches and outlets, the defenses of the house, and everything of which we might take advantage for the dispatch of our business. This done, I returned and gave an account to the renegade and to my comrades of all that had passed, and looked forward with impatience to the hour when, without fear, I could enjoy the prize which fortune offered me in the fair and lovely Zoraida. Time passed, and at length the day and the period arrived by us so longed for. Since all followed out the arrangement and plan which, after careful consideration and many a long discussion, we had decided upon, we succeeded as fully as we could have wished. On the Friday fol-

lowing the day upon which I spoke to Zoraida in the garden, the renegade anchored his vessel at nightfall almost opposite the spot where she lived.

The Christians who were to row were ready and in hiding in various places round about, all waiting for me, anxious and elated, and eager to attack the vessel that lay before their eyes. They did not know the renegade's plan, but expected that they were to gain their liberty by force of arms and by killing the Moors on board the vessel. As soon, therefore, as I and my companions appeared, all they who were in hiding, seeing us, came out and joined us. It was now the time when the city-gates are shut, and there was no one to be seen in all the country about. When we were collected together, we debated whether it would be best to go for Zoraida or to make prisoners the Tagarin Moors who rowed the bark. While we were still in doubt, the renegade came up and asked why we stayed, for it was now the hour, and all the Moors were off their guard and most of them asleep. We told him why we hesitated, but he said that it was of more importance to seize the vessel, which could be done with the greatest ease and without any danger, and then we could go for Zoraida. We all approved of what he said, and, so without further delay, guided by him we made for the vessel, and he, leaping on board first, drew his cutlass and said in Morisco, 'Let none of you stir from here unless he would lose his life.' By this time almost all the Christians were on board, and the Moors, who were of little spirit, hearing their captain speak thus, were terror-struck, and without any of them taking to his arms (of which indeed they had few or none) they submitted without a word to be bound by the Christians, who quickly secured them, threatening them that if they raised

any kind of outcry they would all be put to the sword.

This having been accomplished and half of our party being left to keep guard over them, the rest of us, again taking the renegade as our guide, hastened towards Hadji Morato's garden, and as good luck would have it, on trying the gate it opened as easily as if it had not been locked; and so, quite quietly and in silence we reached the house without being perceived. The lovely Zoraida was watching for us at a window, and as soon as she perceived that there were people there, she asked in a low voice if we were 'Nizarani,' that is to say, were we Christians. I answered yes, and bade her come down. As soon as she recognized me, she did not delay an instant, but without answering a word came down immediately, opened the door, and showed herself to all, so beautiful and so richly attired that I cannot attempt to describe her. The moment I saw her I took her hand and kissed it, and the renegade and my two comrades did the same, while the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, did as they saw us do, thinking only that we were giving her thanks and acknowledging her as the mistress of our liberty. The renegade asked her in Moorish if her father was in the garden-house. She answered yes and that he was asleep. 'Then we must awaken him,' said the renegade, 'and carry him with us and all that is of value in this beautiful garden.' 'Nay,' said she, 'my father must not on any account be touched, and in this house is nothing more than what I am taking with me, which will be quite enough to enrich and satisfy all of you. Wait a little and you shall see,' and so saying she went in again, telling us that she would return immediately and bidding us to keep quiet and make no noise.

I asked the renegade what had passed between them, and when he told me, I bade him do nothing but what Zoraida wished. She now returned with a little trunk so full of gold crowns that she could scarcely carry it. Unfortunately her father awoke while this was going on, and, hearing a noise in the garden, came to the window, and at once perceiving that all those who were there were Christians, raising a prodigiously loud cry, he began to call out in Arabic, 'Christians, Christians, thieves, thieves!' This outcry put us all into the utmost fear and embarrassment, but the renegade, seeing the danger we were in and how important it was for him to effect his purpose before we were heard, mounted with all speed to Hadji Morato's room, and with him some others of our company. I dared not leave Zoraida, who had fallen almost fainting in my arms. To be brief, those who had gone upstairs acted so promptly that in an instant they came down, carrying Hadji Morato with his hands bound and a napkin tied over his mouth, which prevented him from saying a word, warning him at the same time that to attempt to speak would cost him his life. When his daughter caught sight of him, she covered her eyes that she might not look upon him, while her father was stupefied, not knowing how willingly she had placed herself in our hands. But our feet just then being more necessary, we betook ourselves with all caution and speed to the vessel, where those who had remained on board were already looking impatiently for our return, fearing that we had met with some ill chance.

It was barely two hours after night had set in when we were all on board the vessel, where the cords were removed from the hands of Zoraida's father and the napkin from his mouth, but the renegade again told him not to utter a word or they

would take his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to sigh piteously, the more when he observed that I held her closely embraced and that she lay quiet without resisting or complaining or reluctance. Nevertheless he kept silent, lest they should carry into effect the repeated threats of the renegade. Finding herself now on board and that we were about to give way with the oars, Zoraida, seeing her father there, and the other Moors bound, bade the renegade ask me to do her the favour to release these Moors and set her father at liberty, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea than suffer a father who had loved her so dearly to be carried away captive before her eyes and on her account. The renegade repeated this to me, and I replied that I was very willing to do so, but he answered that it was not advisable, because if they were left there, they would at once raise the country and stir up the city and lead to the dispatch of swift cruisers in pursuit and so they would take us by land and sea without any possibility of escape; and that all that could be done was to set them free on the first Christian ground we reached. On this point we all agreed, and Zoraida, to whom it was explained, together with the reasons that prevented us from doing at once what she desired, remained satisfied.

In glad silence and with blithe agility each of our lusty rowers took his oar, and commending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we shaped our course for the island of Majorca, the nearest Christian land. By reason, however, of the Tramontana rising a little and the sea growing somewhat rough, we could not hold our course and were compelled to coast in the direction of Oran, not without much uneasiness, lest we should be espied from the town of Cherchel, which lies upon that coast some sixty



miles from Algiers. Moreover we were afraid of meeting one of the galliots that usually come with goods from Tetuan, although each of us for himself and all of us together felt that if a merchant-galliot were met with, provided that it were not a cruiser, not only should we not be lost, but that we should capture a vessel in which we could more safely accomplish our voyage. All the while that we rowed, Zoraida kept her head in my hands that she might not see her father, and I felt that she was calling upon Lela Marien to help us.

We had made full thirty miles when dawn found us some three musket-shots off the land, which seemed to us deserted and without anyone to see us. Yet for all that we plied our oars hard to get further out to sea, which was now a little smoother, and having gained about two leagues the word was given that only every fourth man should row, in order that we might take some food, with which the bark was well provided. But the rowers said that it was not yet time to take a rest: let food be served to those that were not rowing, but as for themselves they would not leave their oars on any account. This was done, but now a stiff breeze began to blow, which obliged us to leave off rowing and hoist the sail, steering for Oran, as it was impossible to hold any other course. All this was done very promptly, and under sail we ran more than eight miles an hour without any fear, except that of falling in with some vessel that might prove a pirate. We gave the Moors to eat, and the renegade comforted them, telling them they were not slaves, as we should set them free on the first opportunity.

The same was said to Zoraida's father, who replied, 'Aught else I might expect or hope from your generosity and good behaviour, but do not think me so simple as to imagine that you will give me

my liberty. You would never have incurred the risk of depriving me of it, only to restore it to me so generously, especially as you know who I am and the sum you may expect to receive by restoring it. If you will but name that, I here offer all you require for myself and for my unhappy daughter there; or else for her alone, for she is the greatest and most precious part of my soul.' Saying this, he wept so bitterly that he moved us all to compassion and forced Zoraida to look at him, and when she saw him weeping, she was so touched that she rose from my feet to throw her arms about him, and pressing her face to his, they both gave way to such an outburst of tears that several of us were constrained to keep them company. But when her father observed her so gaily apparelled with all her jewels about her, he said to her in their language, 'What means this, my daughter? Last night, before this terrible calamity befell us, I saw thee in thine ordinary and household dress, and now, without having had time to attire thyself and without receiving any joyful tidings to furnish an occasion for adorning and bedecking thyself, I see thee arrayed in the finest attire it would be in my power to give thee when fortune was most kind to us. Answer me this, for it causes me greater anxiety and surprise than this misfortune itself.'

The renegade interpreted to us what the Moor said to his daughter. She, however, returned him no answer, and when he observed in one corner of the vessel the little coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he well knew he had left in Algiers and had not brought to the garden, he was still more amazed, and asked her how that trunk had come into our hands and what there was in it. To this the renegade, without waiting for Zoraida to reply, made answer, 'Trouble not thyself, señor, in putting

so many questions to thy daughter Zoraida, for the one answer I give thee will serve for all: I would have thee know that she is a Christian, and that it is she who has been the file for our chains and the deliverance of our captivity. She is here of her own free will, as glad, I imagine, to find herself in this state as he who escapes from darkness into light, out of death into life, and out of suffering into glory.' 'Is this true what he says, daughter?' cried the Moor. 'It is,' answered Zoraida. 'Then thou art in truth a Christian, and thou hast given thy father into the hands of his enemies?' 'A Christian I am, but it is not I that have placed thee in this position, since it never was my wish to leave thee or do thee harm, but only to do good to myself.' 'And what good hast thou done thyself, daughter?' 'Ask that of Lela Marien, for she can tell thee better than I.' The Moor had scarce heard these words when with marvellous quickness he flung himself head-foremost into the sea, where no doubt he would have drowned had not his long and full dress upheld him a little on the water. Zoraida cried aloud to us to save him, and we all hastened to his aid, and seizing him by his robe, we drew him in half-drowned and insensible, at which Zoraida was in such distress that she wept over him as piteously and bitterly as though he were dead. We turned him upon his face and he voided a great quantity of water, and at the end of two hours came to himself.

Meanwhile, the wind having changed, we were compelled to head for the land and ply our oars to escape being driven on shore, but it was our good fortune to make a cove that lies on one side of a promontory or cape, called by the Moors the Cape of La Cava Rumia<sup>(4)</sup>, which in our language means 'the wicked Christian woman', for it is a tradition among the Moors that in that spot is buried that

Cava<sup>(5)</sup> through whom Spain was lost, Cava in their language meaning a wicked woman, and Rumia, Christian. They even hold it for a bad omen to arrive and anchor there when necessity forces them to it, and never otherwise do they do so. For us, on the contrary, it was no refuge of a wicked woman but a secure haven of relief, so rough had the sea become. We posted a look-out on shore, and never letting the oars out of our hands, we ate of the stores the renegade had laid in, imploring God and Our Lady with all our hearts to help and protect us, that we might make a happy end to so prosperous a beginning. At the entreaty of Zoraida orders were given to put on shore her father and the other Moors who were still bound, for she could not endure, nor could her tender heart bear to see, her father in bonds and her fellow-countrymen prisoners before her eyes. We promised her to do this at the moment of departure, for as it was uninhabited we ran no risk in releasing them at this place.

Our prayers were not so far in vain as to be unheard by Heaven, for the wind immediately changed in our favour, and the sea became calm, inviting us anew to proceed with joyful hearts upon the voyage we had undertaken. Seeing this, we unbound the Moors and put them on shore one by one, leaving them greatly astonished. But when we came to land Zoraida's father, who had now completely recovered his senses, he said, 'Why is it, think ye, Christians, that this evil daughter of mine is glad that you have given me my liberty? Do you think it is because of the pity she feels for me? No, assuredly, it is only because of the hindrance my presence offers to the execution of her base designs. Nor imagine that she has been moved by the belief that yours is better than ours to change her religion: it is only because she knows that immodesty is more freely practised

in your country than in ours.' Then turning to Zoraida, while I and another Christian held him fast by both arms lest he should do some mad act, he said to her, 'Infamous girl, misguided maiden! whither goest thou, blind and distracted, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Accursed be the hour wherein I begat thee! Accursed be the luxury and indulgence wherein I reared thee!'

Seeing that he was not likely soon to cease, I hurried him on shore, and thence he continued with his maledictions and lamentations, calling on Mahomet to pray to Allah to destroy us, to confound us, to make an end of us. And when, in consequence of our having made sail, we could no longer hear what he said, we could see what he did: he plucked out his beard, tore his hair, and lay writhing on the ground. Yet once he raised his voice to such a pitch that we could hear what he said: 'Come back, dear daughter, come back to shore: I forgive thee all. Let those men have the money, for it is theirs now, and come back to comfort thy sorrowing father, who will lose his life on these desert sands if thou forsake him.' All this Zoraida heard with sorrow and tears, and all she could say in answer was, 'Allah grant that Lela Marien, who has made me a Christian, give thee comfort in thy sorrow, O my father. Allah knows that I could not do otherwise than I have done, and that these Christians owe me nothing for my good-will, for even had I wished not to accompany them, but remain at home, I could not, so eager was my soul in the accomplishment of this work, which I feel to be as good as to thee, dear father, it seems evil.'

But neither could her father hear her nor we see him while she said this, and so, while I consoled Zoraida, we all turned our attention to our voyage, in which a breeze from the right point so favoured

us that we made sure of finding ourselves off the coast of Spain on the morrow by daybreak. But as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, unattended or followed by some evil to spoil or disturb it, our fortune, or perchance the curses which the Moor had hurled at his daughter (for whatever kind of father they come from, they are always to be dreaded), brought it about that when we were now in mid-sea, and the night about three hours spent, as we were running with all sail set and the oars lashed, for the favouring breeze saved us the trouble of using them, we saw by the light of the moon, which shone brilliantly, a square-rigged vessel in full sail close to us, luffing up and standing across our course, and so close that we had to strike sail to avoid running foul of her, while they too put the helm hard up to let us pass. They were gathered on the ship's deck to ask us who we were, whither we were bound and whence we came, but as these questions were put in the French tongue, our renegade said, 'Let none answer, for doubtless these are French corsairs who plunder all comers.'

Acting on this warning, no one answered a word, but after we had gone a little ahead, suddenly they fired two guns, apparently loaded with chain-shot, for with one they cut our mast in half and brought down both it and the sail into the sea, and the other, discharged at the same moment, sent a ball into our vessel amidships, staving her in completely but without doing any further damage. Finding ourselves sinking, we shouted for help and called upon those in the ship to pick us up, as we were filling. They then lay to, and lowering a skiff or boat, as many as a dozen Frenchmen, well armed with match-locks and the matches burning, got into it and came alongside, and seeing how few we were and that our vessel was going down, they took us

in, telling us that this had come about through our incivility in not giving them an answer. Our renegade took the trunk containing Zoraida's wealth and dropped it into the sea without any one perceiving that he did. In short we went on board with the Frenchmen, who, having learned all that they wanted to know about us, rifled us of everything we had, as if they had been our bitterest enemies, and from Zoraida they took even the anklets from her feet. But the distress they caused her did not distress me so much as the fear I was in that from robbing her of her rich and precious jewels they would proceed to rob her of the jewel of most worth, which she valued above all. But the desires of these people go no further than money, whereof their lust is never sated, and on this occasion they went so far that they would have taken the clothes we wore as captives, had they been worth anything.

It was the advice of some of them to throw us all into the sea, wrapped in a sail, for their purpose was to trade at some of the Spanish ports, giving themselves out as Bretons, and if they brought us alive, they would be punished as soon as the robbery was discovered. But the captain, the one who had plundered my beloved Zoraida, declared that he was content with the prize already obtained, and that he would not touch at any Spanish port, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night or as best he could, and so make for La Rochelle, from which port he had sailed. So they agreed to give us the ship's skiff and all that we required for the short voyage remaining to us, and this they did the next day on coming in sight of the Spanish coast, upon which sight, and with the joy we felt, all our troubles and privations were as completely forgotten as if never endured, so great is the happiness of recovering one's lost liberty.

It may have been about mid-day when they placed us in the boat, giving us two kegs of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave Zoraida some forty gold crowns, as she was about to embark, and would not permit his men to take from her those same garments which she has on now. We got into the skiff, giving them thanks for their kindness to us and showing ourselves grateful rather than outraged. They stood out to sea, steering for the straits; we, without looking to any compass save the land that lay before us, set ourselves to row with such energy that by sunset we were so near that we might easily, we thought, land before the night was far advanced. But as there was no moon and the sky was clouded and as we knew not where we were, we thought it imprudent to touch the land, as some of us advised, saying that we ought to run ourselves ashore, even if it were on rocks and far from any habitation, for thus we should be relieved of the fear which we naturally felt of the prowling vessels of the Tetuan corsairs, who are overnight in Barbary and by day-break on the coast of Spain, where they commonly take some prize and then go home to sleep in their own houses.

But of the conflicting counsels the one which was adopted was that we should approach the shore gradually and land where we could if the sea were calm enough to permit it. This was done, and a little before midnight we drew near the foot of a large and lofty mountain, not so close to the sea but that it left a narrow space on which to land conveniently. We ran our boat up on to the sand and all sprang out and kissed the ground, and with tears of utmost happiness we returned thanks to God our Lord for all his incomparable goodness to us on our voyage. We removed from the boat the provisions it con-



tained and drew it up on the shore, and then climbed a long way up the mountain, for even there we could not feel easy in our hearts or thoroughly persuade ourselves that we stood on Christian soil. The dawn came, methinks, more slowly than we could have wished, but at last we ascended to the top of the mountain to see if we could descry some village or shepherds' huts, but as far as we could carry our eyes, no village, or person, or path, or highway could we discover. However, we determined to push on further, as it could not be but that ere long we should find some one who could tell us where we were. What distressed me most was to see Zoraida going on foot over that rough ground, and though once I carried her on my shoulders, she was more wearied by my weariness than rested by the rest, and wished me no more to take that trouble, and so she went on patiently and cheerfully, I leading her by the hand. We had gone rather less than quarter of a league when the sound of a little bell fell on our ears, a clear proof that there were flocks hard by, and looking about carefully to see if anyone appeared, we observed a young shepherd, who tranquilly and unsuspectingly was trimming a stick with his knife at the foot of a cork-tree. We called to him, and he, raising his head, sprang nimbly to his feet, for, as we afterwards learned, the first to present themselves to his sight were the renegade and Zoraida, and seeing them in Moorish dress he imagined that all the Moors of Barbary were upon him. Plunging with marvellous agility into the thicket in front of him, he began to raise a great outcry, calling, 'The Moors, the Moors have landed! To arms, to arms.'

We were all thrown into confusion by these cries, not knowing what to do, but reflecting that the lad's shouts would raise the country and that the mounted

coast-guard would come at once to see what was the matter, we agreed that the renegade must strip off his Turkish garments and put on a captive's jacket or coat, which one of our party gave him at once, though he himself was reduced to his shirt. And so, commending ourselves to God, we followed the same road which we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment that the coast-guard would be down upon us. Nor were we deceived, for two hours had not passed when, as we issued from the brushwood onto the plain, we perceived some fifty horsemen riding toward us at a hand-gallop. As soon as we saw them, we stood still, awaiting their arrival; but as they came close and, instead of the Moors they were in quest of, saw a set of poor Christians, they were taken aback, and one of them asked if we were the cause of the shepherd's having raised the call to arms. I answered yes, and as I was about to explain to him what had occurred, and whence we came and who we were, one of the Christians of our party recognized the horseman who had put the question to us, and before I could say anything more he exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God, señores, for leading us to so blest a spot, for, if I do not deceive myself, the ground we stand on is that of Vélez Málaga, and you, señor, who ask us who we are, if my years of captivity have not effaced you from my memory, are Pedro de Bustamante, mine uncle.'

The Christian captive had scarce uttered these words, when the trooper threw himself off his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, crying, 'Nephew of my life and soul! I recognize thee now. Long have I mourned for thee as dead, I and my sister, thy mother and all thy kin that are still alive, and whom God has been pleased to preserve that they may enjoy the happiness of seeing thee. We knew

long since that thou wert in Algiers, and from the appearance of thy garments and the rest of this company I conclude that you have had a miraculous liberation.' 'It is true,' replied the young man, 'and later there will be time to tell you all.' As soon as the troopers understood that we were Christian captives, they dismounted and each offered to carry us to the city of Vélez Málaga, a league and a half distant. Some of them went to bring the skiff to the city, we having told them where we had left it; others took us up behind them, and Zoraida was placed on the horse of the young man's uncle. The whole town came out to meet us, for they had heard of our arrival from one who had gone on before. They did not wonder at seeing captives free or Moors captives, for people on that coast are well used to see both one and the other, but they were struck with the beauty of Zoraida, which was heightened as well by the exertion of the journey as by the joy at finding herself on Christian soil and relieved of all fear of being lost. This had brought such a glow upon her face that, unless my love for her deceived me, I would venture to say there was not a more beautiful creature in all the world—at least, that I had seen.

We went straight to the church to give thanks to God for the mercies we had received, and as soon as Zoraida entered it, she said there were faces there like Lela Marien's. We told her they were images, and as well as he could, the renegade explained to her what they meant, that she might worship them as if each of them were the very same Lela Marien that had spoken to her. And she, who had a ready understanding and a quick and clear instinct, took in at once all he said about them. Thence they took us and distributed us all in different houses of the town, but as for Zoraida, the rene-

gade and myself, the Christian who came with us brought us to the house of his parents, who had a fair share of the gifts of fortune and treated us with as much kindness as they did their own son.

We remained six days in Vélez, at the end of which the renegade, having laid his process in due form, set out for the city of Granada to restore himself to the sacred bosom of the Church through the medium of the Holy Inquisition. The other released captives took their departure, each the way that seemed best to him, and Zoraida and I were left alone with nothing more than the crowns which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed upon Zoraida, out of which I bought the beast she now rides. I for the present attending her as her father and squire and not as her husband, we are travelling with intent to see if my father be alive, or if any of my brothers have had better fortune than mine has been; though, as Heaven has made me the companion of Zoraida, I think no other lot could fall to me, however happy, that I should value more. The patience with which she endures the hardships that poverty brings with it, and the eagerness she shows to become a Christian, are such and so great as to fill me with admiration and bind me to serve her all the days of my life; although the happiness I feel in seeing myself hers, and her mine, is troubled and marred by my not knowing whether I shall find a corner in mine own country for her shelter, and whether time and death may not have made such changes in the fortunes and lives of my father and brothers, that I shall hardly find anyone that knows me, if they are not to be found. I have no more of my story to tell you, señores. Whether it be interesting and strange, let your better judgments decide. All I can say is that I would have gladly told

it to you more briefly, although my fear of wearying you has made me omit more than one circumstance.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>The *lingua franca*, described by Haedo as 'a mixture of various Christian tongues and of words chiefly Italian and Spanish with a sprinkling of Portuguese.' <sup>(2)</sup>Moorish *dobla*, called *zahen*, was worth about a Spanish dollar. <sup>(3)</sup>A gold coin, worth, according to Haedo, a little more than a Spanish *escudo* or crown. <sup>(4)</sup>The *Koubbah Rumia* is now proved to be the Mausoleum of Juba the Second, King of Mauretania, and of his wife Cleopatra, daughter of the famous Egyptian Queen by Marc Antony. It is composed of huge square stones, clamped together with iron, in shape like a truncated cone, circular at the base. It rises to a height of one hundred feet, standing on a hill nearly eight hundred feet high, and is visible at a distance of six miles. <sup>(5)</sup>Or Florinda, the fateful daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the conquest of Spain by the Moors.

## CHAPTER XLII

Further incidents at the inn and several other things worth knowing

WITH these words the Captive held his peace, and Don Fernando said to him, 'In truth, captain, the manner in which you have related this remarkable adventure has been such as to equal the novelty and strangeness of the affair itself. The whole story is curious and rare, abounding in incidents that fill the hearers with wonder and astonishment. So great is the pleasure we have found in listening to it that we should be glad if it were to begin again, even though to-morrow were to find us still occupied with the same tale.' While he said this, Cardenio and the rest of them offered to be of service to him in any way that lay in their power, and in words and language so kind and sincere that the Captive was indeed gratified by their good will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised that if he would return with him, he would get his brother the marquis to become godfather at the baptism of Zoraida, and on his own part to provide him with the means of making his appearance in his own country with the credit and comfort he was entitled to. For all this the Captive returned thanks most courteously, but would not accept any of their generous offers.

The night had now closed in, and as it did, there drove up to the inn a coach attended by some men on horseback, who asked for accommodation. To this the innmistress replied that there was not a hand's breadth in the whole inn unoccupied. 'For all that,' said one of those on horseback, 'room must

be found for his lordship the Judge here.' At this name the innmistress was troubled, saying, 'Señor, the fact is I have no beds; but if his lordship the Judge carries one with him, as no doubt he does, let him come in and welcome. My husband and I will give up our own room to accommodate his worship.' 'Very good, so let it be,' said the squire.

In the meantime a man had got out of the coach who by his dress showed at a glance the office and post he held, for the long robe with ruffled sleeves denoted him a Judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young girl in a travelling dress, apparently about sixteen years of age, so gay, sprightly and beautiful, that all were filled with admiration, and but for having seen Dorothea, Lucinda and Zoraida, they would have fancied that such another beauty would be hard to find. Don Quijote was present at the entrance of the Judge with the young lady, and as soon as he saw him he said, 'Your worship may in all security enter and take your ease in this castle, for though the accommodation be scanty and poor, there are no quarters so cramped or incommodious that they cannot make room for arms and letters, the more when arms and letters bring beauty for their pilot and guide, as letters represented by your worship has done in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles should open and disclose themselves, but rocks should part and mountains divide and abase themselves to give her welcome. Enter your worship into this paradise, for here you shall find stars and suns to accompany the heaven your grace brings with you; here you will find arms at their perfection and beauty in its prime.'

The Judge was astounded at Don Quijote's speech and gazed at him intently, no less amazed by his person than by his talk. Before he could find

words to reply, he had new matter for surprise on seeing Lucinda, Dorothea and Zoraida, who, at the report of their new guests and of the young girl's beauty as told them by the innmistress, had come out to see and welcome her. Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, on the other hand, gave the Judge a greeting both simpler and more polite. He entered the inn perplexed by what he saw and what he heard, while the fair ladies gave the damsel a cordial welcome. The Judge perceived that the company were people of quality, but with the figure, countenance and bearing of Don Quijote he was at his wits' end. All civilities being exchanged and the accommodation of the inn looked into, it was arranged as before, that all the women should sleep in the loft already mentioned and that the men should remain without on guard. The Judge, therefore, was pleased that his daughter (for such the young damsel was) should go with these ladies, which she willingly did, and with part of the host's narrow bed and half of what the Judge had brought with him they made shift for the night better than they had expected.

The Captive, who from the moment he saw the Judge felt his heart leap with the thought that this was his brother, asked one of the servants in his train what his master's name was and from what country he came. The servant replied that he was called the Licentiate Juan Pérez de Viedma, and that he had heard say he came from a village in the mountains of León. From this, and from what he himself had seen, he felt convinced that this was his brother who had adopted letters by his father's advice. Excited and rejoiced, he called Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest aside and told them how the matter stood, assuring them that the Judge was his brother. The servant had told him also that he



was on his way to take up an appointment of judge in the Supreme Court of Mexico; the young lady was his daughter, whose mother had died in giving birth to her, and that he was very rich by reason of the dowry left him with the daughter. The Captive asked their advice as to by what means he should make himself known, and first of all how to ascertain beforehand whether, when he had made himself known, his brother would be ashamed to find him so poor or would receive him with a warm heart. 'Leave it to me to find out that,' said the priest, 'though there is no reason for supposing, captain, that you will not be kindly received, for the good sense and wisdom which your brother shows in his demeanour do not indicate that he will prove arrogant or unfeeling, or that he will not know how to value the accidents of fortune at their proper worth.' 'Still,' said the Captive, 'I would not make myself known abruptly but in some roundabout way.' 'I have just said,' replied the priest, 'that I will so contrive that all will be satisfied.'

By this time supper was ready and they all took their seats at the table, except the Captive, and the ladies who supped by themselves in their own room. In the middle of their repast the priest said, 'I had a comrade of your worship's name, Señor Judge, in Constantinople, where I was a captive for several years, and that same comrade was one of the stoutest soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry. But he had as large a share of misfortune as he had of gallantry and courage.' 'And pray, señor, how was this captain called?' asked the Judge. 'He was called Ruy Pérez de Viedma,' replied the priest, 'and he was born in a village in the mountains of León. He told me of a circumstance which happened to him with his father and brothers which, had it not been told me by a man so truthful

as he was, I would have taken it for one of those fables such as old wives tell by the fireside in winter. He said that his father divided his estate among his three sons, giving them words of advice sounder than those of Cato. And I can say that the precept he followed of going to the wars turned out so well for him that in a few years, by his valour and good conduct, and without any help save his own merit, he rose to be captain of infantry and saw himself on the road and in prospect of being speedily a colonel. But fortune was against him, for where he might have expected her favour he lost it and with it his liberty, on that glorious day when so many recovered theirs, at the battle of Lepanto. I lost mine at the Goletta, and afterwards, by various chances, we found ourselves comrades at Constantinople. Thence he went to Algiers, where (so I am told) there befell him one of the most extraordinary adventures that ever happened in the world.'

The priest then went on to relate briefly the Captive's adventure with Zoraida, and to all of this the Judge gave a hearing such as had never yet been given to any cause in the world. The priest went no farther than to relate how the French had despoiled the Christians in the bark, together with the poverty and distress in which his comrade and the fair Mooress were left, of whose fate he had not been able to learn anything, whether they had reached Spain or whether they had been carried to France by the Frenchmen. The Captive, standing a little to one side, was listening to all the priest said and watching every movement of his brother, who, as soon as he saw that the priest had made an end, fetched a deep sigh and with his eyes filling with tears said, 'Oh, señor, if you only knew what news you have given me and how it comes home to me, forcing me to show it by these tears, which, in spite

of all my worldly wisdom and self-restraint, flow from mine eyes. This brave captain that you speak of is my eldest brother, who, as being stronger and loftier-minded than my brother and myself, chose the honourable and worthy calling of arms, which was one of the three careers our father proposed to us, as your comrade mentioned in what you thought a fable. I followed that of letters, in which God and mine own exertions have raised me to the position in which you see me. My second brother is in Peru, so wealthy that what he has sent to my father and to me has fully repaid the portion he took with him and has even furnished my father's hands with the means of gratifying his natural generosity, while I have been enabled to pursue my studies in a more becoming and creditable fashion and so attain my present standing.

'My father is still alive, though dying with anxiety to hear of his eldest son, and he prays God incessantly that death may not close his eyes until he may look upon those of his child. But with regard to him what surprises me is that, having so much common sense as he had, he should have refrained from giving news of himself, whether in his troubles and sufferings or in his prosperity, for if his father or any of us had known of his condition, he need not have waited for that miracle of the reed to obtain his ransom. Moreover, what now disquiets me is the uncertainty whether those Frenchmen have restored him to liberty or murdered him to hide the robbery. This will cause me to pursue my journey, not with the joy with which I began it, but in all melancholy and sadness. O dear brother! if I only knew where thou art now, I would hasten to seek thee out and deliver thee from thy sufferings, though it be at the cost of mine own! Oh that I could bring news to our old father that thou art

alive, though thou wert in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, for his wealth and my brother's and mine own would rescue thee thence! O beautiful and generous Zoraida, who shall repay the good thou hast done my brother? Who shall be present at the birth of thy soul and at those nuptials which would give us all so much happiness?"

All this and more the Judge uttered with such deep emotion that all who heard him shared in it, showing their sympathy with his sorrow. Seeing the happy issue of his stratagem and of the Captive's wishes, the priest would not keep them unhappy any longer, so he rose from the table, and, going into the room where Zoraida was, he took her by the hand, while Lucinda, Dorothea and the Judge's daughter followed. The Captive stood waiting to see what the priest would do, when the latter, taking him with the other hand, advanced with both of them to where the Judge and the other gentlemen were, saying, 'Let your tears cease to flow, señor Judge, and let your heart's desire be satisfied with all the happiness possible, for you have before you your worthy brother and your good sister-in-law. He whom you behold is Captain Viedma, and this is the beautiful Mooress who has been so good to him. The Frenchmen I told you of have reduced them to the strait you see, that you might show the liberality of your noble heart.'

The Captain ran to embrace his brother, who placed both hands on his breast to have a good look at him, holding him a little way off; but as soon as he had recognized him, he clasped him in his arms so closely, shedding such tender tears of joy, that the rest of those present were forced to keep company with theirs. The words which the brothers exchanged and the emotions they displayed can hardly be conceived, I fancy, still less recorded.

They told each other in a few words the events of their lives; they showed the true affection of brothers in all its strength; now the Judge embraced Zoraida and offered her all he possessed; now he made his daughter embrace her, and the fair Christian and the lovely Mooress drew fresh tears from every eye. And there was Don Quijote observing all these strange proceedings without uttering a word, ascribing them all to the chimeras of knight-errantry. At length they agreed that the Captain and Zoraida should return with his brother to Seville, advising their father of his finding and deliverance, that he might be present at the baptism and marriage of Zoraida. It was impossible for the Judge to put off his journey, as he was informed that in a month from that time the fleet was to sail from Seville to New Spain and to miss the passage would have been a great inconvenience for him. In short, everybody was well pleased at the Captive's good fortune, and as now almost two-thirds of the night were past, they agreed to retire and take their rest.

Don Quijote offered to mount guard over the castle, lest they be attacked by some giant or other malevolent scoundrel, covetous of the treasure-house of beauty within. Those who understood returned him thanks at the same time giving the Judge an account of his extraordinary humour, wherewith he was not a little amused. Sancho Panza alone was fuming at the lateness of the hour, and he was the one that made himself most comfortable of all, by stretching himself on the trappings of his ass, though, as will be told by-and-by, this cost him dear. When the ladies had retired to their chamber and the others had disposed of themselves with as little discomfort as they could, Don Quijote sallied forth from the inn to act as the castle's sentinel, as promised. It happened, then,

that a little before daybreak a voice so musical and sweet reached the ears of the ladies that it forced them to listen attentively, especially Dorothea, who lay awake, and by whose side slept Doña Clara de Viedma, the Judge's daughter. None could imagine who it was that sang so sweetly, unaccompanied by any instrument. At one moment it seemed as if the singer were in the inn-yard, at another in the stable. And as they were all attention, wondering, Cardenio came to the door and said, 'Listen, whoever is not asleep, and you will hear a muleteer's voice that enchants as it chants.' 'We are already listening, señor,' said Dorothea. Upon this Cardenio retired, and Dorothea giving her best attention, made out the words of the song to be these:—

## CHAPTER XLIII

The pleasant story of the muleteer, together with other strange things that happened in the inn

AH me, Love's mariner am I  
On Love's deep ocean sailing;  
I know not where the haven lies,  
I dare not hope to gain it.

One solitary distant star  
Is all I have to guide me,  
A brighter orb than those of old  
That Palinurus lighted<sup>(1)</sup>.

And vaguely drifting am I borne,  
I know not where it leads me;  
I fix my gaze on it alone,  
Of all beside it heedless.

But over-cautious prudery,  
And coyness cold and cruel,  
When most I need it, these, like clouds,  
Its longed-for light refuse me.

Bright star<sup>(2)</sup>, goal of my yearning eyes,  
As thou above me beamest,  
When thou shalt hide thee from my sight,  
I'll know that death is near me<sup>(3)</sup>.

The singer had got so far when it occurred to Dorothea that it was not fair to let Clara miss hearing so fine a voice, and so, shaking her gently from side to side, she awoke her, saying, 'Forgive me, child, for waking thee, but I do so that thou mayst enjoy listening to the sweetest voice thou hast ever heard, perhaps, in all thy life.' Clara awoke quite drowsy and, not understanding at the moment what Dorothea said, asked her what it was. Dorothea repeated what she had said, and the other became attentive at once. But she had scarcely heard two lines,

as the singer continued, when a strange trembling seized her, as if suffering from a severe attack of quartan ague, and throwing her arms around Dorothea, she cried, 'Ah, dear lady of my soul and life! why did you wake me? The greatest kindness fortune could do me now would be to close mine ears and eyes so as neither to hear nor see that unhappy musician.' 'What art thou talking about, child? Consider—they say that the singer is a muleteer.' 'Nay, he is a lord of many places,' replied Clara, 'and one he holds in my heart so securely that it will never be taken from him, unless he wishes to leave it.' Dorothea was amazed at the passionate language of the young girl, thinking them in advance of the experience of life which her tender years promised, so she said to her, 'Thou speakest, Señora Clara, in such a way that I cannot understand thee. Explain thyself more clearly, and tell me what is this thou art saying about hearts and places and this minstrel whose voice has so moved thee? But say naught now: I would not lose the pleasure I get from listening to the singer by giving my attention to thy transports, for methinks he is resuming his song with new verses and a new air.' 'Let him in God's name,' returned Clara, who, not to hear him, stopped both ears with her hands, whereat Dorothea was again surprised, but, attending to the song, she found it ran thus:—

Sweet hope be bold!  
And through all obstacles and hedges break;  
The path still hold  
Firmly which thou thyself didst plan and make;  
Nor fear to see  
The death at every step awaiting thee.

The heart oppressed  
By craven fear no joy of triumph knows,  
And all unblest



Is he whom fortune dares not to oppose,  
But tame consents  
To yield his soul up to sweet indolence.

That Love should sell  
His trophies at high price is fit and best;  
For who shall tell  
The worth of pledges by Love's hand imprest?  
And still it's so,  
What costs but little is but rated low.

The lover true  
Of firm resolve the impossible attains,  
And though I sue,  
Beset by all impediments and pains,  
Despair not I  
From this dull earth to reach that Heaven on high<sup>(4)</sup>.

Here the voice ceased and Clara's sighs began afresh, all of which excited Dorothea's curiosity to know what could be the cause of singing so sweet and weeping so bitter, so she again asked her to tell her what she was about to say before. Upon this Clara, afraid that Lucinda might hear her, creeping close to Dorothea, put her mouth so near the other's ear that she could speak safely without fear of being heard by anyone else, and said:

'This singer, dear señora, is the son of a gentleman of Aragon, lord of two villages, who lives opposite my father's house at Madrid, and though my father had the windows of his house covered with canvas in winter and with blinds in summer, in some way (I know not how) this youth, who was pursuing his studies, saw me (whether in church or elsewhere I cannot tell) and, in fact, fell in love with me, telling me of it from the windows of his house, with so many signs and tears that I was forced to believe him, and even to love him, without knowing what he wished of me. One of the signs he used was to link one hand in the other, to show that he wished to marry me, and though I should

have been glad if that could be, being alone and motherless I knew not whom I could confide in, and so I left it as it was, showing him no favour, except (when my father, and his too, were from home), to lift the canvas or blind a little bit and let him see me fully, at which he would be so enraptured that he seemed as if he were going mad.

‘Meanwhile the time for my father’s departure arrived, which he became aware of, though not from me, for I had never been able to tell him of it. He fell sick, of grief I suppose, and so I was not able to bid him good-bye, if only with the eyes. But after we had been two days on the road, on entering an inn one stage from here, I saw him at the gate dressed as a muleteer-lad and so well disguised, that if I did not carry his image graven on my heart I should not have recognized him. I knew him, I wondered, I rejoiced. He watched me, unsuspected by my father, from whom he always hides his face when he crosses our path on the road or in the inns where we halt. As I know who he is and reflect that for love of me he makes this journey on foot with so much hardship, I am ready to die of grief, and where he sets his foot, there I set mine eyes. I know not with what purpose he comes or how he has escaped from his father, who loves him beyond measure, having no other heir, and because he is worthy, as you will agree when you see him. And more I can tell you, which is, that all that he sings is out of his own head, for I have heard them say that he is a great scholar and poet. And what is more, every time I see him or hear him sing, I tremble all over and am terrified lest my father should recognize him and come to know of our loves. I have never spoken a word to him in my life, and for all that I love him so that I could not live without him. This, dear señora, is all I have to tell you

about the musician whose voice has delighted you so much, and from it alone you may easily see that he is no muleteer, but a lord of hearts and places as I have said.'

'Say no more, Doña Clara,' said Dorothea at this, kissing her a thousand times, 'say no more, I tell you, but wait till day comes, when I trust in God to arrange this affair of yours so that it may have the happy ending such an innocent beginning deserves.' 'Ah, señora,' said Doña Clara, 'what end can be hoped for when his father is so noble and rich that he would think I was not fit to be even the servant of his son, much less his wife? And as to marrying without the knowledge of my father, I would not do it for all the world. I only wish that the youth return and leave me. Perhaps with not seeing him and with the great distance we are to travel, the pain I now suffer may become easier, though I daresay the remedy I suggest will do little good. I know not what witchcraft this is, or by what way this love I bear him got in—I such a young girl and he a mere boy, for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet sixteen, for I will be sixteen Michaelmas Day, father says.' Dorothea could not help laughing to hear how like a child Doña Clara spoke, and said to her, 'Let us go to sleep now, señora, for the little of the night that is left to us. God will send us daylight, and we will set all to right, or it will go hard with me.'

With this they fell asleep and deep silence reigned throughout the inn. The only persons not asleep were the innmistress's daughter and her servant Maritornes, who, knowing the humour that possessed Don Quijote and that he was outside the inn armed and mounted on guard, resolved to play him some trick, or at any rate to amuse themselves for a while by listening to his nonsense. It so happened

that there was no window in all the inn that looked outwards save a hole in the wall of a straw-loft through which they used to throw out the straw. At this hole the two demi-damsels posted themselves and through it observed Don Quijote on Rocinante, leaning on his lance, and from time to time giving forth such deep and doleful sighs, that he seemed to pluck up his soul by the roots with each of them. And they could hear him say in a soft, tender, loving tone, 'O lady mine, Dulcinea del Toboso, sum of all beauty, summit and crown of discretion, treasure-house of courtesy, depositary of virtue, and, finally, ideal of all that is worthy, chaste and delectable in this world! what is thy grace doing now? Art thou, perchance, musing on thy captive knight who of his own free will hath exposed himself to so many perils in thy service? Give me tidings of her, O thou luminary of the three faces<sup>(5)</sup>! It may be with envy of hers thou art now looking down upon her, either as she paces some gallery of her sumptuous palaces or as with her bosom she leans against some balcony, meditating how, whilst preserving her purity and greatness, she may mitigate the torture this wretched heart endures, what glory she may bestow on my pains, what solace to my toils, and finally, what life to my death and what guerdon to my services. And thou, O sun, who must be harnessing thy steeds to rise betimes and come forth to behold my lady, I beseech thee to salute her on my behalf, but beware, when thou dost so, not to kiss her on the cheek, or I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wert of that fleet ingrate<sup>(6)</sup> who made thee sweat and run over the plains of Thessaly or on the banks of Peneus (for I am not certain where thou didst run in thy jealousy and love).'

Don Quijote had arrived at this point in his pathetic speech when the innmistress's daughter began to call to him softly, saying, 'Señor, come this way, if you please.' At this signal and voice Don Quijote turned his head and saw by the light of the moon, which was then in its full splendour, that some one was beckoning to him from the hole in the wall, which to him appeared a window, and one fitted with gilded bars as rich castles, such as he believed the inn to be, ought to have. At once he conceived that again, as once before, the lovely maiden, the daughter of the lord of the castle, conquered by love of him, was endeavouring to win his affections. And so, not to show himself discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rocinante's head and approached the hole and when he saw the two wenches, he exclaimed, 'I pity you, beauteous lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is not possible to find a response worthy your great merit and gentle birth, whereof you must not impute the blame to this miserable knight-errant whom love renders incapable of submission to any other than her whom, from the moment his eyes beheld her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Forgive me, noble lady, and retire to your chamber, and be pleased not to reveal to me further your desires, that I may not appear more ungrateful still. And if, of the love you bear me, you find there is anything else in my power wherein I can gratify you, provided it be not love itself, demand it of me, for I swear to you by that sweet enemy of mine to grant it at once, yea, though you should demand a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the rays of the sun enclosed in a phial.'

'My mistress wishes nothing of the sort, sir knight,' said Maritornes. 'What then does your mistress wish, discreet dame?' 'One of your fair

hands, that she may vent over it the great passion which has brought her to this loop-hole, so much to the risk of her honour, for if my lord her father came to know it, the least slice he would take off her would be her ear.' 'I would fain see him try it, but he had best take care, if he would not meet the most disastrous end that ever father in the world met for having laid hands on the delicate limbs of a love-stricken daughter.' Maritornes felt sure that Don Quijote would present his hand as asked, and, making up her mind what to do, she got down from the hole, and, entering the stable, took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and in all haste returned to the hole just as Don Quijote had set his feet on Rocinante's saddle in order to reach the grated window where he supposed the love-lorn damsel to be. Giving her his hand, he said, 'Señora, take this hand, or better call it the scourge of the world's evil-doers. Take, I say, this hand which no hand of woman has ever touched, not even hers who holds entire possession of my body. I present it to you, not that you may kiss it, but that you may admire the texture of the sinews, the interlacement of the muscles, the width and spaciousness of the veins, whence you may infer the strength of the arm that owns such a hand.' 'That we shall see presently,' said Maritornes, and making a running-noose on the halter, she passed it over his wrist, and dropping from the hole she tied the other end very firmly to the bolt of the door of the straw-loft<sup>(7)</sup>.

Feeling the roughness of the rope on his wrist, Don Quijote exclaimed, 'Your grace seems to grate rather than greet my hand. Treat it not so harshly, since it is not to blame for the offence mine inclination works you, nor is it just on so small a part to wreak your whole displeasure. Remember that one who loves so well should not revenge herself so

cruelly.' But there was none to listen to these words, for as soon as Maritornes had tied him, she and the other made off, ready to die with laughter, leaving him fastened in such a way that he could not release himself. Standing on Rocinante, with his arm thrust through the hole and tied by the halter to the bolt of the door, he experienced great fear lest he might be left hanging by the arm, if Rocinante stirred one side or the other. He dared not make the least movement, although from the patience and quietude of his steed he had good reason to expect that he would stand without budging for a whole century. Finding himself fast, then, and that the ladies had retired, he made himself fancy that all this was done by enchantment, as on the former occasion when in that same castle the enchanted Moor of a carrier had belaboured him. So he cursed in his heart his want of discretion and judgment in venturing to enter it a second time, after having fared so badly the first, it being a maxim with knights-errant that when they had tried an adventure and had not succeeded in it, it is a sign that it is not reserved for them but for others and that therefore they need not try it again.

None the less he pulled his arm to see if he might release himself, but it had been made so fast that all his efforts were in vain. It is true he pulled it gently, lest Rocinante move, and though he longed to seat himself in the saddle, he had nothing for it but to stand upright or pull his hand off. Then it was he wished for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment whatever had power; then he cursed his evil fortune; then he magnified the loss the world would sustain by his absence while he remained there enchanted, as he assuredly believed he was; then he took once more to thinking of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called

to his worthy squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep and stretched upon the pack-saddle of his ass, was oblivious, at that moment, of the mother that bore him; then he called upon the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife to come to his aid; then he invoked his good friend Urganda to succour him; and then, at last, the dawn found him so desperate and disheartened that he was bellowing like a bull, for he had no hope that the day would bring relief to his sufferings, which he believed would last for ever, inasmuch as he was enchanted. Of this he was convinced, seeing that Rocinante never stirred, much or little, and he felt sure that he and his steed would remain in this state, without eating or drinking or sleeping, until the malign influence of the stars was overpast, or another and wiser magician should disenchant him.

But in this belief Don Quijote was greatly deceived, for scarce had the day broken when there rode up to the inn four men on horseback, well equipped and accoutred, with firelocks across their saddle-bows. They called out and knocked loudly at the gate of the inn, which was still shut, and, on seeing this, Don Quijote, acting as sentinel, said in a lofty and imperious tone, 'Knights or squires or whoever ye may be, ye have no right to knock at the gates of this castle, for it is plain enough that they who are within are either asleep or are not wont to open the fortress until the sun has spread his beams over the whole land. Retire and wait till the broad day appear, and then we shall see whether it be proper or not to open to you.' 'What the devil of a fortress or castle is this,' cried one of the men, 'that binds us to observe these ceremonies? If you are the innkeeper, bid them open to us, for we are travellers who wish to bait our horses and pass on, since we are in haste.' 'Do ye think, señores, that I



look like an innkeeper?' 'I don't know what you look like, but I know that you are talking nonsense when you call this inn a castle.' 'A castle it is, and even of the best in this province, and it holds within persons that have had the sceptre in hand and the crown on the head.' 'It were better the other way: the sceptre on the head and the crown on the hand<sup>(8)</sup>. Maybe, if we come to the fact, there is within some company of players, who often wear these crowns and sceptres you speak of. In an inn so small and where they keep such silence, I doubt if there are persons entitled to real crowns and sceptres.' 'Ye know but little of the world,' replied Don Quijote, 'since ye are ignorant of the accidents of knight-errantry.'

The comrades of the spokesman grew weary of this dialogue with Don Quijote and renewed their knocks with great vehemence, so much so that the host (and not only he but everybody in the inn) awoke and got up to ask who was knocking. Meanwhile it fell out that one of the four horses which the strangers were riding went to smell Rocinante, who, sad and melancholy, with ears hanging down, stood motionless, supporting his sorely stretched master. But as he was after all flesh though seemingly of wood, he could not help unbending and in return smelling at him who offered him these attentions. Scarce had he moved when Don Quijote lost his footing, and slipping off the saddle, he would have come to the ground had he not been suspended by the arm. This caused him such agony that he believed that either his wrist would be cut through or his arm torn off. He hung so near the ground that he could just touch it with his feet, which was all the worse for him, for, finding how little was wanted to enable him to plant his feet firmly, he struggled and stretched as much as he could, even

as those undergoing the torture of the strappado, placed between touch and no touch, who aggravate their sufferings by their violent efforts to stretch themselves, deluded by the hope which they cherish that, with a little more stretching, they will reach the ground.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>*Æneid* III 515:

Surgit Palinurus...

Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo.

<sup>(2)</sup>'Clara estrella.' <sup>(3)</sup>Ormsby's translation. <sup>(4)</sup>Watts' translation. <sup>(5)</sup>'Tria virginis ora Dianae.' *Æneid* IV 511. <sup>(6)</sup>Daphne. <sup>(7)</sup>This, perhaps the most humiliating of the adventures in *Don Quijote*, the one in which Cervantes seems to show no mercy for his hero, is a burlesque of an incident recorded in *Florisel de Niquea*, where two damsels, daughters of the lord of a castle, amuse themselves at the expense of two old knights by suspending them by ropes from the turret of the castle. <sup>(8)</sup>Criminals were branded with a crown on the hand.

## CHAPTER XLIV

A continuation of the unheard-of adventures at the inn

So loud, in fact, were the bellowings of Don Quijote that the innkeeper, opening the inn-gate hastily, ran out in dismay to see who was uttering these cries. Maritornes, whom the cries had also awakened, guessing what it was, ran to the loft and secretly loosed the halter by which the knight was suspended. Down he came to the ground in the sight of the innkeeper and the travellers, who approaching asked what ailed him that he roared so loudly. Without answering a word, the other slipped the rope off his wrist and rising to his feet leapt upon Rocinante, braced his buckler on his arm, couched his lance, and making a wide circuit of the field, came back at a half-gallop, exclaiming, 'Whoever shall say that I have been enchanted with just cause, provided my lady the Princess Micomicona permit me to do so, I here give him the lie, and challenge and defy him to single combat.' The travellers were amazed at these words of Don Quijote, but the innkeeper removed their surprise by telling them who the challenger was, and that they must not mind him as he was out of his wits.

Then they asked the innkeeper if by any chance a youth of about fifteen years of age had come to that inn, dressed like a muleteer, and of such and such an appearance, describing Doña Clara's lover. The other replied that there were so many people in the inn that he had not noticed him they were enquiring for; but one of them, observing the coach in which the Judge had come, said, 'He is here no

doubt, for this is the coach he is following. Let one of us stay at the gate and the rest go in and look for him, or indeed it would be as well if one of us rode round the inn, lest he should escape over the wall of the yard.' 'So be it,' said another; and while two of them entered, one remained at the gate and the fourth made the circuit of the inn. Observing all this, the innkeeper could not surmise why they were taking these precautions, though he understood they were looking for the youth whose description they had given him.

It was by this time broad daylight, and for this reason, as well as for the racket Don Quijote had made, everybody was awake and up, especially Doña Clara and Dorothea, for they had been able to sleep but little that night, the former from the agitation at having her lover so near, the latter from curiosity to see him. When Don Quijote saw that none of the four travellers took notice of him or replied to his challenge, he was furious and ready to die with indignation and wrath, and could he have found in the ordinances of chivalry that it was lawful for an errant to engage in another emprise, though he had plighted his word and faith not to involve himself in any until he had made an end of that to which he was pledged, he would have attacked the whole crew and made them return him an answer in spite of themselves. But considering that it would not become him, nor would it be right, to invoke a new adventure until he had installed Micomicona in her kingdom, he was constrained to hold his peace and attend patiently the upshot of the travellers' quest. At length one of them found the youth they all were seeking, lying asleep by the side of a muleteer, without a thought of anyone coming in search of him, much less of finding him. The man laid hold of him by the arm, saying, 'Truly, Don Louis, this attire

suits you well, and no less the bed on which I find you accords with the luxury in which your mother reared you.'

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes and, staring for a while at the man who held him, knew him for one of his father's servants, whereat he was so frightened that for a long space he could not utter a word. So the servant continued, saying, 'There is nothing to do now, Don Louis, but to submit patiently and return home, unless it be your wish that my lord, your father, take his journey to the other world, for naught else can be expected from the grief he feels at your absence.' 'But how did my father know that I had gone this road and in this guise?' 'A student to whom you confided your intentions disclosed them, touched with pity at the distress he saw your father suffer on missing you. He therefore dispatched four of his servants in quest of you, and we are all here at your service, better pleased than you can imagine that we shall return so soon and restore you to those eyes that yearn so for you.' 'That shall be as I please or as Heaven orders,' answered Don Louis. 'What can you please or Heaven order save to agree to go back? Aught else is impossible.'

This conversation was overheard by the muleteer at whose side Don Louis lay. He therefore rose and went to report what had taken place to Don Fernando, Cardenio and the others, who by this time were dressed. He told them that the man had called the lad Don and that he wished the boy to return to his father's house, which he would not. With this and what they already knew of the rare voice that Heaven had bestowed upon him, they all felt a great desire to know more particularly who he was and also to help him if they sought to do him any violence. They betook themselves therefore to where

he was still talking and disputing with his servant. Dorothea now came out of her room, followed by Doña Clara all in a tremor, and calling Cardenio aside, she told him in a few words the story of the musician and Doña Clara, and he at the same time told her what had happened, how his father's servants had come in search of him. In saying this Cardenio did not speak low enough but that Doña Clara heard what he said, at which she was so much agitated that if Dorothea had not run to support her, she would have fallen to the ground. Cardenio bade Dorothea go back with Doña Clara to their chamber, and he would try to set everything to rights, and they did so.

The whole four who had come in search of Don Louis were now within the inn, and, surrounding him, were urging him to return and console his father at once, without a moment's delay. He answered that he could not on any account do so, until he had concluded an affair in which his life, his honour, and his heart were at stake. The servants pressed him, saying most certainly that they would not return without him and they would carry him away whether he liked it or not. 'That you shall not do,' replied the youth, 'unless you take me dead; though, however you carry me, it will be without life.' By this time most of those in the inn had been drawn to the dispute, but especially Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the Judge, the priest, the barber and Don Quijote, since he considered there was no necessity for mounting guard over the castle any longer. Cardenio, being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked the men what object they had in seeking to carry off the youth against his will. 'Our object,' said one of the four, 'is to save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it through this gentleman's disappearance.'

Upon this Don Louis exclaimed, 'There is no need to air my affairs in public. I am free and I will return, if I please. If not, none of you shall compel me.' 'Reason will compel your worship,' said the man, 'and if it has no power over you, it has over us, to make us do what we came for and what it is our duty to do.' 'Let us hear what the whole affair is about,' said the Judge at this, and the man, who knew him as a neighbour of theirs, replied, 'Do you not know this gentleman, Señor Judge? He is the son of your neighbour, who has run away from his father's house in a dress so unbecoming his quality, as your worship may perceive.' Upon this, the Judge, looking at him more carefully, recognized him, and embracing him said, 'What folly is this, Señor Don Louis? What can have been the cause that induced you to come here in this way, in a garb which so ill becomes your condition?' Tears came to the eyes of the young man, who could not utter a word in reply to the Judge. The latter told the four servants not to be uneasy, for all would be satisfactorily arranged; and then, taking Don Louis by the hand, he drew him aside and repeated his question.

In the meantime they heard a loud outcry at the inn-gate, the cause of which was that two guests who had lodged there that night, seeing everybody busy in finding out what it was the four men wanted, had conceived the idea of going off without paying what they owed, but the innkeeper, who minded his own affairs more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the gate and demanded his reckoning, abusing them for their scurvy design with such words that he drove them to reply with their fists, and they began to lay on him so vigorously that the poor man was forced to give tongue and call for help. The innmistress and her

daughter could see no one more free to give aid than Don Quijote, and to him the daughter cried, 'Sir knight, by the virtue God has given you, help my poor father, whom two wicked men are thrashing like a bundle of corn!' Very deliberately and with much composure Don Quijote replied, 'Fair damsel, your petition for the moment cannot be considered, for I am debarred from engaging in any other adventure until I have concluded the one to which my word has pledged me. But that which I can do for you, I will now mention: run and tell your father to stand his ground as well as he can in this battle and on no account to surrender, whilst I demand license of the Princess Micomicona to succour him in his distress, which if she grants, rest assured that I will bring him relief.' 'As I am a sinner,' cried Maritornes, 'before you get the license you mention, my master will be in the other world.' 'Permit me, señora, to get the license I speak of, for once I have it, it will matter little if he be in the other world, since I will rescue him thence in spite of all that the same world can do. In any case I will give you such a revenge over those that have sent him there that you will be more than moderately satisfied.'

Without another word the knight went and knelt before Dorothea, praying her, in knightly and errant phrase, that Her Highness would be pleased to grant him leave to aid and succour the castellan of that castle, who now stood in grievous jeopardy. The princess granted the leave graciously, and he at once, bracing the buckler on his arm and drawing his sword, hastened to the inn-gate, where the two guests were still maltreating the innkeeper. But once he was there, he stopped short and stood still, though Maritornes and the innmistress asked him the cause of the delay. 'I delay,' said Don Quijote,



'since it is not lawful for me to draw sword against those of squirely condition. Call me hither my squire Sancho, for to him it belongs and appertains to take this defence and vengeance.' Thus matters stood at the inn-gate, where the blows and fisticuffs were going at their height, to the sore damage of the landlord and to the wrath of Maritornes, the inn-mistress and her daughter, who were desperate when they saw the cowardice of Don Quijote and the rough treatment their master, husband and father was undergoing.

But let us leave him there, for he will surely find a helper, and if not, let him suffer and hold his tongue who attempts more than his strength will allow, and let us go back fifty paces to hear what Don Louis said in reply to the Judge whom we left questioning him privately as to his reasons for his coming on foot and so meanly dressed. Pressing his hand in a way that showed his heart was troubled by some great sorrow and shedding a flood of tears, the youth made answer, 'Señor, I have no more to tell you than that from the moment when, through Heaven's will and our being near neighbours, I first saw Doña Clara, your daughter and my lady, from that instant I made her the mistress of my will, and if yours, my true lord and father, offers no impediment, this very day she shall become my wife. For her I left my father's house and for her I assumed this disguise, to follow her whithersoever she may go, as the arrow seeks its mark or the sailor the pole-star. She knows nothing more of my passion than what she may have learned from having sometimes seen my tearful eyes from afar. You, señor, already know of the wealth and noble birth of my parents, and that I am their sole heir. If this be a sufficient inducement for you to venture to make me completely happy, receive me now for your son, for

though my father, prompted by designs of his own, should disapprove of this my happiness, time has more power to direct and change things than human will.'

With this the love-smitten youth was silent, while the Judge was astonished and confused, as well at the manner with which Don Louis had confessed the secret of his heart as at the position in which he found himself, not knowing what course to take in a matter so sudden and unexpected. The only answer, therefore, that he gave him was to bid him make his mind easy for the present and to arrange with his servants not to take him back that day, that there might be time to consider what was best for all parties. Don Louis kissed his hands perforce, nay, bathed them with his tears, in a way that would have melted a heart of marble, not to say that of the Judge, who, being a prudent man, had already perceived how good such a match was for his daughter, though he wished that, if it were possible, it might be carried out with the consent of Don Louis' father, who he knew aspired to have his son made a nobleman of title.

The guests had by this time made peace with the innkeeper, for, by persuasion and Don Quijote's fair words more than by threats, they had paid the reckoning, and the servants of Don Louis were waiting the end of the conversation with the Judge and the youth's decision, when the devil, who never sleeps, contrived that the barber from whom Don Quijote had taken Mambrino's helmet and Sancho Panza, the trappings of his ass in exchange for his own, should at this moment enter the inn; which said barber, as he led his ass to the stable, observed Sancho Panza as he was mending something or other belonging to the pack-saddle, and as soon as he saw it he knew it, and made bold to attack

Sancho, exclaiming, 'Ah mister thief, I have caught you! Hand over my basin and my pack-saddle and all my trappings that you robbed me of.' Sancho, finding himself so suddenly assailed and hearing the abuse poured upon him, with one hand seized the pack-saddle and with the other gave the barber a blow that bathed his teeth in blood. But not for all that did the barber let go his grip of the pannel; on the contrary he raised such an outcry that everyone in the inn came running at the noise and scuffle. 'Here, in the name of the king and justice!' he cried; 'this thief and highwayman wants to kill me for trying to recover my property.' 'You lie,' cried Sancho, 'I am no highwayman: it was in fair war that my master Don Quijote won these spoils.'

Don Quijote was standing by at the time, highly pleased to see how well his squire stood on the offensive and defensive, and from that time forth he reckoned him a man of mettle and in his heart resolved to dub him a knight at the first opportunity that presented itself, feeling sure that on him the order of chivalry would be well bestowed. In the course of this fray among other things the barber said, 'Señores, this pack-saddle is mine as surely as I owe God a death, and I know it as well as if I had given birth to it, and here is my ass in the stable who will not let me lie. Only try it, and if it does not fit him like a glove, call me a rascal. And what is more the same day that they robbed me of this, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, that had never been handselled, that would fetch a crown anywhere.' Here Don Quijote could no longer keep from speaking, and so, thrusting himself between the two and separating them, he placed the pack-saddle on the ground to lie there until the truth was established and said, 'Your worships may perceive the clear and manifest error into which this

good squire has fallen, when he calls a basin that which was, is, and shall be the helmet of Mambrino, which I won from him in fair battle and made myself master of by right and lawful possession. With the pack-saddle I do not concern myself, though on that head I may say that when my squire Sancho asked if he might strip off the caparison of this vanquished coward's steed, I allowed him, and he took it. As to its having been changed from a caparison into a pack-saddle, I can only give the usual explanation, to wit, that such transformations do take place in the affairs of chivalry. To confirm all which, run, Sancho my son, and fetch hither the helmet which this good fellow calls a basin.' 'Egad, master,' said Sancho, 'if we have no other proof of our case than that which your worship puts forward, as much a basin is the helmet of Malino as this fellow's trappings are a pack-saddle.' 'Do as I bid you,' said the other, 'for it cannot be that everything in this castle goes by enchantment.'

Sancho went and fetched the basin, and when Don Quijote saw it, he took it in his hands and said, 'Behold, señores, with what face this squire has been able to affirm that this is a basin and not the helmet that I spoke of, and I swear by the order of chivalry I profess, that this helmet is the very same one I despoiled him of, without anything being added or taken therefrom.' 'There is no doubt of that,' added Sancho, 'for since my master won it until now he has fought only one battle in it, when he freed that unlucky chain-gang, and were it not for this basin-helmet he would have fared ill on that occasion, for there was plenty of stone-throwing in that bout.'

## CHAPTER XLV

The doubtful question of Mambrino's helmet and of the pack-saddle is finally settled, together with other adventures that happened in very truth

‘**W**HAT think ye now, señores,’ cried the barber, ‘of what these fine gentlemen affirm, when they insist that this is not a basin but a helmet?’ ‘And he that shall affirm the contrary,’ said Don Quijote, ‘I shall make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies, and if he be a squire that he lies a thousand times.’ Our own barber, who was present at all this and understood Don Quijote’s humour so thoroughly, took it into his head to back up his delusion and carry on the joke for the general amusement; so addressing the other barber, he said, ‘Señor barber, or whatever you are, you must know that I also am of your profession, having had a license to practice for more than twenty years, and I know right well the implements of the barbercraft, not excepting one. Moreover, I was a soldier once in my youth, so I know also what a helmet is, a morion, a headpiece with a visor, and other things pertaining to soldiering, that is to say, the kinds of soldiers’ arms. So I say, saving better opinions and always submitting to sounder judgments, that this piece which we have now before us and which this worthy gentleman holds in his hands, not only is no barber’s basin but is as far from being one as white is from black or truth from falsehood. More by token, though it is a helmet, it is not a complete helmet.’ ‘Certainly not,’ agreed Don Quijote, ‘for it lacks one-half, which is the beaver.’ ‘True,’ said the priest, who saw the drift of his friend the barber,

and the same did affirm Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions. Even the Judge would have humoured the jest, if his thoughts had not been so full of Don Louis's affairs—he was so absorbed with the serious matters he had on his mind that he paid little or no attention to these pleasantries.

'God bless me!' exclaimed the befooled barber at this; 'is it possible that such an honourable company can say that this is not a basin but a helmet? Why, this is a thing that would astonish a whole university, however wise it might be. Enough! if this basin is a helmet, then the pack-saddle must needs be a horse's trappings, as this gentleman has said.' 'To me it looks like a pack-saddle,' replied Don Quijote, 'but I have already said that I do not meddle with that question.' 'As to whether it be a pack-saddle or caparison,' said the priest, 'it is only for Señor Don Quijote to say. In these matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and I bow to his authority.' 'By God, señores,' exclaimed the knight, 'so many strange things have happened to me in this castle on the two occasions that I have lodged here, that I dare not affirm positively concerning aught demanded of me touching anything it contains, since it is my belief that all that goes on within it goes by enchantment. The first time, an enchanted Moor within gave me sore trouble, nor did Sancho fare well with certain of his following, whereas last night I was kept hanging by this arm for nearly two hours without knowing how or why. So that now, for me to give an opinion in such a puzzling matter, would be to risk a rash decision. As regards the assertion that this is a basin and not a helmet I have already given an answer; but as to whether this be a pack-saddle or a caparison I will not venture to give a positive opinion but will leave it to your worships' better judgment. Perhaps, since you

are not dubbed knights like myself, the enchantments of this place have naught to do with you, and your understanding is unfettered, so that you can judge of affairs in this castle as they really are, and not as they have appeared to me.'

'There is no doubt,' replied Don Fernando, 'but that Señor Don Quijote has spoken very wisely and that with us rests the decision of this matter. That we may proceed upon a more solid foundation, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret and declare the result clearly and fully.' To those who were acquainted with Don Quijote's humour all of this afforded great amusement, but to those who were ignorant of it, it seemed the greatest nonsense in the world, in particular to the four servants of Don Louis, as well as to Don Louis himself, and to three other travellers just arrived at the inn, who had the appearance of officers of the Holy Brotherhood, as in fact they were. But the one who above all others was at his wits' end was the barber whose basin, there before his very eyes, had been turned into Mambrino's helmet, and whose pack-saddle he fully expected was about to be changed into the rich trappings of a horse. All laughed to see Don Fernando going from one to another collecting his votes, whispering to them to give him privily their opinion, whether that treasure over there, over which there had been so much fighting, was a pack-saddle or a caparison; and after he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quijote, he said aloud, 'The fact is, my good fellow, that I am wearying of taking so many opinions, for there is none that does not tell me it is absurd to insist that this is the pack-saddle of an ass and not the trappings of a horse, yea, of a thoroughbred. So you must submit, for, in spite of you and your ass, this is a caparison and no pack-

saddle, and you have stated and proved your case very badly.'

'May I never share Heaven,' said the poor barber, 'if your worships are not all mistaken, and may my soul appear before God as this pannel appears to me a pannel and not a caparison. But laws go as kings will—I say no more. Truly I am not drunk, and except it be with sin I have not broken my fast.' The simple talk of the barber did not afford less amusement than the absurdities of Don Quijote, who now observed, 'There is no more to be done than for each to take what belongs to him, and to whom God has given it, may Saint Peter add his blessing.' But upon this spoke up one of the four servants, 'Unless it be a deliberate joke, I cannot persuade myself that men of such intelligence as those present are or seem to be, can venture to declare that this is a basin and that not a pack-saddle. But as I perceive that they do declare and affirm it, I can only conclude that there is some mystification in this persistence in what is so opposed to the evidence of experience and truth itself; for I swear by'—and here he rapped out a round oath—'that all the people in the world will not make me believe that this is not a barber's basin and that a jack-ass's pack-saddle.' 'It might easily be a she-ass's,' observed the priest. 'It is all the same,' returned the servant, 'the point is whether or no it be a pack-saddle.'

On hearing this one of the newly arrived officers of the Brotherhood, who had been listening to the controversy, cried out with anger and impatience, 'It is a pack-saddle as sure as my father is my father, and whoever has said or will say aught else must be drunk.' 'You lie like a clownish knave!' returned Don Quijote, and lifting his pike, which he had never let out of his hand, he delivered such a blow at his head that, had not the officer dodged it, it would



have stretched him at full length. The pike was shivered in pieces against the ground, and the other officers, seeing their comrade assaulted, raised a shout, calling for help for the Holy Brotherhood. The innkeeper, who was of the fraternity, ran at once to fetch his staff of office and his sword and ranged himself on the side of his fellows. The servants of Don Louis surrounded their young master lest he escape in the scuffle. The barber, seeing the house turned upside down, once more laid hold of the pack-saddle and Sancho did the same. Don Quijote drew his sword and charged the officers. Don Louis cried out to his servants to leave him alone and go and help Don Quijote, Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had already come to his aid. The priest was shouting at the top of his voice, the innmistress was screaming, her daughter was wailing, Maritornes was weeping, Dorothea was aghast, Lucinda terror-stricken, and Doña Clara in a faint. The barber cudgelled Sancho, and Sancho pummelled the barber. Don Louis, whom one of the servants had caught by the arm, gave him such a blow that bathed his teeth in blood. The Judge took his part; Don Fernando had got one of the officers down at his feet and was kicking him with much heartiness; the innkeeper raised his voice again, calling for help for the Holy Brotherhood. The whole inn, therefore, was naught but wails, shouts, screeches, turmoils, alarms, terrors, disasters, sword-cuts, buffets, cudgellings, kicks and bloodshed.

In the midst of this chaos, confusion and general entanglement Don Quijote imagined that he had been plunged into the thick of the discord of Agramante's camp<sup>(1)</sup>, and in a voice that shook the inn like thunder, he cried out, 'Hold all! sheathe all swords! stay all of you and listen, if ye value your lives!' At his mighty voice they all stood still, and

he continued, saying, 'Did I not tell you, señores, that this castle was enchanted and that some legions of demons inhabit it? In proof whereof I call upon you to behold with your own eyes how there has passed hither and been transplanted in our midst the discord in the camp of Agramante. There they fight for the sword<sup>(2)</sup>, here for the horse<sup>(3)</sup>, yonder for the eagle<sup>(4)</sup>, there again for the helmet. So we are all fighting and all at cross purposes. Come then, you, Señor Judge and you Señor Priest: let the one represent King Agramante and the other King Sobrino, and make peace among us, for by God Almighty it is great iniquity that so many persons of quality should slay one another for such trifling cause.' The officers, who did not understand Don Quijote's mode of speaking and on the other hand found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their companions, were not to be appeased; the barber was, however, for in the struggle both his beard and his pack-saddle had been torn to pieces; Sancho like a good servant obeyed the slightest word of his master; while the four servants of Don Louis kept quiet when they saw how little they gained by being otherwise. The landlord insisted that they must chastise the insolence of this madman, who at every turn raised a disturbance in his inn. At length the uproar was quelled for the time, the pack-saddle remained a steed's caparison until the day of judgment, and the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle in the knight's imagination.

Now that all had been pacified and made friends by the persuasion of the Judge and the priest, the servants of Don Louis began again to press him to return with them at once, and while he was discussing the matter with them, the Judge took counsel with Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest as to what he should do in the case, telling them how it stood

and what Don Louis had said to him. It was finally agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants of Don Louis who he was, and that it was his desire that Don Louis should accompany him to Andalusia, where he would receive from the marquis his brother the welcome his rank entitled him to, for it was clear that Don Louis had determined not to return to his father at present, though they tore him to pieces. On learning the rank of Don Fernando and the resolution of Don Louis, the four then settled it among themselves that three of them should return to tell his father how matters stood, and that the other should abide to wait upon Don Louis and not leave him until the others returned or his father's orders were known. Thus by the authority of Agramante and the wisdom of King Sobrino this batch of quarrels was settled<sup>(6)</sup>.

But the enemy of concord and the adversary of peace, finding himself thus slighted and made a fool of, and seeing the little he had gained from throwing them all into this labyrinth of confusions, resolved once more to try his hand, stirring up fresh quarrels and disorders. The officers, indeed, were pacified on learning of the rank of those with whom they had engaged and withdrew from the contest, considering that whatever the result might be they were likely to get the worst of the battle, but one of them, he that had been thrashed and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among some warrants which he had about him for the arrest of certain delinquents, there was one against Don Quijote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be taken for setting free the galley-slaves, as Sancho had, with very good reason, apprehended. With this suspicion he wished to make sure whether the marks indicated in the warrant tallied with those of Don Quijote. Drawing from his bosom a parchment, he lighted

upon what he sought, and setting himself to peruse it slowly—for he was no great reader—as he made out each word, he fixed his eyes on Don Quijote and on comparing the description in the warrant with his face, he made sure that this was he whom the warrant indicated. As soon as he was satisfied thereof, he folded up the parchment, and, taking the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid hold of Don Quijote so tightly by the collar as not to allow him to breathe, crying aloud, ‘Help in the name of the Holy Brotherhood! And that you may see I demand it in earnest read this warrant, wherein it is written that this highwayman is to be arrested.’

The priest took the warrant and saw that what the officer said was true and that the marks applied to Don Quijote, who, on his part, finding himself roughly handled by that rascally clown, worked up to the highest pitch of wrath and, all his joints cracking with rage, with both hands seized the officer by the throat with all his might, so that, had he not been helped by his comrades, he would have given up his life before Don Quijote his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to help those of his office, ran at once to the other’s aid, while his wife, who saw her husband engaged in a fresh battle, raised a fresh outcry, the burden of which was taken up immediately by her daughter and Maritornes, calling for help from Heaven and from the company. Sancho, seeing what was progressing, exclaimed, ‘By the Lord, it is quite true what my master says about the enchantments of this castle, for one cannot live quietly in it an hour together.’ Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quijote and to their mutual pleasure unlocked their hands, which were fast clenched, the one in the other’s collar, the other in his adversary’s throat. But for all this the officers ceased not to demand their prisoner and the

company's assistance to deliver him bound into their power, as was required for the service of the King and the Holy Brotherhood, on whose behalf they again asked for aid in arresting this robber and footpad of the highways and byways.

Don Quijote smiled when he heard these words, and said with great calmness, 'Come now, filthy and base-born crew! Call ye it highway robbery to release those in bondage, to set free the captives, to succour those in misery, to raise up the fallen, to relieve the needy? Ah, infamous beings, who by your vile and grovelling understanding deserve that Heaven should not make known to you the virtue that lies in knight-errantry nor show you the sin and ignorance in which ye lie when ye refuse to respect the shadow, how much more the actual presence, of a knight-errant! Come now, band, not of officers, but of thieves, brigands with the license of the Holy Brotherhood, who was the blockhead that signed a warrant of arrest against such a knight as I am? Who was he that knows not that knights-errant are exempt from all jurisdiction, that their law is the sword, their charter their prowess, and their statutes their own will and pleasure? Who, I ask again, was the numskull that knows not that there is no patent of nobility with so many privileges and immunities as that which the knight-errant acquires the day he is dubbed one and devotes himself to the arduous calling of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid poll-tax, cess, queen's pin-money, king's dues, toll, or ferry? What tailor ever received money from him for a suit of clothes? What castellan lodged him in his castle and made him pay scot? What king did not seat him at his own table? What damsel was not enamoured of him and did not surrender herself wholly to his pleasure and will? In short, what knight-errant has there been, is there,

or will there ever be in the world, not bold enough to give, single-handed, four hundred cudgellings to four hundred officers of the Holy Brotherhood if they come in his way?’

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Described at length in *Orlando Furioso* canto xxvii. Agramante was the leader of the Mohammedan kings and princes encamped before Paris, of whom Sobrino was one. <sup>(2)</sup>Roland's sword, Durandel, now the cause of dispute between Gradasso and Mandricardo, sts. 53-60. <sup>(3)</sup>Frontino, the cause of quarrel between Sacripante and Rodomonte, sts. 70-85. <sup>(4)</sup>The white eagle on the escutcheon which was disputed between Ruggiero and Mandricardo, sts. 42-3. <sup>(5)</sup>So was settled the discord in Agramante's camp. *Orlando Furioso* xxvii 99.

## CHAPTER XLVI

The end of the notable adventure of the officers of  
the Holy Brotherhood

**W**HILE Don Quijote was thus haranguing, the priest was endeavouring to persuade the officers that the knight was out of his wits, as they might perceive by his deeds and words, and that therefore they should not press the matter further, for even should they arrest and carry him off, they would soon have to release him as a madman. To this the holder of the warrant replied that he had nothing to do with enquiring into Don Quijote's madness but only to execute his superior's orders, and that once taken they might release him three hundred times if they liked. 'For all that,' returned the priest, 'you must not take him away this time, nor will he let himself be taken, as I believe.' In short, the priest used such arguments and Don Quijote did such mad things, that the officers would have been more mad if they had not perceived his infirmity, and so they thought it best to leave him alone and even to act as peace-makers between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained their quarrel with great bitterness. In the end they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated thereon in such a manner that both parties remained, if not wholly contented, at least to some degree satisfied, for they changed the pack-saddles but not the girths or the head-stalls; and as for Mambrino's helmet the priest privily and without Don Quijote's knowledge paid eight reals for the basin, and the barber executed a full receipt

and engagment to refrain from any action for fraud thenceforth forevermore, Amen.

These two disputes, which were the gravest and most important, being settled, it only remained for the servants of Don Louis to consent that three of them should return while one was left to accompany him wherever Don Fernando wished. And good luck and better fortune, having already begun to solve difficulties and remove obstructions in favour of the lovers and the warriors of the inn, were pleased to persevere and bring everything to a happy issue, for the servants agreed to do as Don Louis wished, and this gave Doña Clara such happiness that no one could have looked into her face just then without seeing the joy of her heart. Zoraida, though she did not fully comprehend all she saw, was sad or cheerful according as she observed each one's countenance, especially her Spaniard's, whom she followed with her eyes and clung to with her soul. The gift and compensation which the priest gave the barber did not escape the notice of the innkeeper, who demanded Don Quijote's reckoning, together with the amount of the damage to his wine-skins and the loss of the wine, swearing that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's ass should leave the inn until he had been paid to the last farthing. All this the priest peacefully settled, and Don Fernando paid, though the Judge also offered to pay. And thus they all rested in peace and quietness, so that the inn no longer suggested the uproar in the camp of Agramante, as Don Quijote said, but rather the very peace and tranquillity of the days of Octavianus, for all of which it was the general opinion that they should thank the good services of the priest and the unexampled generosity of Don Fernando.



Finding himself now clear and quit of all quarrels, both his squire's and his own, Don Quijote considered that it would be well to pursue the journey he had begun and bring to a close that great adventure for which he had been called and chosen. With this high resolve he went and knelt before Dorothea, who, however, would not allow him to utter a word until he had risen, and so to obey her he arose and said, 'It is a common saying, beauteous lady, that diligence is the mother of good luck, and in many and weighty matters experience has shown that the earnestness of the advocate brings the doubtful case to a successful termination. In nothing does this truth show itself more plainly than in war, where quickness and action forestall the devices of the enemy and win the victory before the foe has time to defend himself. All this I say, exalted and esteemed lady, since it seems to me that for us to abide longer in this castle is useless, and may be injurious to us in a way we may discover some day. For who knows but that your enemy the giant may have learned by means of secret and diligent spies that I am on my way to destroy him, and, the delay giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my pains and the might of my untiring arm may little avail? Therefore, lady mine, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and depart quickly with good fortune, which your highness is only kept from enjoying to its full by my delay in encountering your adversary.'

Don Quijote held his peace and said no more, calmly awaiting the reply of the beauteous princess, who, with a commanding dignity and in a style adapted to Don Quijote's own, replied to him in these words, 'I give you thanks, sir knight, for the eagerness you display to grant me aid in all my

sore trouble, like a good knight, whose province and privilege it is to succour the orphan and the needy. And Heaven grant that your desire and mine may be fulfilled that you may see that there are grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be forthwith, for I have no will but yours. Dispose of me entirely in accordance with your good pleasure, for she that has once entrusted to you the defence of her person and placed in your hands the recovery of her dominions, should have no wish to go contrary to what your wisdom shall ordain.' 'By the hand of God!' cried Don Quijote, 'since it is thus that a lady humbles herself to me, I will not slip the opportunity of raising her and placing her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart at once, for both my will and the way spur me on, and the saying is that in delay lurks danger, and since neither Heaven nor hell has seen any that can daunt or intimidate me, saddle me Rocinante, Sancho, and get ready your ass and the queen's palfrey, and taking leave of the castellan and these gentlemen, let us go hence this very instant.'

Sancho, who was standing by all this time, shaking his head, replied, 'Ah! master, there is more mischief in the village than one hears of, begging all good bodies' pardon.' 'What mischief can there be in any village or in all the cities of the world, you booby, that can be noised to my discredit?' 'If your worship is angry, I will hold my tongue and leave unsaid what as a good squire I am bound to say and what a good servant should tell his master.' 'Say what you will,' returned Don Quijote, 'provided your words be not meant to work upon my fears. You, when you fear, behave like yourself; whereas I behave like myself when I fear not.' 'It is not that, as I am a sinner before God,' answered Sancho, 'only I am sure and certain that this lady who calls herself

queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon is no more so than my mother, for, if she were so, she would not go rubbing noses with somebody of the present company, at every turn of the head and behind every door.' Dorothea turned red at Sancho's words, for the truth was that her husband Don Fernando had now and then, when the others were not looking, gathered from her lips some of the reward his love had earned; and Sancho, seeing this, considered that such freedom more became a courtesan than the queen of a great country. She, however, being unable or not caring to answer him, allowed him to proceed, as follows, 'This I say, señor, because, if at the end of our travelling by roads and highways, and our passing bad nights and worse days, one who is now enjoying himself in this inn were to enjoy the fruit of our labours, there is no need to hurry oneself in saddling Rocinante, in putting the pad on the ass, or in getting ready the palfrey. On the contrary, we had better remain quiet, and let every jade mind her spinning, and us to dinner.'

Good God what was the rage of Don Quijote on hearing this blasphemy from his squire! So great was it that, with a quivering voice and a stammering tongue and with living fire flashing from his eyes, he cried, 'O villainous clown, boorish, insolent and ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, audacious back-biter and slanderer! Have you dared utter such words in my presence and in that of these illustrious ladies? Have you dared to entertain in your muddled imagination such gross and shameless thoughts? Begone from my presence, monster of nature, store-house of lies, horde of deceits, garner of knaveries, inventor of scandals, publisher of absurdities, enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Begone, show yourself no more before me under pain of my wrath,' and saying this he arched his brows, puffed

out his cheeks, glared about him, and stamped on the ground violently with his right foot—all signs of the anger pent up in his heart.

At these words and furious gestures Sancho was so terrified that he would have been glad had the earth opened that instant and swallowed him, and his one thought was to turn round and make his escape from the angry presence of his master. But the ready-witted Dorothea, who by this time so well understood Don Quijote's humour, said, to mollify his wrath, 'Vex not yourself, O Knight of the Sorry Aspect, because of the idle words your squire has spoken. Perchance he spoke them not without cause, and from his good sense and Christian conscience it is not likely that he would bear false witness against anyone. We may therefore believe that since in this castle, as you say, sir knight, everything goes by enchantment, Sancho may possibly have seen, through that diabolical medium, what he says he saw so much to the detriment of my modesty.' 'I swear by God Almighty that your highness has hit the mark,' exclaimed Don Quijote in reply, 'and that some vile vision must have appeared to this sinner of a Sancho and made him see what it was impossible to see save by sorceries. I too know well, from the poor fellow's goodness and innocence, that he is incapable of bearing false witness against anybody.' 'True, no doubt,' said Don Fernando, 'for which reason, Señor Don Quijote, you ought to forgive him and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these visions deprived him of his senses.'

Don Quijote said he was ready to pardon him, and the priest went for Sancho, who came in very humbly and falling on his knees begged the hand of his master, who, having presented it to him and allowed him to kiss it, gave him his blessing and

said, 'Now, Sancho my son, you will be convinced of the truth of what I have often told you, that all in this castle goes by enchantment.' 'So I believe,' said Sancho, 'except that affair of the blanket, which really happened in the ordinary way.' 'Believe it not,' said Don Quijote, 'for had it been so, I would have avenged you that instant, or even now. But neither then nor now could I take, nor see on whom to take, vengeance for that wrong.' They all desired to know about the affair of the blanket, and the innkeeper therefore gave them a detailed account of Sancho's flights, at which they laughed not a little, and at which not less Sancho would have been ashamed, had not his master once more assured him that it was all enchantment. For all that his simplicity never reached to such a pitch that he could persuade himself it was not the plain and simple truth, without any mixture of deception, that he had been blanketed by beings of flesh and blood and not by visionary and imaginary phantoms, as his master believed and protested.

Two days were passed at the inn by this illustrious company, and now that it seemed time to depart, they bethought themselves of a plan that would make it possible for priest and barber to carry Don Quijote to their village to attempt his cure, without troubling Dorothea and Don Fernando to accompany them, under pretence of restoring Queen Micomicona to her throne. Accordingly arrangements were made with an ox-carter that was passing to carry our knight home and in the following manner. They first built a cage of wooden poles, large enough comfortably to hold their friend. Next, at the priest's instance and counsel, Don Fernando, Don Louis' servants, the officers of the Holy Brotherhood and the innkeeper disguised themselves, some in one fashion, some in another, that the champion

might suppose them persons other than he had seen in this castle. They then softly stole into the room where he lay sleeping<sup>(1)</sup>, at rest from his recent toil. Forcibly seizing him as he lay there all free and far away from such accident, they bound him hands and feet, so tightly that when he awoke with a start he could not move or do aught but be thunderstruck at the many strange faces about him. He instantly believed the suggestion of his relentless disordered fancy, which was that these were phantoms of that charmed castle, and that he too was certainly under a spell, since he could neither threaten them nor defend himself—precisely as the scheming priest had anticipated. Sancho alone of the company was in his right mind and clothes. Though but a little short of sharing his master's obsession, he recognized these counterfeit persons well enough, but dared not open his lips till he saw the upshot of this seizure of his lord, who said as little as the servant and for a similar reason. The upshot of it was that, bringing in the cage, they shut him therein, nailing the bars too well to be loosened, and lifted the whole upon their shoulders. As they were about to leave the room, there was heard a soul-subduing voice, at least as much so as the barber could make it, saying:

'O Knight of Sorry Aspect, let not the prison where thou art confined disturb thee, being required for the speedier conclusion of the adventure to which thy great chivalry has committed thee. All will be accomplished when the raging Manchegan lion<sup>(2)</sup> and the white Tobosan dove lie down together, having first bent their proud necks to the easy yoke of matrimony. From this rare union shall issue to the light of day brave whelps, to emulate the ravening claws of their doughty sire. And this shall come to pass ere the pursuer<sup>(3)</sup> of the fugitive nymph twice visits the starry signs in the swift course of nature. And thou,

most noble and obedient squire that ever bore sword or beard or sense of smell, be not dismayed or concerned at seeing the flower of knight-errantry borne off before thine eyes, for soon, if so it please the Moulder of the world, thou'lt be so exalted as not to know thyself, nor shall the promises made by thy good master go unfulfilled. I assure thee, on behalf of the sage Fraudiana, that thy wages shall be paid, even as thou'lt see in the outcome. Follow in the wake of the spirited and spell-bound knight, for ye both must go where both shall stay. God be with you, as I may not say more, returning whither I alone know.' Toward the end of this prophecy the barber raised his voice to such a pitch and then lowered it to so soft a piano that even those party to the trick began to believe what they heard. The prisoner was consoled by the special prediction (to him the gist of the whole prophecy) that he was to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb were to leap forth whelps, his sons, to the everlasting glory of La Mancha. With this firmly fixed in mind he keyed his voice and with deep sigh complained:

'O thou, whoever thou art that hast predicted such happiness for me, prithee ask from the sage-magician that has my fate in charge that he let me not perish here ere I see such rare and blessed promises realized. Could that but be, I shall count the pangs of this charnel-house my glory; these chains shall be as comfort and this bed not the hard battle-field but a soft and happy bridal-couch. Touching my squire and his recompense, I trust to his good nature and conduct not to desert me in good or evil fortune, for should it come to pass through his or my baleful star that I had not the power to bestow the isle I promised or its equivalent, at the least his wages shall not fail, for in my testament I have left written his portion, not

becoming his many and good services but mine own straitened means.' At this Panza meekly inclined his head and kissed his master's two hands: he couldn't kiss one since they were tied together. The phantoms again raised the cage to their shoulders and marching out placed it on the waiting ox-wagon.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>This is modelled after the scene in *Il Morgante Maggiore* 1481 xii 87-88 where Orlando is similarly seized and bound. <sup>(2)</sup>'When the fair Diana is replete with the more than resplendent Apollo, in the glory of their union will be produced... the brave strong lion, with such power in his claws that the deeds of the first lion will be eclipsed.' *Royal of Greece* 1535 c 170.

<sup>(3)</sup>Apollo pursuing Daphne.



## CHAPTER XLVII

The amazing method of the knight's enchantment,  
together with other notable events

WHEN Don Quijote found himself cooped up in a cage and on an ox-cart, he murmured, 'Many and ponderous are the histories of knights-errant I have read, but never have I seen or heard of enchanted knights carried this fashion or at the speed these lumbering beasts promise. We are wont rather to be shot through the air with passing swiftness, in a dusky cloud or chariot of fire, or mounted on some hippogriff or other. To be drawn on an ox-cart! by the living God, it puts me to confusion. However, it may be that modern chivalries and enchantments are to take a different road from that followed by the ancient. As I am a new knight in the world and the first to revive the long-since-forgotten exercise of chivalry, belike new modes of enchantment and new methods of transporting the enchanted are come into vogue. How does it strike you, Sancho son?'

'I don't know how it does,' replied Sancho: 'I am not so read up in errantry-writings as is your worship. Nevertheless I'm willing to take oath that not all these apparitions are Catholics.' 'Catholics, my father!<sup>(1)</sup> And how could they be when every blessed one is a devil fantastically disguised for the purpose of placing me here. If you believe me not, touch and feel them, and you'll find their bodies unsubstantial air.' 'My God, sir, but I have touched them and this devil that goes there as fine as you please is rolling in flesh and has another property quite unlike a certain one they tell me devils possess. I've heard they all smell of brimstone, sulphur and other vile odours,

but this one smells of amber half a league off.' Sancho referred to Don Fernando, who as a gentleman was highly perfumed. 'Don't let that surprise you, Panza friend, since devils are knowing ones, you must understand, and though bad odours are ever about them, they do not smell at all, being spirits. If they do smell, it must be something fairly rank, for, carrying hell with them wherever they go<sup>(2)</sup> and having no relief from their torments, inasmuch as sweet odours may be considered pleasant and refreshing, they cannot possibly smell sweet. If this particular one smells of amber as you say, either you are mistaken or he's putting you on a false scent that you may not know him for a devil.'

Such was the dialogue that passed 'twixt master and man, till Don Fernando and Cardenio, apprehensive lest Sancho grasp their deception, being already at its heels, resolved to shorten the leave-taking. Calling the innkeeper aside, they bade him saddle Rocinante and pannel the ass—which was done. The priest in the meantime had negotiated with the Holy Brotherhood at so much per day to accompany them as escort. Cardenio hung the shield from Rocinante's saddlebow on one side and the basin on the other, and beckoned Sancho to mount Dapple and lead his master's steed by the bridle, stationing the officers on either side with their muskets. But before the ox-cart began its journey, the innkeeper's wife, daughter and Maritornes came out to bid Don Quijote farewell, simulating grief at his disgrace, whereupon our knight delivered himself of the following:

'Weep not, my good ladies: these calamities are proper to those that profess what I profess. Had troubles not come upon me, I should have no fame as an errant. Such crises play no part in the affairs of knights of little name and fame, of whom is none to take thought; in the lives of valiant knights, yes, that

they may be envied of their virtue and valour by many princes and other cavaliers who by iniquitous means strive to destroy the good ones. But in every case virtue has such power in herself that despite all the necromancy known even to Zoroaster<sup>(3)</sup>, its first inventor, she shall come forth triumphant out of every danger and give forth light in the world as does the sun in the sky. Forgive me, fair ones, if through heedlessness I've done you aught of wrong: wittingly and willingly never have I wronged man or woman. And lastly pray that God draw me from the distress into which I have been plunged by the instrument of some crooked-willed magician, for if once I escape this charnel-house, there shall not escape my memory the favours done me in this castle, which I shall acknowledge and requite as they deserve.'

While the palace-dames were thus engaged, the priest and barber bade farewell to Don Fernando and his company, to the captain, his brother and the ladies, now all made happy, and in particular to Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced and promised to let one another know of their fortunes, Don Fernando telling the priest where to write, informing him of what became of Don Quijote, declaring that naught would give him greater pleasure than to hear. He in turn promised to send him word of everything he might like to know, about his marriage, Zoraida's baptism, the affair of Don Louis and Lucinda's return to her home. The priest promised to comply with his request punctually, they embraced once more and renewed their promises.

The innkeeper now approached the priest and handed him some papers, saying that he had found them in the lining of the valise in which *The Impertinent Paul Pry* had been found, and since their owner had not returned, the priest might take them away with him, the more because he, the innkeeper,

could not read and did not want them himself. The priest thanked him, and opening the papers at once saw written at the beginning of the manuscript *Rinconete and Cortadillo*<sup>(4)</sup>, from which he gathered it was some tale, and supposed that, as the other story had been good, this should be also, since they were probably written by the same author, and so he preserved it with the intention of reading it at the first opportunity. He and the barber now mounted and set out after the cart, both wearing masks lest their friend recognize them. The order of the procession was as follows: first came the ox-cart driven by its owner with the armed officers on either side; then Sancho Panza on his ass leading Rocinante by the bridle; last of all and with calm and serious air rode priest and barber with faces covered, on heavy mules and at a pace no faster than the slow advance of the oxen permitted. Don Quijote was seated in the cage, hands tied and feet extended, resting against the grating, silent and patient as, not a man of flesh, but a figure in stone. Slowly and silently they journeyed for well-nigh two leagues when they came to a dale that seemed to the Jehu an excellent place to rest and feed his yoke, but on his consulting with the priest and barber, the latter suggested that they go just a bit further round the hill, where he knew of a still richer meadow; and they again moved on.

The priest, turning his head, now noticed that close behind them rode six or seven well-equipped horsemen. These soon overtook our party, since they did not travel with the ease and leisure of oxen, but rather like men on canons' mules and with the intent of passing the siesta at an inn that appeared in the distance less than a league away. These diligent ones saluted our snail-paced friends, and one of them, who was in fact a Toledan canon and master of the others,

on seeing the long procession of cart, constables, Sancho, Rocinante, priest and barber, and above all the knight encaged and confined, could not but ask the reason of such transportation, having concluded from the badges of the officers, that here was some highway-robber or other culprit whose punishment fell within the jurisdiction of the Brotherhood. The constable to whom the question was put replied, 'Ask him, sir, for we cannot satisfy you.' Don Quijote, overhearing question and answer, thereupon addressed the newcomer, 'Your worships, gentlemen, are versed in knight-errantry perhaps? If so, I may tell of my undoing; otherwise there's no reason why I trouble myself.'

By this time the priest and barber, seeing the travellers in conversation with their prisoner, came forward that they might answer enquiries in such a way as to cloak their scheme from detection. The canon, speaking for the others, was saying to our knight, 'Indeed, brother, I know more of books of chivalry than of Villapando's *Elements of Logic*<sup>(5)</sup>. If this be the only condition, you can safely tell what you wish.' 'God's hand!' exclaimed Don Quijote, 'in that event I'd inform you, sir knight, that I have been placed enchanted in this cage through the envy and fraud of scurvy magicians, since virtue is more persecuted of the evil than beloved of the good. A knight-errant I, none of those whose deeds fame never troubles to immortalize in her memory but one of the number rather that despite and in the teeth of this very jealousy and of as many magi as Persia ever gave birth to, in defiance of all the Brahmins of India and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, write their names in the temple of eternity, as pattern and example to future knights, that they may see the steps they must take, would they reach by their arm the utmost pinnacle of fame.'

‘Señor Don Quijote speaks the truth,’ broke in the priest at this point: ‘he goes enchanted in this carry-all not for his own sins or shortcomings but through the ill-will of those whom virtue galls and valour chafes. Behold before you, sir, the Knight of Sorry Aspect, of whom you may have heard, for his great feats and gallant deeds shall be writ in imperishable brass and eternal marble—the more because envy wearies herself in depreciating and malice in effacing them.’ When the canon heard both the imprisoned and the free man talk in this lofty style, he was ready to cross himself in wonder, not knowing what had befallen him, and his whole company were no less amazed. Their confusion was trebled when Sancho, having drawn nigh to listen, ventured to add, ‘I may please or displease you by what I say, gentlemen, but the truth of all this is that my master Don Quijote is as enchanted as my mother. He has his faculties, eats, drinks and performs the other necessary functions as other men do and as he did himself yesterday ere they cooped him. Why would they have me believe him enchanted, when I’ve heard plenty of people say that the enchanted neither eat nor sleep nor talk, and my master, if you let him, will out-talk thirty lawyers.’

Then turning to the priest Sancho continued, ‘Tut, tut, father, do you think I don’t know you? Can you suppose I do not see through these new enchantments? I know you well enough, however your face be concealed, and I know what you are about, however your tricks be disguised. The short of it all is that where envy reigns, virtue cannot thrive, nor liberality and meanness travel side by side. Bad luck to the devil! had not your reverence come on the scene, by this time my master would have been husband to the infanta Micomicona and I at least a count, since naught less could be expected from my

master's goodness and the greatness of my services. Now do I see the truth of what they say hereabouts, that fortune travels faster than a mill-wheel<sup>(6)</sup> and that he that was up yesterday is down to-day. I grieve for my wife and children<sup>(7)</sup>, for just when they might and should expect to see the old man enter the house-gate a governor or viceroy of an isle or kingdom, here he comes a common postillion. All this I say, father, merely to bring home to your paternal conscience the ill turn done my master, that you may watch out lest God lay at your door both this imprisonment and the postponement of all the good and helpful things he might be accomplishing.'

'Come, trim me those lamps,' put in the barber at this point; 'do you belong to your master's fraternity? By the living God, I see you'll have to keep him company in this cage and be as enchanted as he, since his erring and errantry rub you a little. 'Twas an unlucky moment when you became impregnated with his promises, an unlucky hour when there entered your noddle the island you set hopes on.' To this Sancho returned, 'I am not, nor am I a man to be, pregnant by anyone, by the king himself whoever he be. Though poor, I am an old Christian and owe no man. If I desire islands, others desire worse. Each is the son of his works and being a man I can come to be pope; then why not governor of an isle—the more that master can win so many he'll be short of persons to whom to give them. Look how you speak, mister barber; shaving beards is not the whole of life, and one Peter differs from another. I say this since we all know who you are: 'tis no use to throw loaded dice with me. As to my master's enchantment, God knows the truth of the business, so let it rest where it lies: stirring will only make it worse.'

The barber preferred not to continue the conversation lest Sancho by his plain-speaking disclose

what he and the priest so much wished concealed, and in the same alarm the priest asked the canon to ride ahead a little that he might reveal the mystery of the cage, together with other things sure to interest him. The canon assented and he and his party were all ears to what the priest had to tell of the character, life and obsession of Don Quijote. In few words he informed them of the origin of his craze, the course of events down to his present imprisonment, and their plan of taking him home in the trust of finding some remedy. The canon and his followers marvelled afresh at this aberrant history and the former said in return, 'I certainly believe, sir, that these so-called books of chivalry are injurious to the welfare of the state. Led by an indolent showy taste I have, I confess, read the first few chapters of nearly all printed, but I never could get myself to read one through, for they all looked alike to me—none better than another. In my opinion these books fall under the category of the so-called Milesian<sup>(8)</sup> or nonsense fables, whose sole aim is to amuse rather than instruct, unlike the apologue<sup>(9)</sup> fables which both edify and entertain.

'Moreover, though their main intent is to amuse, crowded as they are with so many and such inordinate absurdities, I know not how they can. For all intellectual pleasure arises from the contemplation of the inherent beauty and harmony of things placed before one by the eyes or by the imagination: nothing distorted or inconsequent can afford real delight. What beauty then, I ask, or what proportion of parts to whole or of whole to parts, can be present in a book or fable wherein a lad of sixteen uses his sword on a giant that looms like a tower and cuts him in two as if of sugar-paste?<sup>(10)</sup> Again when they would paint us a battle, they represent the enemy at a million fighting men with only the hero of the tale opposing,



yet in spite of ourselves we are asked to believe that this solitary gentleman, relying on the valour of his single arm, carried off the victory.

‘What too shall we say of the freedom a queen or empress hereditary allows herself in the arms of some strange or strolling cavalier? Again, whose fancy, unless it be utterly unformed and undisciplined, can be tickled on reading about a great towerful<sup>(11)</sup> of knights that sails the seas like a ship under fair wind, to-night off Lombardy and on the morrow at the shores of Prester John of the Indies<sup>(12)</sup>, or some other land untreated of by Ptolemy and unknown to Marco Polo? If the apology be made that the authors of these books are writing fiction and are therefore not bound to the letter, mine answer is, that fiction is fine in proportion to its semblance to truth—it is more delightful according as it moves in the realm of the possible. Tales of fiction must in other words be wedded to the understanding of the reader: they should be so constructed as to reconcile impossibilities and smooth out rough places, holding the attention through the elements of surprise, suspense and a bewitching of the mind. So will admiration and pleasure walk hand in hand. But failure awaits him that flies verisimilitude, wherein in literature lies perfection. I have yet to see the book of chivalry whose plot conforms in all parts, the middle related to the beginning, and the end the natural issue of both. Instead they introduce so many unrelated members one might think they would present us with a chimera or other monster rather than with a symmetric whole. Inflexible in style, incredible in story, in love lascivious, in courtesy uncouth, tedious in battle, childish in prattle, outlandish in travel: in short devoid of every artistic excellence, they should be banished from a Christian state as things of no conceivable benefit<sup>(13)</sup>.

The priest listened most attentively to these words of the canon, who seemed to him in all he said a man of clear understanding and sound judgment. In return he informed him how, having himself an ill opinion and hatred of books of chivalry, he had burned the many belonging to Don Quijote, naming those that, after holding an inquisition, he had condemned to the flames and those whose lives he had spared. This greatly amused the canon, who declared that for all he had spoken ill of these books, he allowed them one advantage, namely the scope they offered the gifted nature to exercise itself, presenting as they did a wide and spacious field where the pen might run *ad libitum*, describing storms and shipwrecks, skirmishes and battles; portraying a valiant leader with all appropriate qualities, showing him prudent in forestalling the wiles of the enemy and eloquent in inciting or restraining his own troops, ripe in deliberation, rapid in resolve, and brave in biding his time as in pushing the attack.

‘The writer of books of chivalry can depict now a tragic episode, now a pleasant *dénouement*; on one side a woman most beautiful, virtuous, modest and wise, and on the other a Christian knight, courtly and courageous. He may contrast a rude and reckless bully with a well-tutored prince, gentle but firm. He may present the humble loyalty of vassals side by side with the greatness and liberality of their lords. On one page he can show himself the astrologer, on the next a well-informed cosmographer, at times a musician, again a statesman, and at times there will be where he can even play the necromancer if he choose. His narrative may deal with the craft of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the downfall of Hector, the treachery of Timon, the friendship of Euryalus, Alexander’s liberality, Cæsar’s courage, the clemency and truth of a Trajan,

the fidelity of a Zopyrus<sup>(14)</sup>, the wisdom of a Cato—in fine he may treat of all the virtues that go to perfect an illustrious man, attributing them all now to a single character, now portioning them among many. If in addition the writer have charm of style and fertile fancy and aim at the truth, he may well weave a web of such bright and varied colours that its beauty and perfection will realize his noblest dreams, affording both delight and discipline. The very freedom permitted by these books allows the author to be tragic and comic, lyric and epic (which may be written in prose also), enabling him to display all those qualities that unite in the sweet and winning arts of oratory and poesy.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>The oriental exclamation: 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof.' *II Kings* 11: v 12. <sup>(2)</sup>'Devils always carry hell with them.' Gloss on canto xxxiv of *The Inferno* in edition of Cristoforo Landino 1481. <sup>(3)</sup>Famous king of Bactra (mentioned in Pliny's *Natural History* as are also the Brahmins of India and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia). <sup>(4)</sup>One of Cervantes' short stories. <sup>(5)</sup>*Summa Summularum* Alcalá 1557 by Gaspar Cardillo de Villapando. <sup>(6)</sup>*Orlando Furioso* canto XLV st. 4:

Nè disperarsi per fortuna anversa.  
Chè sempre la sua rota in giro versa.

<sup>(7)</sup>From an old ballad of the Count Alarcos:

No me pesa de mi muerte,  
Porque yo morir tenía;  
Mas pesame de mis hijos  
Que pierden mi compañía.

<sup>(8)</sup>*Fabulæ Milesiæ*, a Mileto Joniæ, quæ de luxu et deliciis male audivit, ad voluptatem solam sunt repertæ: genus quoddam fabulorum nec verum, nec verisimile, nec in aliquem usum vitæ paratum, et congruens, sed tantum ad extrahendum tempus.' Joannes Ludovicus Vives: *Opera* Basle 1555 v. I f 144. <sup>(9)</sup>'*Apologi* conficta exempla sunt in usum vitæ, qui ad suadendum virtutem, ad dissuadendum vitium, ad aliquid denique agendum, aut non agendum, sunt reperti.' *ibid.* <sup>(10)</sup>Belianis of Greece at the age of sixteen cut a giant in two at Persepolis. *Belianis of Greece* 1547 I 18. <sup>(11)</sup>One such in *Florambel de Lucca* (before 1532) I 26—Part II 1,

reappearing (1532) in V 16, 30, 34; two others in *Lisuarte of Greece* 1526 cc 32 and 71. <sup>(12)</sup>Prester (Presbyter) John of the Indies: in the Middle Ages a somewhat if not wholly mythical Christian prince ruling China, much met with in old books of travel, Marco Polo and the like. <sup>(13)</sup>So Pedro Mejía in III 43 of his *Historia Imperial y Cesárea* 1545, 'They should be banished from Spain as things infectious and dangerous to the republic.' <sup>(14)</sup>Told of in Plutarch's *Apollheym*s.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

The canon pursues the subject of books of chivalry, together with other matters worthy of his wit

**I** QUITE agree with your worship, Señor Canon,' said the priest, 'and the authors of these books are the more to be censured in that they have written haphazardly, without respect to rules of art, whereby they might have become as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry in verse.' 'I am bound to confess,' said the canon, 'that I was once tempted to write a book of chivalry that should preserve all the characteristics I just enumerated, and, if the truth must be known, I actually did write more than a hundred pages. To test the same and see if it answered my requirements, I showed the manuscript to persons devoted to this sort of reading, to learned intelligent men as well as to the ignorant whose only pleasure is in listening to nonsense; and from all I received flattering approval. However, I proceeded no further, both because the tale seemed to accord not with my calling and because I find there are more fools in the world than wise men; and though the lauding of the few outweighs the laughter of the many, I was unwilling to submit myself to the senseless judgment of the giddy crowd that in the main would be one's reading public.

'But what chiefly stayed me and the idea of ever finishing the book was an argument<sup>(1)</sup> drawn from the style of comedies now in vogue, running something like this: If modern comedies, whether based on fact or on fiction, though acknowledged to be trash and things lacking both head and feet, are yet

relished by the crowd and though far from being so are by it deemed excellent, till authors and managers alike confess that the reason of their worthlessness is solely popular taste; and if on the other hand it is true that writers of artistic plays with well-constructed plots satisfy a mere handful of critics, failing to reach the masses; and granting last of all that 'tis better to earn a living from the many than laudation from the few—then, said I to myself with this book of mine, it follows that I should scorch mine eyebrows in holding to the acknowledged rules and in the end be left the tailor of El Campillo<sup>(2)</sup>.

'I have, nevertheless, frequently endeavoured to persuade managers of the fallacy of such reasoning, telling them they'd draw larger audiences and achieve more lasting fame by staging well-contrived and not fictitious comedies; but so case-hardened are they that neither proof nor reason will deliver them from their faith. I remember to have said to one of these obstinate fellows, 'Tell me, can you not recall that a few years back there were produced in Spain three tragedies written by a well-known poet of these kingdoms, which held the audience in admiring and pleasurable suspense, the simple no less than the wise, the vulgar as well as the educated, and that these three plays netted a larger sum to the actors than any thirty of the best that have been produced since?' 'Certainly I do,' replied the manager in question: 'you refer to *Isabella*, *Phyllis* and *Alexandra*'<sup>(3)</sup>. The same, I answered, 'and granting as you must that they observed the rules of art, tell me if by keeping to them they suffered at all or were thereby prevented from giving general satisfaction. The fault,' I went on, 'lies not with the crowd that it wants trash but with those that know not how to produce better. The *Ingratitude Revenged*'<sup>(4)</sup> wasn't trash, nor was any to be found in *Numantia*'<sup>(5)</sup>, *The Merchant*

*Lover*<sup>(6)</sup> or *The Kind Foe*<sup>(7)</sup> or in many others, to the fame and renown of their gifted authors and to the pecuniary advantage of those that presented them.' I suggested other considerations and altogether I think I left the fellow a little disconcerted, though not sufficiently convinced to be delivered of his error.'

'Your talk, señor canon,' interposed the priest, 'stirs in me afresh my disapproval of present-day drama—an animadversion that is quite equal to mine opposition to books of chivalry. According to Cicero the drama<sup>(8)</sup> should be a mirror of life, a pattern of a people's manners and an image of the truth; whereas modern comedy is a mirror of absurdities, a pattern of a people's follies and a picture of licentiousness<sup>(9)</sup>. What greater stupidity can there be than for a character that in the first scene of the first act is but a child in swaddling-clothes, to appear in the second scene as a bearded man<sup>(10)</sup>; or to represent an old man as in the vigour of youth, a youth as a weakling, a lacquey as an orator, a page as a counsellor, a king as a porter, and a princess as a kitchen-wench? And what shall I say of their practice with regard to the time wherein the action of a piece takes place, save that I've seen a comedy in which the first act opens in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third closes in Africa<sup>(11)</sup>; had there been four acts<sup>(12)</sup>, the last would undoubtedly have been set in America, that all four quarters of the globe might have been cared for? If the basis of the drama be the imitation of life, how can a man of even moderate intelligence be satisfied when in a play of King Pepin's or Charlemagne's time<sup>(13)</sup> the leading character is Emperor Heraclius<sup>(14)</sup>, who is seen entering Jerusalem bearing the Cross and winning the Holy Sepulchre like Godfrey of Bouillon<sup>(15)</sup>—the two events in reality being centuries apart? Or when, though the play is supposed to be based on fiction, they introduce historical

facts and episodes in the lives of persons living at different times, not with any semblance of nature and with obvious and most unpardonable blunders?<sup>(16)</sup> And the worst of it is that ignoramuses say that this sort of thing is perfect—that to ask for else savours of fastidiousness.

‘And if we turn to divine comedies<sup>(17)</sup>, what do we find? There the dramatists represent miracles that are not only apocryphal but shockingly conceived. They attribute to one saint the miracles of another and make bold to introduce these marvels as they call them into the secular drama as well, merely because it suits them or in order that the know-nothings may gape and come to the performances. Now all this depreciates truth, belittles history, and is to the disrepute of Spanish genius; for foreigners, who carefully observe the laws of comedy, regard us as barbarous and ignorant<sup>(18)</sup>, beholding the absurd extravagances of our stage.

‘Nor is it enough to answer that since the chief reason why well-ordered republics allow the drama is because it affords harmless amusement to the community, turning it now and then from the unhealthy tendencies of idleness, and since this result is achieved by any play good or bad, there’s no occasion for restraining authors and actors by laws insisting on good plays only. As a matter of fact, this object would be realized far more perfectly by good than by bad plays, since an audience that has witnessed an unified and wholly artistic piece will leave the theatre delighted by its humour, disciplined by its truth, with minds enlarged by its issues, wits sharpened by its logic; enlightened by the theme, made wiser by example, their whole moral being will be made militant against vice and at one with virtue: all of which desirable effects will a good play bring about in the soul of the spectator, however lifeless and untutored he may be.



Of all impossibilities the greatest is that a well-constructed play should not give far more pleasure and satisfaction than one ill-constructed, which most acted to-day are.

'Yet the fault lies not entirely with the authors, some of whom know too well the error of their ways and how they may be saved<sup>(19)</sup>, but now that plays are a commodity, they say and with truth that actors buy only those of a certain cast, and the poet tries to adapt himself to what the purchaser demands. That you may be convinced of this, consider the infinite plays a certain most happy genius of these kingdoms has composed, all with such grace and spirit, of such elegant verse, clever dialogue and sentiments, and finally with such lofty periods and general elevation of style, his renown fills the world. Yet in his desire to satisfy the taste of actors, not all his plays have attained their possible perfection. And other dramatists are there that write so carelessly that after the first performance of their compositions the actors are obliged to leave town in fear of being brought to court, where indeed many have appeared for offering things prejudicial to certain crowns and noble families.

'Now all these annoyances, and many others I've not named, would cease if there were a sensible intelligent person at court whose business it was to examine all plays before their production, not only in Madrid but throughout Spain: no district-magistrate could permit a play to be given that hadn't his seal and signature. The players would send the manuscripts offered them to the capital for license, and were the plays approved, they could act them in safety. Authors would write more thoughtfully and with greater pains, knowing that their compositions must pass the rigid examination of one that knew his business. We should thus get good plays and their mission in

life would be most felicitously accomplished. The entertainment of the people would be secured, the good opinion of the wits of Spain, the interest and safety of the actors and the sparing of legal procedure. Should another official or the same be asked to examine new books of chivalry, doubtless some would appear with the excellences your worship speaks of, enriching our literature with a deposit of noble sentiments and casting the old books into oblivion, for the new would afford harmless amusement not alone to the idle but to the busiest of men—and rightly, for the bow cannot always be bent<sup>(20)</sup> nor can weak human nature sustain itself without a certain amount of wholesome recreation.'

The priest and canon had arrived at this point when the barber came up and said, 'This is the place, señor licentiate, where it seemed to me the oxen might find fresh and abundant cropping while we took our siesta.' 'Good,' replied the priest, and turning to the canon he told him of their plan. The canon said he would remain also: he was attracted by the lovely dale that opened before them and wished to enjoy further converse with the priest, toward whom he was greatly drawn, thus learning Don Quijote's history more in detail. He sent servants on to the inn, not far from their resting-place, bidding them bring enough dinner for all. One of them replied that the sumpter-mule, which must have already reached the tavern, had sufficient, but they needed barley for their beasts. 'Leave them there then,' directed the canon, 'and fetch hither the one with provisions.'

While the above was passing, Sancho, seizing this opportunity to converse with his master without constant interference from priest and barber, whom he regarded in the light of spies, drew near the cage and said, 'Señor, for the relief of my conscience I

would tell you the truth concerning your enchantment, which is that these two fellows prowling round here with covered faces are the priest and barber of our village. What I think is that they've invented this trick of carting you off from pure envy, seeing your worship surpassing them in deeds of fame. Regarding this as true, it follows that you're not enchanted but hoodwinked and made a fool of. As proof whereof I would ask a question, and should you answer in the way I think likely, you'll be able to put your finger on this ruse and see that you aren't enchanted but merely upside down in your wits.'

'Ask me what you please, son Sancho, for I'll keep answering to your heart's content. But as to our escort being the priest and barber, our fellow-townsmen and acquaintances, though it might easily so appear, don't for a minute think such the case. What you must think and realize is, that if they seem what you say, 'tis simply because my enchanters have assumed their form and semblance (they easily take on any shape they choose) that you may think as you do and thus be cast into a labyrinth of doubts from which you cannot deliver yourself though you found the thread of Theseus. A further object would be to confuse my understanding as well, making it impossible for me also to solve the difficulty. If on the one hand you say the priest and barber attend me and I on the other find myself in a coop, knowing as I do that no human agency, unless 'twere supernatural, has strength sufficient to confine me therein, what would you have me say or think, save that the method of my enchantment transcends all others ever I encountered in histories of errant and spell-bound knights? So quickly still that suspicion: they are as near to what you say as I am to being a Turk. Touching your catechism of me say on, since I shall answer from now till morning.'

‘Our Lady bless me!’ cried the other, ‘can your worship be such a numskull and lack-wit as not to see I tell the simple truth: namely that malice has a larger share than magic in your enchantment and downfall? But since you won’t take my word for it, I would prove to your face that you are under no charm. If not, answer me this, and may the good Lord deliver you from this pickle and may you find yourself in my lady Dulcinea’s arms when least you expect it—’ ‘A truce to your prayers, man. Out with your question, for I say I shall make answer at once.’ ‘What I ask, then, and should like to know, is that you tell me without swelling or smothering any part thereof, but in perfect truth, as is to be expected and as is the custom of all that profess arms like your worship under the title of knight-errant—’ ‘I give my pledge not to lie in the smallest particular,’ interposed the other, ‘out with your question, for you gall me with so many blessings and prayers and prologues.’ ‘Counting then on my master’s truth and consideration, since it bears on the matter in hand, my question is this (and I ask it in all respect): Since your worship was first cast, and as it seems to you enchanted, in this cage, have you perhaps had the wish to relieve yourself in greater or less, as the phrase goes?’ ‘What do you mean by greater or less, Sancho? Make yourself clearer, would you have a direct reply.’ ‘Can it be that your worship doesn’t understand greater or less when children at school are brought up on it? Then my question is, have you had the desire to do what cannot be helped?’ ‘Ah, now I understand, boy, and mine answer is yes, many times, and this minute too. Get me out of this scrape or there’ll be the deuce to pay.’

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>This argument was developed by Lope de Vega Carpio in his *New Way of Writing Comedies*, which had just been published (1602), ‘I write by the

art which they invented who sought the vulgar applause, since as the people pay for the comedies it is only fair to speak to them foolishly in order to give them pleasure.' II 45-8 in the Morel-Fatio edition, Bordeaux 1901.

<sup>(2)</sup>Alluding to the proverb, 'The tailor of El Campillo, who stitched for nothing and found his thread.' <sup>(3)</sup>By Lupericio Leonardo y Argensola. The *Phyllis* has been lost; the two others were published in v. 6 of *Parnaso Español* 1768-78 ed. by Juan Josef López de Sedano. They are not models.

<sup>(4)</sup>By Lope de Vega 1620 (written before 1604), a 'dull and dirty' play. <sup>(5)</sup>By Cervantes 1584. <sup>(6)</sup>By Gaspar de Aguilar. <sup>(7)</sup>By Francisco de Tárrega, pub. in *Flor de las Comedias de España* 1615 Part V ed. by Francisco de Avila.

<sup>(8)</sup>—est imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis (quoted from a lost work of Cicero by Ælius Donatus in his commentary on Terence).

<sup>(9)</sup>Philip the Second closed the theatres in 1598, and they remained closed until 1600, as the result of an outcry against the quality of plays produced.

<sup>(10)</sup>As in *Urson and Valentin* (written before 1600) by Lope de Vega. <sup>(11)</sup>The

action of *Doncella Teodor* (before 1617) by Lope de Vega takes place in Toledo, Orán, Valencia, Constantinople, and Persia; and many are the other plays of the same dramatist that defy the unities. <sup>(12)</sup>Francisco de Abendaño

in a comedy printed in 1553 was the first to reduce the number of acts to three. <sup>(13)</sup>Pepin died 768; Charlemagne was born about 742. <sup>(14)</sup>Proclaimed

Emperor in the East 610. <sup>(15)</sup>Won the Holy Sepulchre 1099. <sup>(16)</sup>In *La Limpieza no Manchada* (not pub. till 1623) by Lope de Vega are depicted Job, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, Saint Bridget, and the University of Salamanca. <sup>(17)</sup>Those dealing with the lives of saints—their excesses led to their prohibition.

<sup>(18)</sup>From II 362-5 (Morel-Fatio edition) of Lope de Vega's *New Way of Writing Comedies* 1602, 'But none do I call more barbarous than I, since I make bold to give precepts contrary to art, and let myself be borne along with the passing throng, till Italy and France pronounce me ignorant.'

<sup>(19)</sup>The allusions in this paragraph are aimed at Lope de Vega and his works as mentioned in the notes above. It was this running fire of Cervantes that led Lope to write to a physician friend of his on August 14th, 1604 (shortly after this chapter was written and printed), 'Of the poets I do not speak... But there is none so bad as Cervantes, nor so witless as to praise Don Quijote... To satire I am coming step by step: a thing more hateful to me than my little books to Alimendares and my comedies to Cervantes.'

<sup>(20)</sup>Corrumpes arcum semper si tensum habueris;

At si laxaris, cum voles erit utilis.

Æsop's *Fables* (as edited by Phædrus 1596) III xiv, *De lusu et severitate*.

## CHAPTER XLIX

### The little parley 'twixt Sancho Panza and his master Don Quijote

**A**H ha, now I have you!' cried Sancho: 'that is the thing I yearned to discover, though it cost me life and soul, Come then, master, can you deny what is said<sup>(1)</sup> hereabouts when a person is off the hooks, 'I wonder,' they say, 'what can be the matter with so-and-so. He doesn't eat or drink or sleep, or answer questions intelligently: the lout must be enchanted.' From which one concludes that all that eat, drink and sleep not, nor perform those functions I referred to above, are enchanted; but not so those that have the desires your worship has, who drink when they offer you, eat when there's food before you, and answer all questions.' 'Your deduction is allowable,' replied Don Quijote, 'but many are the modes of enchantment, as I have before declared, and it might be that with the years some have been substituted for others: that to-day the custom holds for the enchanted to act precisely as I do, though they behaved very differently of old. There's no disputing of customs and no trustworthy inferences are to be drawn from them. I know for certain that I am an enchanted being, which is enough to keep my conscience light. 'Twould indeed weigh heavily upon it did I think I was letting myself lie in this cage charm-free out of sloth and cowardice, cheating the many, in sorrow and in want, of the help and relief of which at this very moment they may stand in sorest need.'

'For all that,' advised the other, 'methinks 'twould be to your greater use and fruitfulness, did your wor-

ship try an escape from this cell. I guarantee on my part to do all I can to help, mounting you again on your good Rocinante; belike he's enchanted too, he seems so crestfallen and sad. We can then try our hand at adventures again, and should we meet with bad luck, there will still be plenty of time to return to the cage, wherein by the law of a good and faithful squire I swear to closet myself with your worship, should you be so unfortunate or I so foolish as to fail.' 'I am happy to do as you suggest, brother Sancho, and when the critical moment comes for setting me at liberty, I shall obey your every order; but you then will see how mistaken you are in your theory of my downfall.'

The errant knight and ill-faring shield-bearer had now arrived where the priest, canon and barber, having alighted, were awaiting them. The carter at once unyoked his oxen, letting them graze over that green and quiet mead, whose freshness would have bewitched, not persons already so much so as our errant, but those as knowing and appreciative as his squire, who now asked the priest to give his master a short recess, otherwise the cage would not be so sweet as Señor Don Quijote's decency required. The priest catching his meaning said he would grant the desired favour, though he feared the knight on finding himself free, returning to his old grooves, would be lost to them for ever. 'I'll go bail for him,' replied Sancho. 'So will I, every one of us,' declared the canon, 'especially if he give his word as a knight not to desert till 'tis our pleasure.' 'I do so give it,' said Don Quijote, who had been listening, 'the rather because he that is enchanted as I, cannot do with his person as he pleases: his enchanter may make him stand for three centuries like a statue, and should he start to run, the other will send him back flying.' So they could safely set him free, he said,

the more that it was to their advantage. Otherwise, unless they kept their distances, he could not but offend.

The canon here took Don Quijote's hand, though they were tied together, and on his good faith and worth they released him, to his exceeding joy. His first move was to stretch himself, the next toward Rocinante, whose haunches he twice slapped, saying, 'I still trust in God and his Blessed Mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we shall soon find ourselves where we both long to be, thou with thy master on thy back, and I mounted on my charger, following the calling for whose sake God sent me into the world.' So saying he retired with Sancho to a remote spot whence he shortly returned much eased and more eager than ever to put into practice whatever his squire ordained. The canon stared at him in amazement, considering the pitch of his folly—how gallantly he rode in ordinary converse, yet lost his stirrups the moment they encroached upon the dangerous ground of chivalry. And so, after all had sate them down upon the green turf, waiting for the provisions, the ecclesiastic was moved by compassion to say to our knight:

'Can it be, sir, that the false and foolish stories of chivalry have so mastered and impaired your reason that you truly believe yourself enchanted, together with those other things, as far as is falsehood from fact? How is it possible that any human understanding should come to believe there once existed that swarm of Amadis, that deluge of famous knights, emperors of Trebizond, Felixmartes of Hyrcania, palfreys, maidens-errant, serpents, monsters, giants, unparalleled adventures; such a variety of enchantments, battles without number, terrific encounters, all manner of garbs; so many princesses, squires turned counts, merry



dwarfs, love-missals; all that billing and cooing; so many valiant women; in short the whole crazy fabric of the books of chivalry? I confess that as long as I forget that they are all false and flimsy, I like them well enough, but when it comes over me what they really are, I am ready to fling the best of them at the wall or into the fire if one be burning, as cheats and imposters beyond the pale of human tolerance, as propagators of a new sect and mode of life and as preachers of false doctrines that make the ignorant believe their rubbish.

‘Indeed those books make bold to befuddle the faculties of gentlemen of good birth and intelligence, of whom your worship is an example, since through them you’ve been brought to such a pass that it’s necessary to carry you caged on an ox-cart, even as they carry lions and tigers from place to place, exhibiting them for money. Come, sir, take pity on yourself: return to the bosom of discretion and make good use of all Heaven gave you, employing your happy genius in reading what will redound to the benefit of your conscience and the increase of your honour. If your nature be wholly inclined to books of action and true chivalry, study the Book of Judges, where you will find great realities, deeds veritable as valiant. Portugal had a Viriatus<sup>(2)</sup>, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Fernán González<sup>(3)</sup>, Valencia a Cid<sup>(4)</sup>, Andalusia a Gonzalo Hernández<sup>(5)</sup>, Estramadura a Diego García de Paredes<sup>(6)</sup>, Jerez a Garci Pérez de Vargas<sup>(7)</sup>, Toledo a Garcilaso<sup>(8)</sup> and Seville a Don Manuel de León<sup>(9)</sup>—the reading of whose brave exploits can engage, edify and fill with admiration the finest of intellects. So is it reading worthy the good understanding of your worship, since from it, sir, you will grow learned in history, enamoured of virtue, enlightened in all better feel-

ings, bettered in manners, brave without rashness, prudent without cowardice. And all will be to God's honour, your own profit and the glory of La Mancha, whence, I am informed, your worship takes birth and origin.'

Don Quijote listened with fixed attention, and, now that he saw the canon was done, after regarding him for some time, he delivered himself of the following, 'Methinks, sir, that the father of your discourse was the wish that I believe there never were knights-errant in the world, that all books of chivalry are false, offensive and a burden to the state, and that I have done ill in reading them, worse in believing and worst in emulating them by undertaking as I have the almost impossible profession of knight-errantry, the love of which they inculcate. Moreover, you deny the existence of Amadis of Gaul or of Greece, together with all the other knights wherewith such books are crammed.' 'Exactly my position,' nodded the canon. 'Your worship said further that these books had done much harm in that they had quit me of my judgment and landed me in a jail; and that 'twere better that I face about and shift my reading to books more true, more delightful and more informing.' 'I certainly did.' 'In that case my own opinion is that the one bewildered and bewitched is yourself, since you blaspheme against a thing so universally accepted and so implicitly believed in that he who like your worship denies it deserves the fate you would mete out to these books when they repel you. To try to persuade us that Amadis and the other knightly adventurers never lived, is like arguing that the sun gives no light, frost no chill, the earth no nourishment. What mind can move another to believe there's no truth in the story of Princess Floripes and Guy of Burgundy<sup>(10)</sup>, nor in that of Fierabras<sup>(11)</sup> at the bridge

of Mantible<sup>(12)</sup>, back there in the time of Charlemagne? To such a man I would swear them as true as that 'tis now day. If these stories be lies, then there never lived a Hector or Achilles, the Trojan war is but a myth, the Twelve Peers of France the same, together with England's King Arthur, that still lives in the form of a raven and whose return is hourly expected of his people<sup>(13)</sup>.

'Indeed they might as well say that the history of Guarino Mezquino<sup>(14)</sup> is all gossip, along with the quest of the Holy Grail; that the loves of Tristan and Isolde are apocryphal; the loves too of Guinevere and Lancelot, when persons live that can almost remember their confidante the duenna Quintañona, the best wine-mixer in Great Britain. I myself recollect that my paternal grandmother used to say to me when she saw some dame with the traditional head-kerchief, 'Yon woman, my child, looks like the duenna Quintañona,' from which I naturally conclude she must have seen her or her portrait. Then too who can deny the truth of the tale dealing with Pierres and the fair Magalona<sup>(15)</sup>, when to this day in the royal *armería* may be seen the pin wherewith the gallant Pierres guided his steed through the air<sup>(16)</sup>? it's a trifle larger than a cart-pole, and close to it lies Babieca's saddle<sup>(17)</sup>. Again at Roncesvalles may be seen Roland's horn<sup>(18)</sup>, big as a great beam. From all this we may infer that there did once exist the Twelve Peers, Pierres, the Cid and the other knights of those who as people say go adventuring<sup>(19)</sup>.

'I suppose they'll tell me there was no such errant as the valiant Portuguese, Juan de Merlo<sup>(20)</sup>, who in the Burgundian city of Arras fought with Monseigneur Pierres, the famous lord of Charny, and later in the city of Basle with Monseigneur Henri de Remestan, emerging victorious from both en-

counters, covered with honour and renown. They might as well dispute the verity of the adventures and the achievements<sup>(21)</sup> in war of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (from whose family I am descended in the direct male line), who in Burgundy vanquished the sons of the Count of San Polo. I shall hear too that Don Fernando de Guevara never went on an adventure-quest to Germany, where he had it out with Messire George, knight of the house of the duke of Austria<sup>(22)</sup>. They would try to persuade me that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones<sup>(23)</sup> of Honourable Passage fame, and the various sallies<sup>(24)</sup> of Sir Luis de Falces against the Castilian knight Don Gonzalo de Guzmán were practical jokes; together with many another deed done by Christian knight in these and foreign realms, all so well vouched for and to be relied upon that he that doubts them must be totally bereft of reason and common sense.'

The canon was astounded by this medley of truth and fiction; likewise by the mass of information Don Quijote possessed concerning all things connected with knight-errantry. In reply he said, 'I cannot deny, Señor Don Quijote, that there may be some truth in what your worship has maintained, especially as regards the Spanish errants. I also grant you the existence of the Twelve Peers of France, though I am under no oath to believe they performed all the exploits ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin. They simply were knights selected by the French kings, called peers because supposed equal in worth, rank and prowess. They formed a kind of religious order like the modern ones of Santiago and Calatrava, wherein 'tis assumed that the professors are valiant knights of worth and birth. As we speak nowadays of a knight of Saint John or of Alcántara, so then they spoke of a knight

of the Twelve Peers, because that particular number of heroic hearts was chosen for this military order.

'That there once lived a Cid and a Bernardo del Carpio there can be little doubt, but a grave one as to just what they performed. As to Count Pierres' pin, which you say stands close to Babieca's saddle in the royal *armería*, I confess my sin in that either from ignorance or near-sightedness, though I saw the saddle, I failed to notice the pin, large as you say it is.' 'There it stands beyond question,' asserted Don Quijote, 'more by token they say it is kept from rust by a cow-hide sheath.' 'Maybe it is, but by mine order I do not remember to have seen it. Granting that it is there however, I still am not bound to believe the histories of all the Amadis and of the whole mob of knights folk gossip about, nor is it fitting that a man like your worship, so respected, of such good parts, and endowed with so excellent an understanding, should take stock in so many extravagant fairy-tales as are recorded in these imbecile books.'

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Mendoza in his *Letter of the Bachelor of Arcadia to Captain Salazar* evidently refers to this same saying, 'Feliciano de Silva, as he says in his book, was kept enchanted in the tower of the Universe eighteen years; yet had they to dine notwithstanding and even sup.' But in *Lisuarte of Greece* 1525 c 79 Prince Alpartacio and Princess Miraminia neither eat nor speak in their enchantment. <sup>(2)</sup>A defender of his country against the Romans.

<sup>(3)</sup>The founder of the independence of Castile in the tenth century (*d.* 970). His real exploits are buried in a mass of ballad, fable and *Poema de Fernán González*. <sup>(4)</sup>The Cid was born in or near Burgos; his great victory over the Moors was at Valencia, 1099. <sup>(5)</sup>The 'Great Captain'; see note 4 of I 32; born about 1450 in Montilla, a village of Andalusia. <sup>(6)</sup>See note 5 of I 32. <sup>(7)</sup>A native of Toledo, according to Mariana in his *General History of Spain* (1601) XIII 7. He distinguished himself against the Moors under King Ferdinand at the siege of Seville 1248. <sup>(8)</sup>Who distinguished himself at the taking of Granada; ballads 1119-23 in Durán. <sup>(9)</sup>Another brave warrior serving under Ferdinand and Isabella; see note 4 of II 17.

<sup>(10)</sup>A nephew of Charlemagne, one of the Twelve Peers, a cousin to

Roland, married, after his baptism, to Floripes. Floripes was sister to Fierabras of Alexander. *History of Charlemagne* 1525 II 29, III 57, 58. <sup>(11)</sup>A giant fifteen feet high, brother to Floripes, vanquished by Oliver, and turned Christian, becoming a faithful soldier under Charlemagne. He and his balsam will be found in Nicolás de Piamonte's *History of Charlemagne* 1525 I 17, 19-22. <sup>(12)</sup>This figures in II 33 of Piamonte's narrative. It was guarded by a huge and horrible giant, Galafre, who exacted a heavy toll on every Christian making use thereof. 'With very great labour and loss of life Charlemagne gained the Bridge of Mantible.' II 51. Fierabras helped him. <sup>(13)</sup>See note 1 of I 13. <sup>(14)</sup>Translated from the Italian by Alonso Hernández Alemán Seville 1527 <sup>(15)</sup>See note 3 of II 40. <sup>(16)</sup>This episode is the model for the flight of Don Quijote and Sancho in II 41, but it is in the *History of Clamades and Clarmonda* (Lyon ca. 1480, Burgos 1521) that the flight of the magic horse occurs, and not in *Pierres and Magalona*. One pin there was to start it, another to bring it to a halt. <sup>(17)</sup>Not known to be there now, but neither is Roland's sword, which Monconys said was pointed out in 1628 (see note 15 of II 8). <sup>(18)</sup>An elephant's tusk. <sup>(19)</sup>From *Triunfos del Petrarca* by Alvar Gómez de Ciudad Real (d. 1538) :

De los que dicen las gentes  
Que á sus aventuras van.

<sup>(20)</sup>Governor of Alcalá la Real. He also took part in the Passo Honroso joust. The tourneys mentioned here occurred in 1433. <sup>(21)</sup>Recorded in the *Chronicle of Don Juan II* 1517 under date 1435, c. 255. <sup>(22)</sup>Same chronicle, under date 1436, c. 267. <sup>(23)</sup>A knight of León, who with nine others, undertook in 1434 to hold the bridge of Orbigo, near Astorga, against all comers for thirty days. Each was to break three lances with every gentleman that presented himself. There were 727 encounters and 166 lances broken. An account thereof was written by a contemporary, Pedro Rodríguez de Lena, afterwards reëdited by Juan de Pineda under title *Libro del Passo Honroso* Salamanca 1588. <sup>(24)</sup>Also described in *Chronicle of Don Juan II* 1517 under date 1428, c. 103.

## CHAPTER L

Sharp altercation 'twixt the canon and Don Quijote,  
together with certain other incidents

A good jest indeed!' chuckled Don Quijote to the canon's diatribe: 'books that are printed with the royal license and the approbation of those to whom they are submitted; books read with pleasure by old and young, rich and poor, scholar and greenhorn, cavalier and commoner, by every class, in short, of whatever rank or condition—these to be lies! and this though they bear every mark of probability, giving the father, mother, country, kindred, time, place and achievements, step by step and day by day, of every knight they blazon abroad. Tut, tut, sir, speak not such blasphemy, believing that I advise like a man of sense when I say, read them and you will find what pleasure you receive. For tell me, can there be anything more engaging than to see yonder, stretching before us as it were, a great lake of boiling pitch<sup>(1)</sup>, with schools of serpents, snakes, lizards and sundry species of fearsome wild beasts swimming hither and thither, while out of the midst thereof issues a plaintive voice saying, 'O knight, whosoever thou art that standest gazing on this wild water, wouldst thou win the fair fortune that rests beneath, display the mettle of thy doughty breast, leaping into the black and fiery cauldron. Else shalt thou not be found worthy to behold the noble wonders hid in the seven castles of the seven fays lying beneath this murky waste.'

'Scarce does the knight hear these stirring words when, without giving the matter thought, regard-

less of the danger, without even so much as removing his heavy arms, commending himself to God and his lady, he plunges into the midst of the seething pool, and when least he expects it, still ignorant of his fate, finds himself amid flowery fields where-with the Elysian are not to be compared<sup>(2)</sup>. The sky seems more translucent there, the sun to shine with lovelier radiance<sup>(3)</sup>. A still forest charms his sight with its green umbrageous verdure, while the sweet natural song of the many, many little painted birds, hopping among the interlaced branches, delights his ears. Hard by he discovers a gentle brook whose pure crystalline waters murmur over many pearly-white pebbles and fine sands lying like sifted gold. Above he sees a fountain made of parti-coloured jasper and polished marble; below, another rustically fashioned in studied disorder, composed of little mussel-shells and the white and yellow spiral mansions of the snail, mingled with fragments of shining crystal and emeralds—a composite work of art that seems, in copying nature, to surpass her.

‘Suddenly there rises before him an impregnable castle or gorgeous palace with walls of solid gold, diamond turrets and jacinthine gates. So wondrous is its structure that, built entirely of rubies, pearls, diamonds, carbuncles, gold and emeralds, its workmanship is still more rare. On top of all this, what more could one desire than to see issue from the gate thereof a bevy of maidens in gay and gorgeous attire which, if I undertook to describe, I should never have done. Their apparent leader takes the bold knight by the hand and silently leads him within the splendid palace or castle. Stripping him as naked as his mother bore him, she bathes him with tepid water, anoints him with sweet-smelling oils<sup>(4)</sup>, and clothes him in a shirt of softest sendal all perfumed, while another throws o’er his shoulders a



mantle said to be worth at the very least a city, or even more.

‘What a great thing when they tell how then they conduct him to another chamber where our knight finds the tables set out so lavishly that it takes away his breath! How for his hands they pour water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers! How they seat him upon marble! How the damsels in serving him preserve a marvellous silence! How they fetch him such a variety of dainties so temptingly prepared that the appetite is at a loss which to choose! And then, while he eats, to hear the music and song that hover about him, proceeding from he knows not where! And so, his repast ended and the tables removed, they leave him reclining on the dais and (as was the custom) picking his teeth maybe, when lo! a maid far fairer than any of the first enters by the chamber-door, and taking her seat beside, tells him the name of that castle, how she is enchanted there, and other things that hold the knight in suspense and fill the reader with admiring delight.

‘I do not care to enlarge further, since from what I have said may be seen how it matters not at what page of what errant’s history one opens, one is sure to be diverted and surprised. Let your worship do as I say: read these books through and you’ll find that they banish melancholy and sweeten a soured nature. For myself I may say that since I am become knight-errant, I find myself valiant, courteous, noble-minded; liberal, gracious, bold, gentle, patient; one that has undergone hardship, duress, and enchantment. Though a short time since I was thrown into a cage like an idiot, I purpose by mine arm’s might and Heaven’s favour, if fortune cross me not, in a few days to find myself king, where I may manifest the gratitude and liberality courted

in my breast. For the poor man cannot show himself generous though he be so in the highest degree. Mere inclination to bestow favours is a dead thing, like faith without works<sup>(5)</sup>, and I therefore could wish that fortune soon offered occasion whereby I might reveal the goodness of my heart by conferring benefits on my friends, in particular on my squire, poor Sancho here, the best fellow in the world. To him I should give a county, promised these many days, but which, I fear, he lacks the capacity to govern.'

Sancho, overhearing these words of his master, at once exclaimed, 'Rest not, Señor Don Quijote, but strive to win this county, as surely promised by your worship as expected by me, for I give my word there'll be no lack of capacity to govern the same. And were there, I've heard tell of men in the world that farm out lords' estates, at so much a year, taking all the trouble of running things, while the lord sits with outstretched legs enjoying his rent, and no worry. That's what I shall do, and not stand haggling over trifles: at once get clear of the whole, spend my rent like a duke and let the world wag.' 'That would answer very well, brother Sancho,' advised the canon, 'so far as enjoyment of the revenue is concerned, but the lord of a province has also to administer justice, where ability and sound judgment are needed, and above all a firm resolve to unearth the truth. If at the beginning these be lacking, the middle and end fare ill, and God as frequently rewards the honest intentions of the simple as He frustrates the evil designs of the shrewd.'

'I know not these philosophies,' replied Sancho, 'I only know I would I had the county, since I can rule it as soon as I get it. I have as much soul as the next and as much body as the best of them. I should be as much king on my estate as every man

on his, and being that I should do as I liked, and doing as I liked I should do my pleasure, and in pleasing myself I should be satisfied, and when a man is satisfied, nothing more is wanted, and there's an end. So let the thing come. God be with you and let us see ourselves, as one blind man said to another.' 'These are not bad philosophies, as you call them,' agreed the canon, 'though a good deal still might be said in this matter of counties.' Here Don Quijote spoke up, 'I know not what more there is to say: I simply follow the example set me by the great Amadis of Gaul, who made his squire count<sup>(6)</sup> of Insula Firme. With no scruples of conscience therefore, I can bestow the same title on Sancho Panza, one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant.'

The canon was left amazed at all this consistent nonsense (if nonsense may be so termed), both at the manner in which Don Quijote narrated the adventure of the lake and at the firm hold the concerted falsehoods of his books had taken, and last but not least he marvelled at the ingenuousness of Sancho Panza in fixing such eager hopes on the promise of his master. The servants had now returned with the sumpter-mule, and making a carpet and the green grass serve for table, in the shade of some trees they sat them down and there had their meal, that the carter, as has been said, might not lose for his oxen the advantage of the grazing.

While they were eating, they heard on a sudden a rustling sound and the tinkling of a little bell, which issued from among some brambles and thick bushes that grew thereabout, and at the same moment they saw run out of the thicket a beautiful she-goat, speckled all over, black, white and brown. After her came a goatherd calling to her, in words such as they use to stop them or turn them back to the fold. The

truant goat, frightened and trembling, ran towards the company as if seeking their protection, and then stood still, and the goatherd coming up seized it by the horns and began to talk to it as if it were possessed of reason and understanding, 'Ah vagabond, vagabond, Spotty, Spotty, how have you gone limping all this time? What wolves have frightened you, my daughter? Will you not tell me what is the matter, my beauty? But what else can it be than that you are a woman and cannot keep quiet? A plague on your humours and the humours of those you take after! Come back, come back, my darling, for if not so happy, at least you will be safe in the fold and with your companions; for if you, who ought to keep and lead them, go astray in this fashion, what will become of them?'

The goatherd's talk amused them all, but especially the canon, who said to him, 'As you live, brother, take it easy and be in no such haste to drive this goat back to the fold, for, being a female, as you say, she will follow her natural instinct in spite of all you can do to prevent it. Take this morsel and drink a cup with us. That will soothe your irritation and in the meantime the goat will rest herself,' and so saying the canon handed him the hind-quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a knife. The goatherd took it with thanks, and having drunk and calmed himself, he said, 'I would not have your worships take me for a simpleton for having spoken so seriously as I did to this animal, but the truth is there is a certain mystery in the words I used. I am a rustic but not so much an one but that I know how to carry on with men and beasts.' 'That I can well believe,' said the priest, 'for I know by experience that the woods breed men of learning, and shepherds' huts harbour philosophers.' 'At all events, señor,' returned the goatherd, 'they shelter men who have lived, and that you may see the

truth of this and touch it with the hand, though I may seem to put myself forward without being asked, I will, if it does not tire you, señores, and if you give me your attention for a little, tell you a true story which will confirm this gentleman's words (and here he pointed to the priest) as well as my own.'

To this Don Quijote replied, 'Seeing that this affair has a faint shadow of adventure about it, I, for my part, brother, will hear you most gladly, and so will all these gentlemen, both from the high intelligence they possess and their love of curious narratives that surprise, charm and entertain the senses, as I feel quite sure your story will do. So begin, friend, for we are all prepared to listen.' 'I draw my stakes,' said Sancho, 'and will retreat with this pasty to yon brook, where I mean to victual myself for three days. I have heard my lord Don Quijote say that a knight-errant's squire should eat until he can hold no more, whenever he has the chance, because it often befalls them to enter by accident into a wood so entangled that they cannot find a way out for six days, and if the man is not well filled or his wallet well stored, there he may abide, as often he does, turned into a dried mummy.' 'Right you are, Sancho,' said Don Quijote, 'go where you will and eat what you can, for I have had enough and only want to give my mind its refreshment, as I shall by listening to this good fellow's story.' 'That shall we all do,' said the canon, who then prayed the goatherd to begin. The latter gave the goat which he held by the horns a couple of slaps on the back, saying, 'Lie down here beside me, Spotty, for we have time enough to return to our fold.' Spotty seemed to understand, for as her master seated himself, she stretched herself quietly beside him, looking up in his face to show him that she was all attention to what he was

about to say, and then in these words he began his story:—

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>This narrative is modelled on *Amadis of Greece* 1530 II c 47. <sup>(2)</sup>As befell Rosel de Grecia in *Florisel de Niquea*. <sup>(3)</sup>Adapted from *Æneid* vi 640-1:

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo—

<sup>(4)</sup>So Angelica treated Orlando in Boiardo: *Orlando Innamorato* I xxv 37, 38, 39. <sup>(5)</sup>'Fides sine operibus mortua est.' <sup>(6)</sup>*Catholic Letter of Santiago* II xxvi. Governor.

## CHAPTER LI

### The tale of the goatherd

**T**HREE leagues from this valley is a village which, though small, is one of the richest in all this neighbourhood, and in it there lived a farmer greatly honoured as much for his virtue as for the wealth he had acquired. But what made him most fortunate, as he himself acknowledged, was in having a daughter of such consummate beauty, wit, gracefulness and innocence that he who knew and beheld her, marvelled at the extraordinary gifts with which Heaven and nature had endowed her. As a child she was pretty, and, ever increasing in good looks, at the age of sixteen she was surpassing lovely. The fame of her beauty began to spread through all the adjoining villages—but why do I say the adjoining villages, when it spread to distant cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings and reached the ears of people of every class, who came from all sides to see her as if to look at something rare and curious or some wonder-working image.

Her father watched over her and she watched over herself, for there are no locks or guards or bolts than can protect a young girl better than her own modesty. The wealth of the farmer and the beauty of the daughter led many neighbours as well as strangers to seek her for a wife, but he, as one having disposal of so rich a jewel, was much perplexed without being able to decide upon whom of her countless suitors he should bestow her. I was one among many who felt a desire so natural, and as her father knew who I was and as I was of the same town, of pure blood, in the bloom of life, and of

rich possessions, I had great hopes of success. There was another of the same place and qualifications who also sought her, and this made her father's choice hang in the balance, for he felt that on either of us his daughter would be well bestowed. To escape from this perplexity he resolved to refer the matter to Leandra (for that is the name of the rich maiden who has reduced me to misery), reflecting that as we were both equal it would be best to leave it to his dear daughter to choose according to her liking—a course that is worthy of imitation by all fathers who have children to marry. I do not mean that they ought to let them make a choice that is contemptible and bad, but that they should place before them what is good, and of the good let their children choose according to their tastes. I do not know which Leandra chose—I only know her father put us both off with the tender age of his daughter and vague words that neither bound him nor released us. My rival is called Anselmo, and I, Eugenio—that you may know the names of the personages that figure in this tragedy, the end of which is still in suspense, though it is plain to see that it must be disastrous.

About this time there arrived in our town one Vicente de la Roca, son of a poor peasant of the same place, the said Vicente having returned from service as a soldier in Italy and divers other parts. A captain, who happened to be passing by there with his company, had carried him off from our village when he was a boy of about twelve years, and now, twelve years later the boy came back in a soldier's uniform, arrayed in a thousand colours and covered with glass trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he would appear in one gay dress, to-morrow in another; but all flimsy, showy, of little weight and of less worth. The peasant-folk, who



are naturally malicious and when they have nothing to do can be malice itself, remarked all this, taking note of his finery and jewellery, piece by piece, and discovered that he had three suits of different colours, with garters and stockings to match. But he made so many arrangements and combinations of them that, if they had not counted them, anyone would have sworn that he had shown ten suits of apparel and more than twenty plumes of feathers. And let it not be deemed impertinent or superfluous what I am telling you of his dress, for it plays a chief part in my story. He used to seat himself on a bench under the great poplar in our plaza, and there he would keep us all hanging open-mouthed on the stories he told us of his exploits. There was no country on the face of the earth he had not seen, nor battle he had not been engaged in. He had slain more Moors than there are in Morocco and Tunis and engaged in more single combats, according to his account, than Gante and Luna, Diego García de Paredes, and a thousand others whom he named, and out of all he had come victorious without losing a drop of blood. On the other hand he showed marks of wounds, which, though they could not be made out, he said were gunshot wounds received in divers encounters and actions. Lastly, with monstrous impudence he would say 'you' to his equals, even those who knew what he was and he declared that his arm was his father and his deeds his pedigree, and that being a soldier he was as good as the king himself. To these pretensions is to be added that he was a trifle of a musician and played the guitar with such a flourish that some said he made it speak. Nor did his accomplishments end here, for he was something of a poet too, and upon every little incident that happened in the place he would compose a ballad a league and a half long.

This soldier, then, that I have described, this Vicente de la Roca, this bravo, gallant, musician and poet, was often seen and watched by Leandra from the window of a house that looked out on the plaza. The glitter of his gaudy attire took her fancy, his ballads bewitched her, for he would give away twenty copies of every one he composed, the exploits which he related of himself came to her ears, and, in short (as the devil no doubt had arranged it) she fell in love with him before he had conceived the presumption of wooing her. And as in love-affairs none is more easily brought to an issue than that which has on its side the lady's desire, Leandra and Vicente came to an understanding without any difficulty, and before any of her numerous suitors had any suspicion of her design, she had already carried it into effect, having left the house of her dearly loved father (for mother she had none) and disappeared from the village with the soldier, who came forth more triumphantly from this emprise than from all the many others he laid claim to.

All the village and all that heard it were amazed at the affair; I was aghast, Anselmo thunderstruck, her father bowed with grief, her relations ashamed, justice was in a ferment, and the officers of the Brotherhood in arms. They scoured the roads, they searched the woods and all quarters, and at the end of three days they found the flighty Leandra in a mountain-cave, stript to her shift and robbed of all the money and precious jewels she had taken from home with her. They brought her back to her unhappy father and questioned her of her plight. She confessed, without hesitation, that Vicente de la Roca had deceived her, and under promise of marrying her had induced her to leave her father's house, as he meant to take her to the richest and

most delightful city in the world, which was Naples; and that she, ill-advised and worse-deluded, had believed him, and, robbing her father, had handed over all to him the night she disappeared; and that he had carried her away to a wild mountain and shut her up in the cave where they had found her. She said moreover that the soldier, without robbing her of her honour, had taken from her everything she had and made off, leaving her in the cave, a thing that still further surprised everybody. It was difficult for us to credit the young man's continence, but she asserted it with such earnestness that it helped to console her bereaved father, who made no account of the valuables he had lost, seeing that they had left his daughter with the jewel which, once lost, can never be recovered.

The same day that Leandra returned, her father removed her from our sight, shutting her up in a convent in a town near this, in the hope that time would wear away some part of the reproach his daughter had incurred. Leandra's tender years served as an excuse for her failing, at least with those who had no interest in her being good or bad, but those who knew her shrewdness and intelligence did not ascribe her fault to ignorance but to wantonness and the natural disposition of women, which for the most part is flighty and unsteady. Leandra being shut up, Anselmo's eyes became blind, or at least he beheld nothing that gave him any pleasure. Mine own were in darkness, without a light to direct them to aught enjoyable while Leandra was away. Our melancholy grew greater, our patience grew less: we cursed the soldier's finery and railed at the carelessness of Leandra's father. At last Anselmo and I agreed to quit the village and come to this valley, and he, feeding a great flock of sheep of his own, and I a large herd

of goats of mine, we pass our life among the trees, giving vent to our sorrow, now singing together the praises or dispraises of the beauteous Leandra, now sighing alone and to Heaven pouring forth our complaints in solitude. Following our example, many more of Leandra's lovers have come to these wild places and adopted our mode of life, and they are so numerous that one would fancy the spot had been turned into the pastoral Arcadia, it is so crammed with shepherds and sheepfolds; nor is there a corner in it in which is not heard the name of fair Leandra. Here one curses her and calls her capricious, fickle and immodest, there another condemns her as frail and frivolous. This pardons and absolves her, that spurns and reviles her; one extols her beauty, another assails her character. In short, all abuse and all adore her; and their madness extends so far that some complain of her scorn that never spoke a word to her, and some bemoan themselves and suffer from the maddening disease of jealousy, for which she never gave anyone cause, for, as I have said, her misconduct was known before her passion. There is no nook among the rocks, no brookside, no shade beneath the trees, that is not haunted by some shepherd telling his woe to the breezes; wherever there is an echo, it repeats the name of Leandra; the mountains ring with Leandra; 'Leandra' murmur the brooks, and Leandra keeps us all bewildered and bewitched, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear.

Of all these demented men he who shows the least, yet has the most, sense is my rival Anselmo, for, having so much else to complain of, he complains only of absence, and to the accompaniment of a rebeck, which he plays admirably, he sings his fate in verses that show his cleverness. I follow an easier, and to my mind, a wiser course, and that

is to rail at the frivolity of women, at their inconstancy, their double dealing, their broken promises, their unkept pledges, in short at the little judgment they show in fixing their affections and inclinations. This, señores, was the reason of the words and expressions I made use of to this goat when I came up just now, for, as she is a female, I have a contempt for her, though she is the best in all my fold. This is the story I promised to tell you, and if I have been tedious in the telling, I will not be slow to serve you: close by is my hut, where I have fresh milk and savoury cheese, with various fruits of the season not less pleasant to the sight than toothsome to the taste.

## CHAPTER LII

The quarrel between Don Quijote and the goatherd,  
together with the rare adventure of the peni-  
tents, brought to a happy issue by Don  
Quijote de la Mancha, though  
at the expenditure of  
some sweat

**T**HE goatherd's tale gave great pleasure to all the listeners, especially to the canon, who noted with particular attention the manner of its telling, which was as unlike the manner of a clownish goatherd as it was like that of a polished courtier, confessing that the priest had well said that the woods bred scholars. The whole company offered their services to Eugenio, but he who showed himself most liberal in this way was Don Quijote, who said to him, 'Certes, brother goatherd, were I free to undertake any new adventure, I would instantly set out to make yours good, for I would deliver Leandra from that convent (where doubtless she is kept against her will), in spite of the abbess and all who opposed me, and I would place her in your hands to deal with her according to your will and pleasure, observing none the less the laws of chivalry, which ordain that no violence of any kind is to be offered to any damsel. But I trust in God our Lord that the might of one malignant enchanter may not prove so great but that the power of another better disposed may prove superior to it, and against that time I promise you my favour and aid, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is none other than to succour the weak and needy.'

The goatherd eyed him, and, noticing Don Quijote's sorry appearance and aspect, he was filled

with wonder, and so asked the barber, who sat near him, 'Señor, who is this man that makes such a figure and talks in such a strain?' 'Who should it be,' replied the barber, 'but the famous Don Quijote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the support of damsels, the terror of giants and the winner of battles?' 'That,' returned the other, 'sounds like what one reads in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you say of this man, though my belief is that either you are joking or that this gentleman has empty lodgings in his head.' 'You are a great rascal,' cried Don Quijote at this: 'it is you who are empty and a fool. I am fuller than ever was the whoreson bitch that bore you,' and suiting deed to word, he took up a loaf that was near him and sent it full in the goatherd's face, with such force that he flattened his nose. But the goatherd, who did not understand jokes and found himself so roughly handled in such good earnest, paying no respect to carpet, table-cloth or dinner, sprang upon Don Quijote and seizing him by the throat with both hands would certainly have throttled him, had not Sancho Panza come to the rescue and grasping him by the shoulders flung him down on the table, smashing plates, breaking glasses, and spilling or scattering all that was on it. Finding himself free, Don Quijote strove to get on top of the goatherd, who, with his face covered with blood and soundly kicked by Sancho, was on all fours feeling about for one of the table-knives to take some bloody vengeance. The canon and the priest prevented him, but the barber so contrived it that the goatherd got Don Quijote under him and rained down upon him such a shower of blows that the poor knight's face streamed with blood as freely as his own. The canon and the priest were bursting with laughter, the troopers danced with glee, and both the one and the other hissed them

on as they do two dogs that are fighting. Sancho alone was in despair, since he could not tear himself loose from one of the canon's servants, who kept him from helping his master.

At length, while they were all still merry with the sport, all save the two combatants who were mauling each other, they heard a trumpet sound a note so doleful that it made them turn their faces towards the place whence it seemed to come. He that was most excited was Don Quijote, who, though he lay under the goatherd sorely against his will and pretty well bruised and battered, cried to his adversary, 'Brother devil! (and you cannot be aught else, since you have prowess and strength enough to subdue mine) I beseech you let us call a truce for only one hour, for the dolorous sound of the trumpet that fills our ears methinks summons me to some new adventure.' The goatherd, now tired of pummelling and being pummelled, let him go at once, and Don Quijote, getting on his feet and turning his face like the rest towards where he heard the sound, suddenly saw coming down the slope of a hill several men clad in white, like penitents. Now the fact was that the clouds this year had refused the earth their wonted showers and all the villages round about were organizing processions, rogations and penances, imploring God to open the hands of his mercy and send rain. With this object the people of a hamlet hard by were marching to a shrine at one side of that dale, and as our knight beheld their penitential garb, not stopping to think of the many such he had seen before, he imagined here was an adventure that concerned him alone. In this opinion he was confirmed by his belief that the image draped in mourning was some lady of rank abducted by these low-lived and insolent highwaymen.



Thus persuaded, our champion promptly seized Rocinante, who equally with the oxen had been grazing, removed the shield and bridle from the saddle-bow, had him bitted in a trice, begged his sword of Sancho, mounted, embraced the target, and thus addressed his companions, 'Now, O worthy company, will you see how imports it that in the world are men that profess the order of errant knighthood. Now, I repeat, you will be able to judge by the liberation of the good woman borne captive there whether or no adventurers should rightly be esteemed.' With this he dug heels into Rocinante (for just then spurs had he none) and at full gallop (not once do we read of Rocinante's reaching a run) rode to meet the penitents. The priest, canon and barber did their best to restrain him, but without success. Nor were more availing Sancho's cries of, 'Whither, whither, Señor Don Quijote? what the deuce drives you to attack our Catholic faith? Mind, damn it all, 'tis a procession of penitents and the lady on the stretcher is the most blessed image of the Virgin without stain. Mind what you are about, sire, for this time of a truth it may be said ye know not what ye do.'

Sancho exerted himself to no purpose: so bent was his master on assaulting these draped figures and releasing the lady in black that he heard not a word, nor would he have turned for a king's summons. Arriving before the procession he checked his steed, already quite willing to subside, and in harsh impetuous manner called, 'Ye that hide your faces<sup>(1)</sup>, for no good reason perhaps, halt and hear what I say.' The bearers of the image rested, and one of the four ecclesiastics chanting litanies, observing the strange visage and sorry get-up of the knight, together with the leanness of his nag, said in reply, 'If you have aught to say, brother, be brief, for these

in our train are flagellating themselves by way of penance, and we cannot and must not delay, unless your message can be told in two words.' 'In one: it is this, that you instantly set free that fair one, whose tears and sad looks clearly betoken you carry her against her will, after having done her some scandalous outrage. I, that was born into the world to redress such injuries, shall not suffer one step in advance till you have given the desired and deserved liberty.'

All that heard him utter this manifesto, knowing he must be a madman, burst into laughter, which was as powder in inflaming the wrath of Don Quijote, who now without another word drew sword and made for the carrying-frame. One of the bearers, leaving his share of the load to his companions, seized a brace upon which the stretcher occasionally rested, and though a sword-cut from his adversary cut off more than half thereof, with the remaining third he dropped such a wicked rap on the shoulder of the knight's sword-arm that, unable to defend himself with his shield, he suffered a miserable fall. Sancho Panza, who had now arrived, all out of wind from running, seeing his master's discomfiture, called to his assailant to stay the blows, since this was naught but a poor enchanted errant, that had never harmed anyone in all the days of his life. What stayed the churl however was not Sancho's outcry but the sight of Don Quijote who moved neither hand nor foot. Supposing him killed, the fellow hastily tucked up his tunic under his girdle and fled across the fields like a deer.

By this time the knight's companions came up to where he lay, and the processionists, seeing them advancing on the run, particularly the officers with their cross-bows, made a stand round the image as if expecting trouble. With raised hoods the peni-

tents with their scourges and the priests with their candle-poles awaited the attack, fully determined to defend themselves or even take the offensive if need be. But fortune decreed better, for our village-priest was recognized by one among the processionists, and thus the panic of the two squadrons was allayed. Our priest in two sentences explained Don Quijote, whom the penitents now crowded around to discover if dead. There, on his master's body, they found Sancho Panza, making the most pitiful and comical lament ever heard, wailing with tears<sup>(2)</sup>, 'O rose of chivalry! To think that with just one cudgel-blow should be ended the course of thy richly employed years! O honour of thy line, honour and glory of La Mancha, indeed of all the world which, lacking thee, will fill with scoundrels, no longer in fear of horse-whipping for their deviltries! O liberal above all the Alexanders, since for only eight months' service thou hast given me the best island the sea encircles and surrounds! O thou humble with the proud and arrogant with the humble, thou that takest dangers by storm, acquainted with humiliation, enamoured without cause, emulator of the good, thou scourge of the wicked, thou foe of the mean! in short a knight-errant, which leaves nothing more to be said!'

With this his squire's lamentation the knight came to; his first words were, 'He that from thee lives apart, sweetest Dulcinea, endures by that act greater misery than these. Friend Sancho, help me mount the enchanted cart, for with this shoulder in pieces, I may not press the saddle of my steed.' 'Here am I,' responded the other, 'and let us, my master, go to our homes in company with these gentlemen who wish you only good, for there we can plan another sally that will result in greater profit and greater fame.' 'You say well,' sighed his

lord, 'and sound wisdom will it be to let pass the baleful influence of the stars now in the ascendant.' The canon, priest, and barber seconded this good resolve and lifted the knight to his old position on the cart. The processionists formed and took up their pilgrimage; the officers, not caring to go further, were paid off by the priest. The canon too went his way, leaving only the priest, barber, Don Quijote, Sancho and the good Rocinante, who had suffered all things as patiently as his sire.

The carter reynoked his oxen and, with our knight resting against a bundle of hay, set out at the usual pace on a road pointed out by the priest. At the end of six days they arrived at Don Quijote's village, which they entered about noon on a Sunday, with the village-folk all in the plaza through which the cart had to pass. Every one ran to get a look inside and what was their astonishment on finding their fellow-townsmen there. A small boy ran to notify the housekeeper and niece of the arrival of their master and uncle, pale, emaciated, stretched in an ox-cart on a bundle of hay, and pitiful it was to hear their lamentations, the buffetings they gave themselves and the curses they heaped afresh on those abominable books of chivalry—all of which they repeated when Don Quijote entered at the gate.

Sancho Panza's wife came running at the news of our adventurer's return, knowing her husband had accompanied him in the office of squire. On finding him she first questioned whether Dapple was well. 'In better health than his master,' replied Sancho. 'Thanks be to God that has given me this blessing! But tell me, friend, what good things have you brought back from your squires? what Savoy petticoat<sup>(3)</sup> for me and what little shoes for the children?' 'Nothing of that,' replied her husband, 'but things of greater pith and moment.' 'Good enough, let's have a

look at them, dearie. I wish to cheer my heart, sad and upset all the ages you have been away.' 'Wait till we are home then; rest content for the present, and should it please God that we take the road again in quest of adventures, you'll see me made a count or governor of an isle—not the kind that grow hereabouts but the best that can be found.' 'So Heaven grant, for we need it enough; but tell me more about them, husband, for isles are new to me.' 'Honey is not for the ass's mouth; in time you'll see, and won't you be surprised to hear vassals address you as Your Ladyship!'

'What are you talking about man—ladyships and vassals and isles?' enquired Juana Panza—such was the name of Sancho's wife (they were not kinsfolk but in La Mancha wives are wont to take their husband's surnames). 'Don't be in such a hurry to know everything at once: it's enough that I tell the truth and let it rest at that. Only let me say in passing that for an honest man there's no better sport than being squire to a knight-errant-seeker-of-adventures. To be sure most of those they find do not pan out as one might hope: out of every hundred ninety-nine have a twist on them—in saying which I speak from knowledge, for from some I have emerged in a blanket, and knocked out of shape from others. But none the less 'tis a fine thing to go looking for experiences, crossing mountains, prying into woods, climbing over rocks, dropping in at castles, and putting up at taverns at one's will and with devil a farthing to pay!'

While passed this colloquy, the knight's niece and housekeeper had received him at his house-door, stripped him of clothes, and laid him on his ancient bed, he all the while staring vacantly, not knowing where he was. The priest charged the niece to spare no pains in making her uncle comfortable and ever to be on the alert lest he again escape them. He told the

women the story of the rescue, at which recital they raised anew their lamentation and a second time anathematized the books of chivalry, imploring Heaven to plunge the authors of such lies and extravagances into the bottom of the abyss.

The pair were left on pins and needles lest their master and uncle give them the slip the moment he found himself better, but though it fell out as they feared, the present author has not succeeded in finding, at least in authentic writings, record of the deeds our knight performed on that his third sally, though he has sought with pains and diligence. This much only has fame preserved in the memories of La Manchian folk—that the third time their favourite son left home he journeyed to Saragossa, and there took part in the famous jousts, acquitting himself in a manner worthy his valour and resolute mind. Of his end and death he could learn no particulars, nor would he even have known thereof had not good luck thrown in his way an old physician, who had in his possession a leaden box, found, so he averred, among the crumbling foundations of an ancient hermitage, which was being rebuilt. In this box were discovered certain parchment manuscripts in Gothic letter but in Castilian verse, recording many of his exploits and setting forth the beauty of Dulcinea, the shape of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza and the burial of Don Quijote himself, together with sundry epitaphs and eulogies on his life and character<sup>(4)</sup>. Finally the trustworthy author of this new and unparalleled history asks his readers nothing in return for the immense pains he took in ransacking the Manchegan archives save that they give him as much credit as people of sense give to the books of chivalry, that now pervade the world. With this he will consider himself amply paid and fully satisfied, and he will be encouraged to seek out other his-

tories, if not so truthful as this, at least equal in invention and not less entertaining.

## NOTES

<sup>(1)</sup>Penitents wore long hoods completely covering their heads, in order not to be recognized. <sup>(2)</sup>So Lelicio, squire to Florambel de Lucca, fell upon his master, whom he thought dead, and lamented, 'O my good lord, ensample of the order of chivalry!... What will knights-errant do, now that the great deeds of him that kept chivalry high aloft shall have an end to-day? Who will succour the widows and redress wrongs and injuries that wretches suffer who have little redress, now that the good Knight of the Crimson Flower is no longer in the world?' *Florambel de Lucca* 1532. <sup>(3)</sup>*Una saboyana*. In 1603 Blas de Aytoma published at Cuenca various couplets and among them a song on the *saboyana* with this burden:

Comprame una saboyana,  
Marido, asi os guarde Dios:  
Comprame una saboyana,  
Pues las otras tienen dos.  
Quando me para á la puerta,  
O me pongo á mi ventana,  
Mas me querria ver muerta  
Que verme sin saboyana.

This is the last of the many indications that the first part of Don Quijote was written as late as 1603. It was printed before May 26th, 1604 (Rius II 126, 38) and bears 1605 as the date of publication. The second part was begun and chiefly written in 1614, and published in 1615. <sup>(4)</sup>There follow in the original half-a-dozen nonsense verses, that establish Argamasilla as Don Quijote's native village.

























